





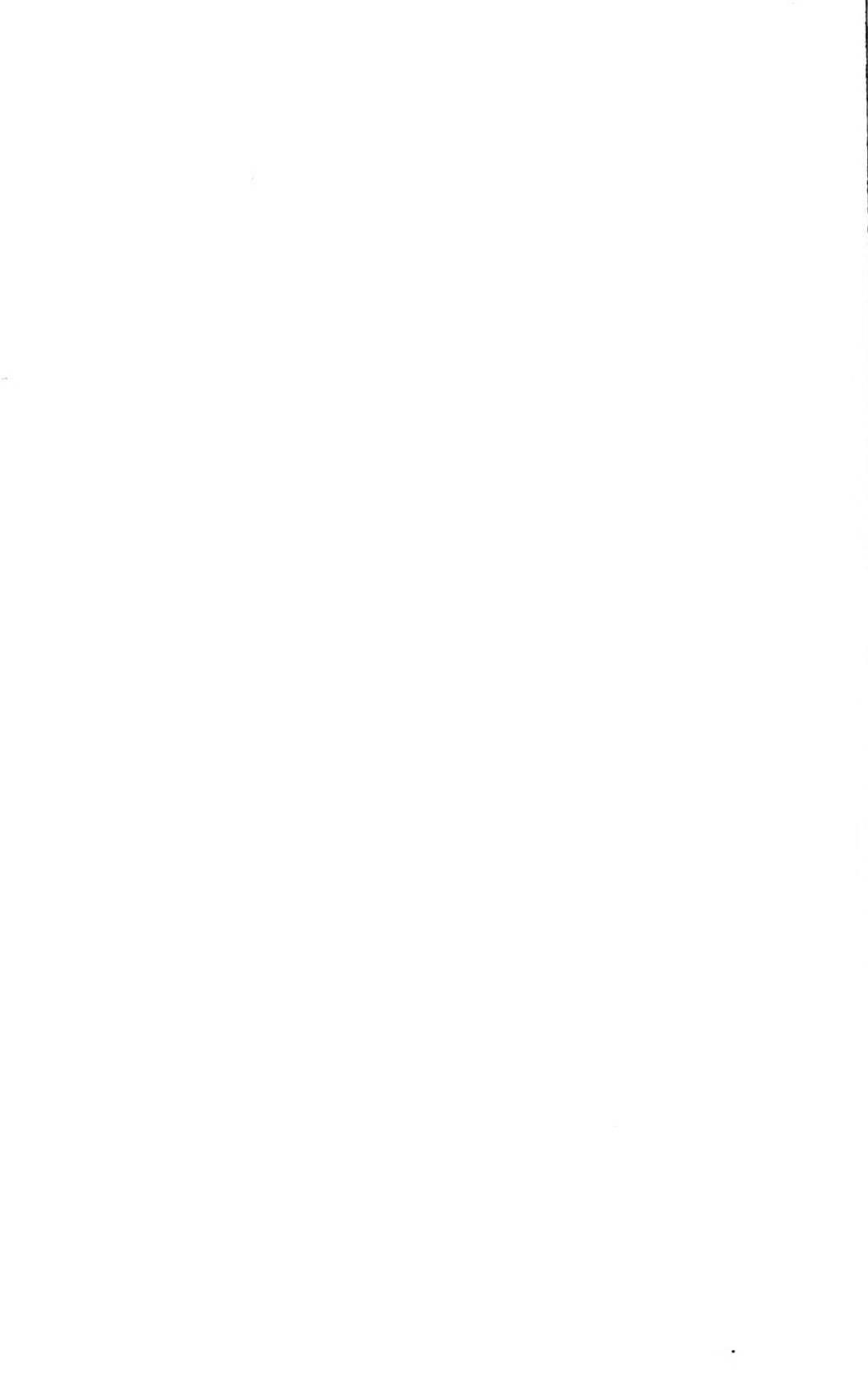
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ADDRESSES AND SPEECHES.



ADDRESSES

AND

S P E E C H E S

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

FROM 1852 TO 1867.

BY

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

1867.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.

TO

GEORGE PEABODY,

THE MUNIFICENT PHILANTHROPIST,

WHOSE NOBLE ENDOWMENTS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

HAVE WON THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE CONFIDENCE AND

FRIENDSHIP WITH WHICH HE HAS

HONORED

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

A VOLUME bearing the same title with this, published in 1852, and now nearly out of print, contained the principal Speeches and Addresses delivered by me, during fifteen or sixteen years of public life, as a member of the State or National Legislature. In the present volume are collected my Addresses and Speeches during an equal number of years of private life. They may, perhaps, do something towards illustrating the history of the times, by recalling events of local or National interest, and by the notices which they contain of distinguished persons, or of important institutions. They will at least leave no room for misapprehension hereafter, as to what I may have said about men or things, when I have been called upon to say any thing. Like those in the previous volume, they are given here just as they were spoken, and many of them printed, at the time; with no other change than the correction of a few errors in form or substance.

It would be idle to pretend that no modifications of opinion have been produced by the progress of events, even were none such apparent in these pages; but I have preferred now, as heretofore, to let the record stand, as it has been made up from time to time, rather than afford ground for the imputation, that any thing had been suppressed or altered to suit any change of political circumstances or of public sentiment.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BOSTON, 12 May, 1867.

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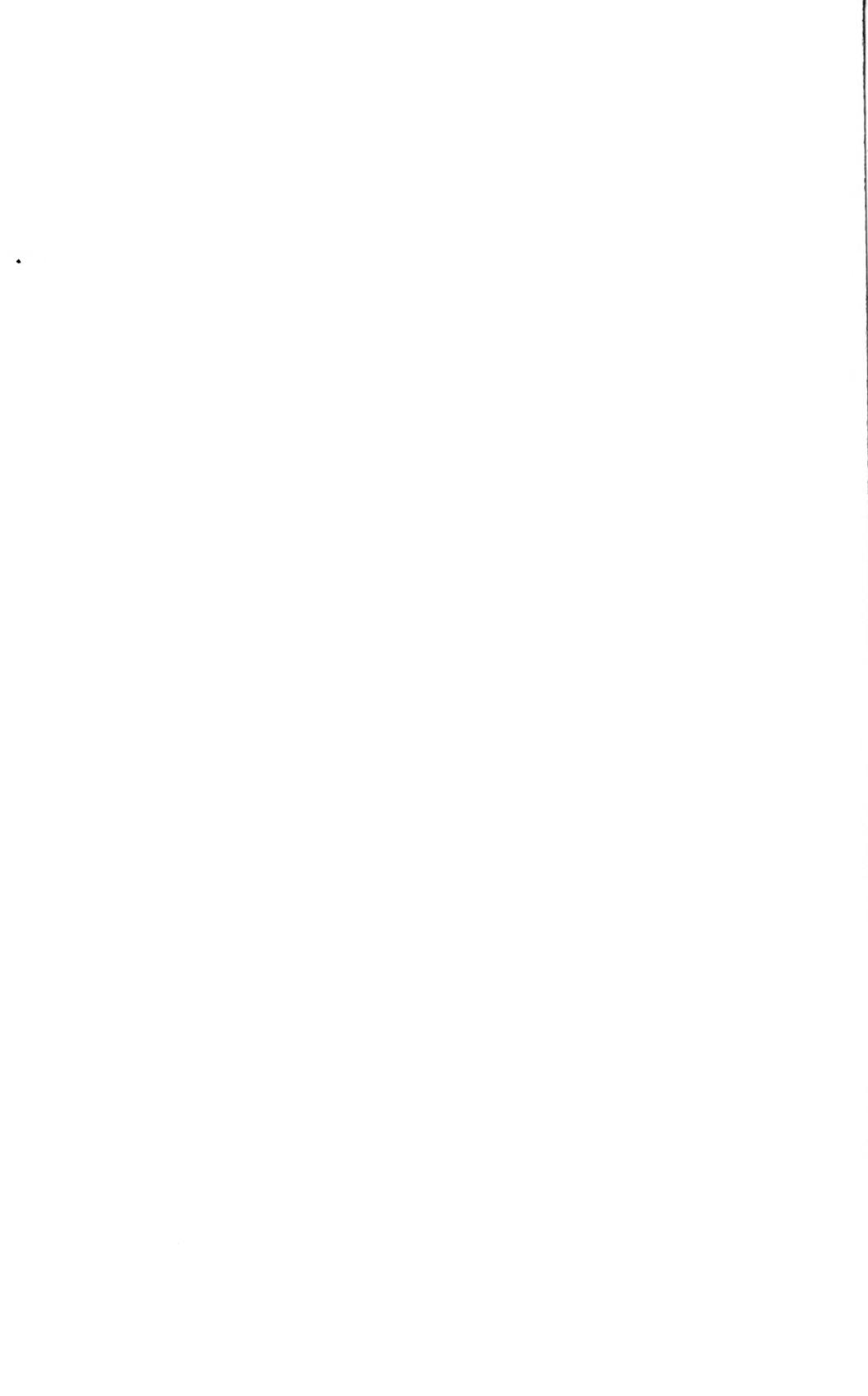
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RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FOR THE YOUNG.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY
SCHOOL UNION IN BOSTON, MAY 27, 1852.

I AM greatly honored, my friends, in being called on to preside over the Anniversary Meeting of this excellent Association,— and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to express, in a few introductory words, my cordial concurrence and sympathy in all its operations and in all its objects.

There is, indeed, no nobler work to which human efforts can be devoted, than that of sowing the seeds of Christian knowledge, and cultivating the growth of Christian principle, in the minds and hearts of the young, through the agency of Sunday Schools. There is no object, certainly, more conformable to our highest religious obligations, nor any more conducive to our most cherished social and civil interests.

I cannot forget that among the principal reasons of our Pilgrim Fathers for quitting Holland— where, as you all remember, they sojourned for nine or ten years after their memorable flight from England— was the desire to be in a condition to pursue this precise object. They sought not merely “freedom to worship God” for themselves, and in their own way, but they sought freedom and opportunity to bring up their children in the way they should go, and to habituate them to a proper observance and improvement of the Lord’s Day.

In the words of their memorialist, as received by him from their own lips, they foresaw that Holland would be no place for

their church and posterity to continue in comfortably, because “they could not bring the Dutch to reform the neglect of observation of the Lord’s Day as a Sabbath;” and because, also,—“which was very lamentable, and of all sorrows the most heavy to be borne,—many of their children were drawn away by evil examples into extravagant and dangerous courses, and they could not educate them, nor give them due correction, without reproof or reproach by their neighbors.”

And we all understand, my friends, what the Pilgrims, and what the Puritans, understood by education. It was not the mere cultivation of the mind. It was not the mere study of languages or of sciences. It was not the mere acquisition of arts or of accomplishments. But it was the formation of the heart, the regulation of the affections, the preparation of the soul for the great business of time and of eternity. The crown-jewel of all education with them was education in spiritual things.

These, then, were among the main moving principles which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock, in 1620,—“the observation of the Lord’s Day as a Sabbath,” and the religious instruction of the young. And these must be among the main moving principles of their descendants, wherever they are gathered, and wherever they are scattered, if they mean to maintain, uphold, and transmit to posterity the glorious institutions which they now enjoy. In the expressive language of Wordsworth,—

“The discipline of slavery is unknown
Amongst us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order, else,
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.”

And, let me add, the virtue which rests on any other foundation than religious faith and religious fear, will stand only until the next tide of temptation shall sweep it into the flood.

And now, my friends, I am sensible that it is to voluntary associations like this, that we must mainly look for the circulation and practical development of these great principles. We have a noble system of common schools, under the patronage of our various State governments, which supply all that is needed in the way of secular education. But we have no State religion, and it would be regarded, perhaps, as an infringement upon the

principles of religious freedom, to introduce any thing more than we now have of religious instruction into schools supported at the public cost. It is then for voluntary associations to supply this great want, this great demand, this great necessity of our country ; and I rejoice to see so many evidences on every side, both that it has been supplied to so great a degree heretofore, and that there is a pervading determination among Christians of all denominations, that it shall be fully and completely supplied hereafter. I think it may be safely said, that there has never before existed in our country so widespread and universal a conviction, that Sunday Schools are an essential and vital part of our system of education, as at the present moment.

You have, yourselves, proposed as your own noble design, “ to plant a Sunday School wherever there is a population.” Let that design be accomplished, and, whatever fears we may entertain for the present, the future of our country will be secure. Let the Banner of the Cross go forth side by side with the Flag of our Union wherever it is carried ; let the Spirit of the Lord be invoked to accompany the Spirit of Liberty in its triumphant march ; let the Bible be everywhere on the same shelf with the Constitution ; let there be no region so remote, no valley so secluded, no wilderness so solitary or so desolate, that men shall be able to escape from the visible presence of Religion, as manifested in the observance of the Lord’s Day, and in that most attractive and fascinating of all its forms,—the religious instruction of young children ; let this be accomplished, and, depend upon it, the people of this country will have much less to fear for the stability of their institutions, and Congresses and Cabinets will have much less to do to preserve the Union. There will then, too, be no longer any doubt that we are “a power on earth ;” a power for every purpose of promoting either the welfare of men, or the glory of God.

But you have another and hardly less prominent object of association and effort, of which I cannot forbear to say a single word. I mean the preparation and publication of books peculiarly adapted to the religious instruction and improvement of the young. And here you have substantially a common object with the Bible Societies and Tract Societies of our State and

nation ; and I need not say that this, too, is an object which eminently deserves the countenance and co-operation of all good men. We have no censorship of the press in our land. Men are free to write and to publish whatever they please in the way of books, either for the young or the old. And this liberty is exercised to an extent never before witnessed in the world. One almost trembles for the cause of order, and morality, and virtue, when he sees such loads of frivolous and corrupting literature peddled for a song at the corners of every street and at the door of every railroad car. Yet amidst all this profusion of literary production, there always has been, and still is, a lamentable dearth of sound, wholesome, instructive and entertaining Sunday reading for the young.

I know not a better service that any man, or any woman, can perform for religion or for the country, than to prepare books which shall render moral and spiritual truths intelligible and attractive to the youthful mind. What author is there, living or dead, who might not afford to exchange reputations with *John Bunyan*, for example,—even supposing he had never written a line except “the Pilgrim’s Progress”? Who can measure the influence which that book has produced, and is destined to produce, for the good of mankind, as long as the English language, or indeed as long as any language, shall be read or spoken on earth!

I do not pretend to be familiar with the entire range of your numerous publications. But some of them I have availed myself of in my own family with great satisfaction ; and one of them I have read with peculiar pleasure and instruction during the past year. I refer to the life of Martin Luther, by my excellent friend, Dr. Sears, the Secretary of the Board of Education. It is a work of great interest throughout. But nothing has interested and surprised me more, than to find how completely the Great Reformer, three hundred and twenty-five years ago, anticipated all that even we New-Englanders have said or done on the subject of education. There are few things more persuasive or more powerful than his address in 1524, “to the common councils of all the cities of Germany in behalf of Christian schools.” And in the Saxon school system, as instituted under the auspices

of Luther and Melanthon in 1527, we may find all, and more than all, that is most valuable in our own boasted American school system. I say more than all,—for religious instruction was combined and incorporated with secular education in those old Saxon schools, and lent its crowning grace and beauty to the whole organization.

But, my friends, I have trespassed too long on your indulgence. There are solemn exercises before us, in which you are impatient to unite. There are eloquent voices, to which you are anxious to listen. Let me then conclude, by thanking you once more for the honor you have done me in calling me to the chair on this occasion, and by repeating the expression of my most earnest wishes for the continued and increased prosperity and advancement of the American Sunday School Union.

NOMINATION OF WINFIELD SCOTT

FOR THE

PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

A SPEECH MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, JUNE 29, 1852.

I AM highly honored, fellow-citizens of Suffolk County, in being called to preside over your deliberations this evening, and I return my most grateful acknowledgments to those to whom I am indebted for so distinguished a position. On some accounts, I would willingly have been excused from the service which has been assigned me. The oppressive heat of the weather, the state of my own health, the peculiar circumstances of the hour, the painful tidings which have reached us by the telegraph, would all have made it more agreeable to me to be elsewhere: but having promised to be in attendance here, to unite in ratifying the proceedings of the late Baltimore Convention, at a moment when a different result and a different nomination were confidently predicted, I have not felt at liberty to shrink from the occasion.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, under circumstances more than ordinarily impressive. The death of Henry Clay, which has just been announced to us, is an event which cannot fail to touch a tender chord in the breast of every true Whig, and of every true patriot, in our land. We may have agreed with him, or we may have differed from him, but none of us can have failed to admire and respect him. His lofty and chivalrous bearing, his commanding eloquence, his ardent and devoted patriotism, his long and faithful public service in every department of the government, will be remembered with admiration and gratitude to the latest generations.

It has never been his fortune to reach the highest object of his honorable ambition; but, now that he is gone, we all realize how little it would have added, or certainly how little it was needed, to his own fame. We realize, too, that not only has the country gone on in its astonishing career of prosperity and power under the Presidency of inferior men, but that he himself has done quite as much towards shaping, directing, and controlling its policy, in his capacity as a citizen or a Senator, as he could possibly have done in the executive chair itself.

It was my privilege, in the year 1833, as the very first act of my political life, to welcome Mr. Clay to Boston in behalf of the young men of the city of that day. Nineteen years have since passed away, and have left their mark upon us all; but the feelings which prompted that welcome have undergone no change: and I am confident that I express the deep, pervading sentiment of this whole assembly, and of this whole community, in paying a humble but heartfelt tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the late gallant and glorious statesman of Kentucky.

And now, fellow-citizens, let us turn with chastened hearts from the dead to the living. Men die; but principles, the Constitution, the country, and our duties to them all, survive.

We are assembled, as you know, to respond to the proceedings of the late Whig National Convention at Baltimore. We are here, I need not say, in no spirit of exultation or triumph at the particular result of that Convention. We have come together in the full remembrance, that there were other candidates commended to its consideration, and entitled to its confidence, besides those who have proved to be successful. We have come together, remembering that one of those other candidates was that illustrious and incomparable statesman, whose services to the Constitution have been so signally recognized on yonder *canvas** of the painter, however they may have fared in the canvass of politicians,—the undoubted favorite of a vast majority of the people of Boston, and upon whose success so many hopes and so many hearts had been devotedly and exclusively fixed.

We have come together, remembering, too, that another of those candidates was the present eminent and excellent Chief

* Healey's large picture of Webster replying to Hayne.

Magistrate of the Union, for whom we all entertain the most cordial respect and regard.

But we have come together, not forgetting, also, that we are Whigs,—and not merely Boston Whigs, and Massachusetts Whigs, but National Whigs,—members of a party co-extensive with our whole widespread Union. We are here, not forgetting that we have principles to maintain, which are far above all consideration of persons; that we have a cause and a country to support and uphold, independently of all questions about individual pretensions or preferences.

Nor can we forget, fellow-citizens, that the Whigs of Suffolk and of the whole State have been represented—fully, fairly, earnestly, enthusiastically represented—in the Convention which has just been held; represented by able and eloquent voices of our own selection inside, and represented by great numbers of devoted and untiring spirits outside.

To that Convention we all voluntarily intrusted the selection of candidates. Wise, well-known, patriotic Whigs from every State in the Union composed it. And after a struggle of unprecedented duration and difficulty, they have announced their result.

Under these circumstances, we have come together to acquiesce in that result as a fixed fact; to recognize it as a finality; and to confirm and ratify it as binding upon all who acknowledge any thing of party obligation or allegiance.

We all know that if Daniel Webster had been nominated by the Convention, and if this meeting had been summoned to respond to that nomination, this hall, capacious and elastic as it is, would not have contained the multitudes who would have crowded and thronged its portals. We should all have been here, and the “Old Cradle” would have rocked again, as in its infancy, with your exulting shouts. And now shall it be said, for a moment, that the Whigs of Suffolk were only true to their colors when their own wishes were gratified, and when their own candidates were successful? Shall it be said of us, as it was once said of ancient Rome, that Octavius had a party, and Antony a party, but that the Republic had no party?

I observed by the papers that when that noble procession of Baltimore Whigs met and received your own not less noble pro-

cession of delegates, at the gates of the Monumental City, they marched beneath a banner bearing this inscription: "We go for the nominee." That escort was accepted; and that banner was not repudiated. And upon the walls of the vast assembly-room in which the delegates were convened, there was inscribed, if I mistake not, our old watchword of victory in 1840: "The union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union." All this, I am persuaded, was no mere empty and delusive show. It meant something. And the meaning was nothing else, and could have been nothing else, than that which our State Convention and our Legislative Convention, and all our local conventions, had previously declared,—that we intended to abide by the decision of the tribunal to which we had appealed, and to give our support to the candidates which it should select.

We are here, then, fellow-citizens, to take the first step for confirming and carrying out the acts to which we ourselves have been parties. We are here to vindicate and signalize the good faith of Fanenil-Hall Whigs, and to prove that no degree or depth of personal disappointment can prevent us from keeping our plighted troth with the Whigs of other States, or from doing unto others what we should have expected and demanded of others to do unto us.

But I should do great injustice to the occasion and to my own feelings, were I to stop here. I should do still greater injustice to the names which have been presented to us, were I not to suggest, were I not to insist, that they are, abstractly and intrinsically, worthy of our support.

You do not require to be told who WINFIELD SCOTT is. His name, his character, his brilliant military and civil history, have been long familiar to the country. You all know him as one, who, for more than forty years, has been associated with the defence and glory of the republic. You have all heard of the youthful Virginian, the son of a farmer, left an orphan at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, who, having devoted himself to the study of the law, and entered on the practice of the bar, was incited by the prospect of an approaching war with England to join the little army of the United States, and who, in less than ten years thereafter, by his military genius, his heroic bravery, and

his patriotic ardor, had risen to the very highest grade in the service, and had achieved victories which would have done honor to the most experienced veterans of Europe. You have all heard of that heroic young man who had fought the battles of Queenstown and Fort George and Chippewa and Lundy's Lane,— who had been specially praised for his gallantry by James Madison in a presidential message,— who had been brevetted a major-general, and had received the thanks of Congress with a gold medal,— at the age of only twenty-eight years.

And you have all seen him in later years renewing the glories of his youth on other and more distant battle-fields. You have seen him leading on his small and ill-provided army to the performance of prodigies of valor, at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo and Churubuseo and Chapultepec, until he had planted the stars and stripes in triumph on the National Palace of Mexico. Well did he himself say, in his brief but characteristic proclamation, calling on his fellow-soldiers “to return thanks to God, both in public and private worship” for the signal victories which had been vouchsafed to them; well did he say, that “when the very limited numbers who have performed these brilliant deeds shall have become known, the world will be astonished, and our own countrymen will be filled with joy and admiration.”

But, fellow-citizens, it is not only as a successful and illustrious soldier that Winfield Scott is commended to the support and gratitude of the American people. Nobody, it is true, pretends to compare him as an experienced statesman with others who might be named among the dead or among the living. He himself would scorn to set up any pretensions of the sort. One star differeth from another star in glory. But no one, on the other hand, can deny that he has rendered services to the country in time of peace, and to that noblest of all ends,— *the maintenance and preservation of peace*,— which are hardly inferior in importance to his gallant achievements in war. His admirable discharge of the delicate and difficult duties intrusted to him successively in South Carolina, on the Niagara frontier, on the Maine frontier, and in the removal of the Cherokees, which called forth the splendid eulogium of Channing, entitle him to be taken quite out of the class of mere military men, and to be ranked among the highest and most honored civil benefactors of the country.

And now, when I add to all this what I can say of my own personal knowledge and observation, that he is a man of the purest life, of unsullied character, of unimpeachable integrity, evincing in his daily practice and example his respect and reverence for morality and religion, does any one here require further assurance, that, having been nominated as our candidate, he is entitled to our confidence and support?

Yes, fellow-citizens, there is one thing more necessary to complete his claim upon us as a political party, and that is, that he should be a sound, National, Union Whig. And that we all know he is, and has been from his earliest youth. And he has given one proof of it within a week past, which this assembly will be the last to impeach or gainsay,—I mean by planting himself fairly and unequivocally upon the platform of Whig principles, which was proposed and adopted under the lead and auspices of our own Ashmun and Choate.

Fellow-citizens, the Convention at Baltimore have nominated for the Vice-Presidency a member of the present Cabinet, a noble son of a noble State, WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, whose principles and abilities have been displayed in his admirable discharge of the duties of Governor, of Senator, and of Secretary of the Navy, and than whom a purer, a better, or a more patriotic man does not breathe.

And now, how can we halt or hesitate as to our course with such candidates before us?

Why, my friends, shall we break our swords and abandon our colors and go over to the enemy, because we cannot have the precise leader of our choice to conduct us to victory? Shall we abandon the cause of American industry, of river and harbor improvements, and of a sound pacific foreign policy, out of any mere personal griefs? Shall we overturn the coach, because we cannot have our own favorite driver,—or even because we may not exactly fancy some of our fellow-passengers? For myself, I can only say, that let who will be on the box, or who will get up behind,—let who will be inside or who outside,—as long as it keeps along in the straight road, and in the well-worn ruts of the Constitution, I am for holding fast to the good old Whig Union line. And what is more, I advise everybody who intends to go in that line

this trip, to secure their passage soon, as, notwithstanding some discouragements in this quarter, it looks very much to me as if, after we had once got fairly started, there were going to be very few seats to spare. At any rate, be there few or be there many, I am for going in, "*Scott and lot*," with the Old Whig Party of the United States, and am ready to bear my humble part of all its fortunes.

But I have detained you too long from the rich treat which awaits you. Distinguished gentlemen from our own State and from other States have favored us by their presence. In your name I bid them all welcome to Faneuil Hall; and it will be my privilege to announce and introduce them personally, as they rise to address you.

THE

OBLIGATIONS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF EDUCATED MEN

IN THE

USE OF THE TONGUE AND OF THE PEN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JULY 22, 1852.

IN rising, Mr. President and brethren, to perform the distinguished part in the services of this morning, which has been assigned me by your executive committee, it is a real relief to me to reflect, how little, after all, the success of this occasion will depend on the character of the entertainment which may be afforded you, during the brief hour which I may be at liberty to occupy, by any thing of formal or ceremonious discourse.

It is not by words of wisdom or of dulness, it is not by arguments forcible or feeble, it is not by appeals animated or vapid, it is not by pathos or by bathos, that an occasion like this is to be made or marred.

The occasion itself is its own best and surest success. Certainly, it is its own best and most effective orator. The presence of this vast concourse of the sons of Harvard, drawn together by a common interest in the prosperity and welfare of their Alma Mater, and bound to each other by a common desire and a common determination to uphold and advance her ancient character and renown, is enough to make this occasion for ever memorable in her annals, and to secure for it a better, a more brilliant, and a far more enduring success, than any which could result from the most glowing display of individual eloquence.

And, indeed, what could any one attempt at such a moment but to give expression—a faint and imperfect expression at the best—to the sentiments and emotions which have already been awakened in all our hearts by the scene and the circumstances before us?—emotions and sentiments too deep and serious, I am persuaded, to be satisfied with any mere ambitious rhetoric or jubilant oratory.

We are assembled around the altars at which we were dedicated in our youth to the pursuit and attainment of a sound, liberal, Christian education, and from which we went forth in our early manhood to the duties and responsibilities of our respective professions and callings. We are here after many and various experiences of success and of failure, of joy and of sadness, of wealth and of want, in our subsequent career. We come, some of us, after but a brief trial of the stern realities of life, with the world all before us, and our relations to it still to be determined; some of us in the middle stage of our earthly course, in the full enjoyment of whatever faculties we possess, and of whatever position we have acquired; and some of us bending beneath the weight of years and of cares, with little more to hope or to fear for ourselves on this side the grave. How many thoughts are stirred within us all, as we look back, over a longer or a shorter interval, to the days when we first approached these classic halls! How many reflections crowd in upon each one of us, as to what we might have done, and what we did, *then*,—as to what we might have been, and what we are *now*! How many blighted hopes and disappointed expectations of others or of ourselves are revived in our remembrance! How many familiar forms of cherished friends, of beloved companions, of revered preceptors, long since parted from us, start up at our side, and seem almost to wait for our embrace!

"Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole!"

And we, too, brethren, are here "to bless the place" of our earliest and best opportunities. We come, one and all, to bear

our united testimony to the value of this venerated institution. We come to bring whatever laurels we have acquired, whatever treasures we have accumulated, to adorn its hallowed shrines. We come to pay fresh homage to the memory of our fathers for having founded and reared it. We come to renew our tribute of gratitude to its earlier and its later benefactors. We come to thank God for having prospered and blessed it. And we come, above all, to acknowledge our own personal indebtedness to it, and to make public recognition of the manifold obligations and responsibilities, to God and to man, which rest upon us all, by reason of the opportunities and advantages which we have here enjoyed.

We are here, I need not say, in no spirit of vainglorious boastfulness or empty self-congratulation. We are here to arrogate nothing to ourselves in the way of distinction or privilege. We are here to set up no claim to peculiar consideration or honor on account of the titular dignities or parchment prerogatives which have been conferred upon us from yonder antique chair. We are not blind to the fact, that there are those around us, who have enjoyed none of our academic opportunities, and who have yet outstripped not a few of us in the practical pursuits of literature and of life. We do not forget that there are some of them who have surpassed us all in the highest walks of art, of science, and of patriotic statesmanship. Honor, honor this day from this assembled multitude of scholars, to the self-made, self-educated, men who have adorned and are still adorning our country's history! Honor to the common schools of our land, from which such men have derived all which they have not owed to their own industry, their own energy, their own God-given genius! Bowditch, Fulton, Franklin, Washington,—to name no others among the dead or among the living,—when will any American University be able to point to names upon its catalogue of Alumni which may be likened to these names, for the originality and profoundness of the researches, for the practical importance of the accomplishments, for the grandeur and sublimity of the inventions and discoveries, or for the noble achievements and glorious institutions, with which they are indissolubly associated! Well may we say, as we proudly inscribe their names upon our

honorary rolls, “They were wanting to our glory; we were not wanting to theirs.”

Nor are we here, Mr. President and brethren, to indulge in any inviolate comparisons between our own University and other universities and colleges in the State or in the nation. It is pardonable, to say the least, to love one’s own mother better than other people’s mothers. It is natural that we should —

“Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.”

Indeed, as we run our eyes over the long list of her children, and see what a goodly fellowship of prophets, what a glorious company of apostles, she has sent forth into every field of Christian service; as we turn back to that first Commencement, on the fifth day of October in the year 1642, when “nine bachelors commenced at Cambridge, young men of good hope, and performed their acts, so as gave good proof of their proficiency in the tongues and arts,”* — and thence follow her along her starry way for more than two centuries, — we might be almost pardoned for forgetting that she has or ever had any faults. And could we but see something of a higher moral discipline, something of a deeper religious sentiment, something of a stronger spiritual influence, mingling with the sound scholarship which pervades her halls, and giving something of a fresher and fuller significance to her ancient motto, “*Christo et Ecclesie*;” could we but see a little more of that state of things here, which Thomas Arnold contemplated, when he nobly declared at Rugby, “It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred or of one hundred, or of fifty, but it is necessary that it should be a school of *Christian gentlemen*,” — there would be little or nothing more to be desired in her condition.

I pretend not to know how this common want of almost all seminaries of instruction is to be supplied. But, oh! let us be careful that the indulgence of sectarian jealousies do not result in a downright divorce between education and religion. Let us be watchful, lest our disposition to do away all color for the idea of a State religion, shall terminate in banishing religion from

* Winthrop’s New England, Savage’s ed., vol. ii. p. 87.

our republican schools. Better, a thousand-fold better, that a seminary like this should be under the steady, effective, aye, or even exclusive influence, of any one religious sect, than that it should be without the influence of some sort of vital Christianity. Let us if we can, and as far as we can, so blend the rays which are reflected from every different view of the Bible, that they shall form one harmonious beam of holy light, streaming in at every door and window and loophole of our halls and chapels, and casting golden glories upon every pinnacle, and buttress, and tower. But let us be cautious, that in attempting to shut out any one particular ray which may be imagined to predominate in our academic atmosphere, we take no risk of shutting out the glorious sunshine of the Gospel, and of leaving the institution, in this hour of its highest intellectual advantages, in a condition of spiritual darkness,—

“Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,—
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!”

But whatever degree of affectionate interest and concern we may cherish towards this oldest of our American colleges, and however proud we may be to hail her this day as our own great parent, we are not assembled in any spirit of hostility or indifference to the success and welfare of others. We do not forget how many of the most brilliant luminaries of our land, how many even of the bright, particular stars of our own immediate sphere, have drawn their light from other fountains. Amherst and Williams, Columbia and Union, William and Mary, Hampden and Sidney, South Carolina and New Jersey, Maryland, Middlebury, Brown, Yale, Bowdoin, and Dartmouth; all these, and many more than these, I need not say, have sent forth sons to adorn and bless their native land, and the Alumni of Harvard rejoice this day in the progress and prosperity of them all, and offer to their children the right hand of a cordial, fraternal fellowship.

Nor do we forget, in the good wishes of the occasion, those renowned and reverend universities of Old England, from one of which our own was named, in one of which the founder of our

own, and many more of the early fathers of New England, were educated, and to which Literature, and Science, and Art are indebted for so vast a preponderance of their treasures.

Yes, brethren, wherever, beneath the sky, young men are gathered together for the purposes of a liberal, classical, Christian education, there are our hearts at this hour in the midst of them. While we would never forget our allegiance to the State and the nation of which we are citizens, we yet feel, to-day, that we belong to a republic broader and more comprehensive than either of them:—a republic whose history runs back through centuries and cycles of centuries past, and looks forward through centuries and cycles of centuries to come,—which embraces all languages and tongues and kindreds and people, linking together in one great society “the noble living and the noble dead;”—a republic, in reference to which we know no points of the compass, no degrees of latitude, and for whose advancement, prosperity, and perpetual union, we can never cease to strive:—a republic, in regard to which we reverse all our wishes in relation to our own political confederacy, and pray God that its limits may be extended, wider and wider, by purchase, by negotiation, by annexation, spoliation, and conquest, until, bounding its dominions by the seas and its fame by the stars, it shall realize the dream of Universal Empire!

And now, Mr. President and brethren, coming here, as I hope and believe we all do, in this liberal and catholic spirit, and recognizing our relations to this large and comprehensive society, we cannot but feel that there are peculiar obligations and responsibilities resting upon us all as educated men:—and it is to a consideration of some of these responsibilities, and of some of the temptations which interfere with their just discharge, that I propose to devote what remains of this address.

Whatever may be pronounced to be the great end and object of a liberal education, there can be no doubt or difference of opinion as to one of its effects on those who enjoy its advantages. I mean its influence in imparting to them, in a greater or less degree, powers and faculties of the utmost moment to the welfare of their fellow-men:—in communicating to them, indeed, proportionately to their ability to grasp and wield them, the very instruments by

which the condition of society, moral, religious, and political, is, and is to be, mainly controlled.

The best result of all the inventions, discoveries, and improvements of modern times has been to give a wider and wider sway to intellectual and moral power. The world is fast ceasing to be governed by any mere material forces. The Metallic Ages, whether of ancient or of modern mythology, have passed away. And we have eminently reached a period of which the great characterizing and governing principle is Opinion,—Public Opinion. Pervading the civilized world like that subtle and elastic fluid which philosophers of all ages have supposed to be diffused throughout the physical universe,—it is yet far more than any mere outside atmosphere, far more than any mere circumambient, luminiferous ether. It infuses itself into every joint of the social system. It penetrates the mighty mass of human motive and human action. It shapes, colors, directs, controls, and keeps in motion (under God) the whole course of public events; realizing, so far as any mortal influence can realize, the spirit of the living creature in the wheels of the prophet, or the familiar but sublime description of the Roman poet,—

“ *Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*”

It is itself, however, no mysterious, original, or unchangeable element. On the contrary, it is susceptible of every degree of impression and modification; and its alterations and undulations are not only visible in their result, but are open to observation and analysis in the very progress and process of transition, and they may be traced back and referred, directly and unmistakably, to the causes which produced them.

Public Opinion, in a word, is nothing less, and nothing more, than the aggregate of individual opinions; the resultant, if I may so speak, of all those various concurring or conflicting opinions which individuals conceive, express, and advocate. And it is from the character of the individual opinions which are, from day to day and from hour to hour, designedly thrown or accidentally dropped into the ever-flowing current of Public Opinion, as it passes along,

I had almost said, before our very doors and beneath our very windows, that it takes its color, form, direction, and force.

Now the main instruments by which individual minds, in proportion to their natural or acquired energy, are brought to bear upon Public Opinion, or upon the public mind from which it emanates, are obviously the instruments which belong peculiarly to educated men. They are the precise instruments which it is one of the principal results of a liberal education to teach and facilitate the use of. I mean, I need not say, *the Tongue, and the Pen*. The word spoken, and the word written,—these are the simple, original elements of which all Public Opinion is composed;—every word spoken, and every word written, entering into the composition, according to its quality and its power,—almost as every rain-drop, and every dew-drop, and even every misty exhalation, goes to color and swell the mountain stream or the ocean flood.

It is not enough considered, I fear, by educated men, who are often among the most impatient and irritable, when false sentiments and mischievous notions prevail on any subject, that they themselves, in their various avocations and professions, are mainly responsible for their existence. They are responsible, for what they say, and for what they leave unsaid; for what they write, and for what they leave unwritten; for opinions which they take part in establishing, and for opinions which they take no part in overthrowing. It may be difficult for the bookworm, shut up in some dark alcove, and engaged in the preparation of some abstract philosophical or theological treatise, to realize that he has any thing to do with that mighty moral power, of whose edicts legislatures are so often but the formal recorders, and laws but the periodical proclamation,—which construes constitutions, controls standing armies, supports or overturns thrones, and rules the world. So is it difficult to realize that the ocean-worm has had any thing to do with the Island or the Continent, which has yet risen from the sea through its labors, and which rests on the foundations which it has laid. But it behooves us all to remember, that consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or accidentally, positively or negatively, each one of us, according to our opportunities, our powers, and our employment of them, is

engaged at this moment, and at every moment, in the formation and direction of Public Opinion, and that each one of us has an individual responsibility for its course and character.

It is this responsibility, as developed and increased a thousand-fold by the circumstances of the age and of the land in which we live, that I desire to illustrate and enforce. Consider, for a moment, the vast power and purchase, if I may so speak, which modern inventions and modern institutions have given to the spoken and the written word! Public Opinion, as an element of greater or less importance in the affairs of men, is by no means a new thing. There never could have been a moment since the existence of society, when there was not something of common sentiment among those associated in the same State or city or neighborhood, and when it must not have had more or less influence on their character and conduct. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, it was hardly a less potent engine of authority and government, *so far as it extended*, than it is among ourselves at the present day. But how far did it extend? What were the means which the ancients enjoyed for instructing, controlling, and marshalling it to a purpose, compared with those which we now employ?

Look, for an instant, to the speakers and writers of antiquity, and see how far it was in their power to operate on the public mind of the world as they knew it, or of the age in which they lived. Take the very prince of ancient orators,—of all orators whom the world has known,—the Homer of eloquence, as the modern Germans have well entitled him,—who “wielded at will the fierce demoeratic” of Athens. Follow him to one of the great scenes of his triumphs. See him ascending the Bema. Behold him, as, looking around upon the Parthenon and the Propylaea, he inhales the inspiration of their massive grandeur and matchless symmetry, or as, darting a more distant glance towards the Piræus, he catches the image of his country’s power and prowess reflected from the shining beaks of her slumbering galleys! Listen to him, as he pronounces one of those masterly and magnificent arguments, which must ever be the models of all true popular eloquence, and of which we may say, in his own words, “Time itself seems to be the noblest witness to their glory,—a

series of so many years hath now passed away, and still no men have yet appeared who could surpass those patterns of perfection.”*

The orator has concluded. The storm of applause has subsided. The vote has been taken,—to succor the Olynthians, to resist Philip, or, it may be, to acquit Ctesiphon and banish Æschines. The Assembly is dispersed. But where are now the brilliant and burning words which have kindled them into such a blaze of enthusiasm? Have they been caught up, as they fell flaming from the lip, by a score of reporters, as with the fidelity of a daguerrotype? Have they been wafted upon a kindred current to a hundred cities? Have they, indeed, been

“*fulminated* over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne?”

Have they been served up in a thousand journals, to a hundred thousand readers, before another sunrise? Have they even been put into a decent pamphlet for more convenient and deliberate perusal and reference?

No wonder that the great Athenian so emphatically pronounced the sum of all eloquence to be *action*. No wonder, that he exercised himself in speaking with pebbles in his mouth, and measured his voice against the roaring surges of the sea. The orators of antiquity spoke only to their immediate audience. They could address themselves to nobody else. It was upon the living multitude before them that an influence was to be produced, or not at all. Their power was limited by the number of persons assembled to hear them, or even more limited by the strength of their own lungs. The 6,000 men who were necessary to constitute a *psephisma* or decree, or, at the very most, the 20,000 men who enjoyed the right of suffrage, were all to whom Demosthenes could appeal,—all upon whom his magic words and mighty thoughts could operate. He spoke to Athens; and

“Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable,”

was a city just about the size of Boston, with a population of only 140,000 in all, men, women, children, and slaves:—and the whole

* Oration on the Classes.

territory of Attica was not more than an eighth part of our own little Massachusetts.*

Fortunately, most fortunately, for posterity, Demosthenes had too much distrust of himself, or too much respect for the people of Athens, to venture upon any great effort, without having previously prepared in writing the greater part, if not the whole, of what he was going to say. Fortunately, he was not ashamed to have it said, that "all his arguments smelled of the lamp;" but could calmly reply to a profligate and insulting rival who cast it in his teeth, "Yes, indeed, my friend, but your lamp and mine are not conscious to the same labors." His lamp has thus proved to be one of the great and shining lights of the world. His orations have thus come down to us, not, perhaps, in all the perfection in which the orations of our own Demosthenes,† edited by our own Cicero, will go down to posterity,—but in a comparatively perfect shape. And it is hardly too much to say,—looking to all the students and scholars and literary men, throughout the world, who now read them, in the original or in translations, that a greater number of minds are moved, instructed, and delighted by their matchless eloquence in any ten years,—I had almost said, in any single year,—at the present day, than during the whole period of his own life. But, I repeat, their immediate influence upon the public opinion of his own day, was limited to the few thousands of freemen,—for women, and children, and slaves were excluded,—to the few thousands of freemen, who could be driven by the Lexiarchs, with their scarlet cords, and under penalty of a fine, within the 12,000 square yards which constituted the area of the Pnyx,—or within the still smaller space which was covered by the Theatre of Bacchus.

Turn with me now to the writers of antiquity, and reflect on the means which they possessed of influencing the public opinion of their own time. Think, for an instant, of an ancient philosopher, historian, politician, or poet, sitting down with his *stylus* or his *calamus*, and with his tablets of wood or of wax, or his sheets of bark or of vellum, to prepare an essay, or an exposition, or

* Boeckh's *Public Economy of Athens*, ch. vii.

* This allusion could hardly be rendered more distinct to any one who has seen a copy of "The Works of Daniel Webster," as recently edited by Edward Everett.

a satire, or a leading article of any sort, with the view of producing an immediate impression on a pending question. The very idea seems little better than a joke. How is it to be multiplied? How is it to be circulated? Who is to know any thing about it, within any assignable period, save the author himself, the slaves who may copy it, or the friends to whom he may read it, at the bath or the supper, in the garden or the school? How many persons of their own time, think you, could have been roused by the Panegyric of Isocrates, or been charmed with the history of Herodotus, had they not been recited at the Olympic Games? Where but for this would have been the inspiration and emulation which produced the immortal work of Thucydides?

It is hardly too much to say, that the ancients could have composed none of their writings with a view to immediate, general influence as writings. The cumbrous and clumsy character of their writing materials, which must have rendered the briefest *billet doux* hardly more manageable for slipping slyly into a fair hand than a modern family Bible or one of yesterday's bachelor diplomas, obviously precluded that ready multiplication and circulation of copies, which such a purpose would have required. They spoke, as we have seen, to the present; but they must have written to the future,—if, indeed, they were conscious of writing for anybody except (as the admirable Niebuhr would seem to suggest) for the friends to whom they dedicated their books.* And who can cease to wonder that so many noble works of philosophy and history and poetry should have been composed under such discouraging circumstances? Who can cease to wonder that such splendid diction, such magnificent imagery, such sublime sentiment and glowing narration, should have been reached, without the inspiration which modern authors seek and find in the prospect of immediate and widespread publication and perusal? How, like a caged eagle, must the soul of Cicero have chafed itself against the bars and barriers by which its utterances were restrained and hindered! How deeply must he have felt the force of such considerations as he has put into the mouth of Africanius, in that exquisite literary *Torso*,—the dream of Scipio, to prove that there was “no glory worthy of a wish, to be obtained from the praise of men”!

* Niebuhr's letter to Count de Serre, 9 February, 1823.

“ Of this little world,” says he, “ the inhabited parts are neither numerous nor wide; even the spots where men are to be found are broken by intervening deserts, and the nations are so separated as that nothing can be transmitted from one to another. With the people of the South, by whom the opposite part of the world is possessed, you have no intercourse; and by how small a tract do you communicate with the countries of the North? The territory which you inhabit is no more than a scanty island, enclosed by a small body of water, to which you give the name of the Great Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. And even in this known and frequented continent, what hope can you entertain that your renown will pass the stream of Ganges or the cliffs of Caucasus? Or, by whom will your name be uttered in the extremities of the North or South, towards the rising or the setting sun? ”

Oh, could the incomparable Roman, with that burning love of fame which not even his own divine philosophy could extinguish, with that restless craving for applause and notoriety which nothing but his splendid genius and sublime energy could have saved from contempt; could he, by means of some of the auguries and vaticinations to which he so often appealed, have caught a glimpse of the great discoveries and inventions, by which not only has the old world, as he knew it, been almost immeasurably enlarged, but a new one added to it, and the great centres and capitals of them both brought nearer together than even Rome and Athens were in his own day;* could he have foreseen, too, that marvellous mystery of Koster, and Faust, and Guttenberg, and Schoeffer, and have known that among the first uses to which it should be applied was the printing of his own treatises *De Senectute* and *De Officiis*,† and that from that day forward his

* Cicero, writing to his wife from Athens, says, — “ Acastus met me upon my landing, with letters from Rome, having been so expeditious as to perform his journey in one-and-twenty days.”

† Complete printing dates from 1452. There was a German edition of the *De Officiis* in 1466; and the following is the title of the second book ever printed in England: —

“ *The boke of Tulle of Old age empynyt by me simple persone William Caxton in to Englysshe as the playnsir solwe & reverence of men growynge in to old age the xij day of August the yere of our lord Mccccxxij.* ”

It was printed within the precincts of Westminster Abbey, where the first printing press in England was erected by Caxton in 1471.

orations and disputations and essays should be a standard work in every library beneath the sun, the companions and counsellors and consolers of the greatest minds of all ages,—who shall say to what new heights of speculation, to what brighter heaven of invention, he might not have mounted! With how much bolder and more confident an emphasis would he not have uttered those prophetic words, “*Ego, vero, omnia quae gerebam, jam tuum in gerendo, spargere me ac disseminare arbitrabar in orbis terrae memoriam semipernam*”! He would not, then, have been found looking so eagerly and so imploringly for his standing with posterity to the poetry of an Archias, or to the history of a Lucecius,*—names, which, as it happens, have owed their own preservation from oblivion to his orations and letters; but he would have felt and realized, as all the world now realizes, that nothing but his own glowing and glorious words were needed to perpetuate the memory of his own noble and heroic life!

And now, Mr. President, if we turn to the writers and speakers of the present age, and to the means which they enjoy of moulding and marshalling the Public Opinion of our own day, the contrast is too obvious and too glaring to require, or even to bear, a word of comment.

It would perhaps be an extravagant remark, were I to say that the last thing which a speaker of modern times cares about, is the number or the character of his audience. It would certainly be a most ungracious remark for one standing in the immediate presence, and appealing to the immediate indulgence, of so distinguished and brilliant an assembly. Great results, I know, are to be produced, and great results are often, in fact, produced, in these days as in days of yore, by the influence of the spoken word upon the many or the few who hear it. And much greater results might be accomplished in this way than any which are witnessed

* There are few things more remarkable in literary history than the letter of Cicero to Lucius Lucecius, in which, after acknowledging that he has a strong passion for being celebrated in the writings of Lucecius, and assuring him that he will find the subject not unworthy of his genius and eloquence, he adds,—“I will venture, then, earnestly to entreat you not to confine yourself to the strict laws of history, but to give a greater latitude to your encomiums than, possibly, you may think my actions can claim.”

in modern times, if the voice, the manner, the emphasis, the gesture, the whole art of oratory were more carefully studied and cultivated. There are many occasions, moreover, when present, practical, and most important consequences depend upon the success of an immediate oratorical effort. In the pulpit, that noblest of all rostrums, and at the bar, the first business of the speaker is to instruct, animate, convince, and carry away captive, if possible, those whom he directly addresses. Now and then, too, there is a popular meeting, or a legislative assembly, at which great measures are to be lost or won, great principles vindicated or overthrown, momentous issues finally made up and decided. Nor have there been wanting among us those able to meet such emergencies.

I deem it to be no disparagement to any one, among the living or the dead, to express the opinion, in this connection, that for immediate power over a deliberative or a popular audience, no man in our republic, since the republic has had a name or a being, has ever surpassed the great statesman of the West, over whom the grave is just closing.* His words will not be referred to in future years, like those of some of his contemporaries, for profound expositions of permanent principles, or for luminous and logical commentaries upon the Constitution or the laws. But for the deep impressiveness and almost irresistible fascination of his immediate appeals, for prompt, powerful, persuasive, commanding, soul-stirring eloquence upon whatever theme was uppermost in his large, liberal, and patriotic heart, he has had no superior, and hardly an equal, in our country's history. Owing nothing to the schools, nothing to art or education, he has furnished a noble illustration of what may be accomplished by the fire of real genius, by the force of an indomitable will, by the energy of a constant and courageous soul, uttering itself through the medium of a voice, whose trumpet tones will be among the cherished memories of all who ever heard it, and which God never gave to be the organ of any thing less than a master-mind.

But how little, under all ordinary circumstances, is the influence of a modern speaker confined by the accidents of voice or

* Henry Clay.

of audience? I have heard, and you, Mr. President,* have far more frequently heard, a past or a present Premier of England, rising at midnight, in a little room hardly more ample or more elegant than many of our common country school-houses or town halls, and in the presence of two or three hundred rather drowsy gentlemen, and with not half a dozen hearers besides ourselves in the galleries, diplomatic box and all, pronounce words which not merely determined the policy of a colossal empire, but which, before another sun had set, were read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by the whole reading population of the United Kingdom,—and which, before the next week had ended, had settled the judgment, and fixed the public opinion of the whole Continent of Europe, on the subject to which they related.

Nor need we cross the ocean for illustrations of this sort. Where can be found a more striking and impressive example of the pervading and almost miraculous power of the spoken word at the present day, than that which has been witnessed in our own land during the last few months! A wandering exile from the banks of the Danube embarks for America. Fresh from a long and cruel imprisonment, he comes to thank our Government and our people for the sympathy and succor to which, in part, he had owed his liberation. A Shakspeare and a Johnson's Dictionary, carefully studied during a previous confinement, have sufficed to furnish him with a better stock of English than is possessed by the great majority of those to whom it is native, and he comes to pour forth in our own tongue the bitter sorrows and the stern resolves which had been so long pent up within his own aching breast. He comes to pray a great and powerful people to aid and avenge his down-trodden country. He lands upon our shores. He puts forth his plea. He speaks. And within one week from his first uttered word, the whole mind and heart and soul of this vast nation is impressed and agitated. Domestic interests are forgotten. Domestic strifes are hushed. Questions of commerce, and questions of compromise, and questions of candidacy, are postponed. New thoughts take possession of all our minds. New words are in all our mouths. A new

* Hon. Edward Everett, late American Minister at London, occupied the chair on this occasion, as President of the Association.

mission for our country is seriously mooted. The great name, the greater principles, of Washington are suffered to be drawn into dispute, and even to be derided as temporary. And, for a moment, the ship of state seems reeling before the blast, and trembling, as for a fatal plunge, upon the verge of an unfathomed and unfathomable vortex,—while the voices of many an agonized patriot are heard exclaiming, as Horace exclaimed to the Roman Republic,—

“ Oh Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O, quid agis ! fortiter occupa
Portum : nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saevis *Africo*,
Antennaeque gemunt :

Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, Cave.”

Thanks be to God, those voices have not been unheeded. The sober second thought has come apace. The danger is over. The cause of popular freedom and National Independence abroad has all our sympathy, and we may not be ready to declare, that under no circumstances shall it receive all our succor. But the case does not now exist, nor is it within the prospect of belief that any such case will soon exist, which can tempt us to peril our own peace, to disregard our own Constitution, to trample under foot the precepts and principles of the Father of his Country, and to involve and implicate the New World in the falling ruins and floating wrecks of the Old World, in the more than doubtful experiment of setting up republicies in Europe for emperors or would-be emperors to overthrow. The American masses are not capable of being fanaticized into such madness as this. Kossuth will be remembered by many of us, as he has been received by us all, with the kindness, the respect, and even the admiration, which a man of real genius, of marvellous eloquence, of indomitable energy, hoping against hope, refusing to despair under circumstances of desperation, struggling against fate and in a holy cause, could never fail to inspire. But the great moral of his visit, the great lesson which he has left behind him, and one never to be forgotten, is that of the power of a single individual, of one earnest and heroic man, by the simple enginery of the

tongue and the pen, to shake the solid mind of a whole nation, to agitate the mighty heart of a vast continent, and even to affect and modify the public opinion and the public affairs of the world.

We have heard something, brethren, of the power of the tongue in other ages. The Apostle James, even in his day, spoke "of a little member which boasteth great things, an unruly evil, which no man can tame, which setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire." — I need not say how. And Shakspeare, in later times, exclaims, with but too much truth,—

"In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil!"

But how little did either of them dream of the vast reach and purchase which the tongue and the voice have acquired in these latter days! Never, never before, certainly, has anybody realized, as we realize at this hour, the immeasurable power for evil or for good, which modern arts and inventions and institutions have imparted to those great instruments of civilized, educated man, — the spoken and the written word. It is no longer the mad conceit of some Anarcharsis Cloots, that a man may be an orator of the human race. It is no longer the ridiculous ranting of some Bombastes Furioso which exclaims, "Attention, the universe!" There are writers and speakers in the Old World and in the New World, to whom the universe of intelligent, civilized man pays willing, prompt, and eager attention, and of whom it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that "their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." The world indeed has become one vast *whispering gallery*, in which all that is said is everywhere heard, and all that is worth hearing is everywhere listened to. Would that we could stop here! But that is not all; that is not all. It is not only the truly great and good whose words and thoughts are communicated to the ears and to the hearts of this world-wide audience. Types and telegraphic wires are no discriminating media, and the press has but too truly fulfilled the paradox of the fountain that pours forth sweet waters and bitter.

It was most strikingly said by Charles Babbage, in his "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," that "the pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they give rise."—"Every atom," says he, "impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base."—"The air itself," he exquisitely adds, "is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said, or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating, in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will."

And, however fanciful this may be regarded as a physical theory, it finds but too much confirmation in its application to the moral world. The moral, if not the physical, atmosphere around us, receives, retains, and holds in constant combination, all that is uttered and all that is published of the false, the immoral, the licentious, the sceptical, the mystical, the profane, with all that is uttered and all that is published of the true, the pure, the beautiful, the noble, the divine; and all enter alike, according to their proportions and their power, into that great encircling stream of Public Opinion which turns the wheels of all human action. The arts and inventions of modern times have spread out over the earth one vast *Æolian* lyre, with a responsive note for every articulate opinion by which its myriad strings are swept. They have woven, as it were, one all-pervading nervous system over the whole range of civilized society, along which emotions of every sort vibrate from breast to breast, and leap from heart to heart, to meet, to mingle, to strengthen or dilute, to purify or corrupt, or it may be only to counteract and neutralize each other. They have constructed for all the world a machinery hardly less effective than that ingenious and admirable fire alarm which is stretching its mysterious wires, and shooting its magical messages, from spire to spire of yonder neighboring metropolis; and they have placed its keys peculiarly in the hands of educated men. It is ours to use them for rous-

ing up mankind to heroic acts of rescue and reform, for startling them from the slumbers of ignorance, of sensuality, and of a worse than African bondage, for rallying them in the path of disinterested humanity and Christian warfare, and for awakening and animating them to the extinguishment of the flames of evil passions, inordinate affections, and unruly wills. And it is no less ours, alas, to pervert and abuse them to the purpose of disturbing, disorganizing, and debauching society, by false alarms and factious appeals, by rash speculations and reckless hue and cry.

What solemn responsibilities do such considerations imply as resting in these days upon educated men! What fresh and fearful significance do they attach to the declaration of Holy Writ that for every idle word we are to be held to account! What new and momentous motives do they suggest for taking heed what we speak, and what we write! How much better and purer and nobler a literature might we not have, and how much more just and elevated a public sentiment as its result, if every man who is educated to the use of the pen or of the tongue could be made to feel within himself, as he sits down to his desk or rises to the rostrum,—“The word that I write or that I speak to-day is not for the moment or for myself alone. It is not mine, to minister merely to my own pleasure, to my own profit, to my own fame. It is not mine, to pander to some popular delusion, to fan some popular prejudice, to flatter some popular favorite, or to adorn some plausible falsehood. It is to produce an influence far beyond that which it immediately proposes. It is to enter, somewhere, in a greater or less degree, into the very springs and issues of human action. It may influence individuals. It may influence masses. It cannot rest indifferent. It cannot return unto me empty. It will mingle with the great current of Public Opinion in some part of its course,—where it winds through some quiet valley, or takes its way beneath some cottage window, if not where it foams and roars around some splendid capitol or some mighty metropolis. This very word which I speak or write to-day may rouse up a resolute human soul to a newer and better life, or it may turn back some timid and wavering spirit from its truest and best ends, unsettle its faith, unship its anchor,

and leave it wrecked for time and for eternity. It may stir the breast of a mighty nation to the maintenance of law or the vindication of liberty; or it may stimulate and infuriate it to the overthrow of the noblest institutions, in a mad pursuit of impracticable philanthropies and reforms. It may elevate and ennable the hopes and views and aims of mankind, and advance the cause of peace on earth and good-will among men; or it may blow up the smouldering embers of international strife, and kindle a conflagration which shall wrap a world in flames. I am, I must be, responsible for the result. I can no longer pour out immorality, infidelity, profanity, sedition, slander, with impunity. Everywhere there are ears to hear, eyes to read, tongues to repeat, instruments to communicate, hearts and minds to imbibe and comprehend."

And such a responsibility must be felt, must be cherished, must be inculcated, must be enforced, wherever a tongue is wagged or a pen is wielded. Responsibility,—not responsibility merely in the sacred forum of law,—not responsibility, ever, on the falsely called field of honor,—but moral and religious responsibility, for what we speak, for what we write, for what we publish,—must be solemnly recognized and regarded, if our boasted liberty of speech and of unlicensed printing is not to be a curse to us. The censorship of conscience, in a word, must take the place of the old *imprimaturs* of kings and of cardinals, if a Free Press, the very trunk of our Liberty Tree, is not to find its only fit similitude in that well-remembered Beech-tree of the Georgics,—

“Æsculus, imprimis, quæ quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”*

The temptations which interfere with the just observance of the responsibilities of educated men—in regard to which I proposed to say something also, on this occasion—are, after all, only those which are common to almost every condition of life.

There is poverty, inducing men to speak and to write for mere pay and reward, and to make all manner of unworthy compliances with the tastes, the follies, and the vices of the hour.

* “High as his topmost boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell’s dominion tend.”

And there is avarice, or a passion for wealth, whether to be spent or to be hoarded, by which men are led along in the courses to which, originally, their want, and not their will, may have consented. We may see, at every turn, pens and tongues of the highest order, under influences like these, prostituted to the vilest purposes of hireling subserviency.

These, however, are common and vulgar influences, obvious to everybody, and which it is more than enough to have even named in this presence.

But there are others, less gross in their nature, and less revolting to a refined sensibility, which I may not pass over so lightly. I refer to literary vanity, to intellectual pride, to that hankering after notoriety, and that panting for individual celebrity and distinction, which may all, perhaps, be comprehended in the single term, literary ambition.

It has been quite customary to reserve this word *ambition*, certainly in all its reproachful senses, for those who concern themselves with public and political affairs. We hear a great deal about ambitious politicians; and I am willing to admit that there are always enough of them, and more than enough, for the good of society, and that they often devote their pens and their tongues to the most unworthy and worthless purposes.

But there are other varieties of ambitious men, of even a more permanently mischievous influence; men who poison the current of public sentiment at its source, upon subjects more momentous than any mere ups and downs of political parties, to gratify their immediate longings for literary celebrity.

The truth is, Mr. President, and it may as well be admitted freely, that literary celebrity and notoriety are not to be attained, in these days, under ordinary circumstances, by any very direct and honest courses. There are a few, always,—

“ Whom genius gives to shine,
Through every unborn age and undiscovered clime.”

But reading and writing are, in our times, so common, knowledge is so abundant, education is so generally diffused, learning is so widely spread, and even opportunities, in our own country at least, are so equally distributed, that the old distinctions and indi-

vidualities of scholarship and of authorship have well-nigh disappeared. The air is full of speeches. And the world is full of books,—“out-folioing us out of our houses and homes,”—to use an expressive phrase, which dropped from the lips of the most renowned living warrior of the world, in my own hearing, as he was adding more shelves to the library of Apsley House. Almost every thing seems to have been said and written a hundred times over, upon almost every subject, and the field for literary fame to have been reaped and gleaned to the very last sheaf.

Lockhart tells a charming story of Scott and Moore, sallying out one day for a walk through the plantations of Abbotsford, and talking, among other things, about the commonness of the poetic talent in these days. “Hardly a magazine is now published,” said Moore, “that does not contain verses which, some thirty years ago, would have made a reputation.” Scott turned with his look of shrewd humor, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, “Ah, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows;” but, he added, “we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons.”—“*In complete novelty*,” says Moore, “he seemed to think lay the only chance for a man ambitions of high literary reputation in these days.” And so have evidently thought many others, both before and since.

Hence the temptation to ambitious writers and speakers to quit the beaten tracks of truth, of reason, and of common sense, and to seek notoriety in extravagant conceits, startling theories, monstrous and mischievous speculations. And not a few of them have reminded us of the story which is somewhere told about Alexander of Macedon, who, baffled in his attempt to overrun and vanquish India, and finding himself unable to achieve any real triumphs on that field, set himself deliberately to work to construct a camp thrice as large as even his own countless armies required, and to prepare immense suits of armor fitted for the limbs of living giants, and huge sarcophagi as if for the remains of dead giants, and to build enormous stables with stalls and mangers capacious enough to accommodate horses thrice as large as even Bucephalus himself, and finally to erect gigantic temples, with inscriptions dedicating them to Ammon as his father:— and all to cover his own real want of success, and to delude those who

should follow in his track into a false imagination of his extraordinary power, and his miraculous nature and origin. They deluded nobody, and were really the monuments of his failure, his folly, and his insatiate and insane ambition.

Very much of this sort was Jean Jaques Rousseau's scheme for gratifying his literary ambition. Burke tells us that Hume told him "that he had from Rousseau himself the secret of his principles of composition. That acute though eccentric observer (says he) had perceived that to strike and interest the public, the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of heathen mythology had long since lost its effect; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance, which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; that now nothing was left to a writer but that species of the marvellous which might still be produced, and with as great an effect as ever, though in another way;— that is the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals." "I believe," added Burke, speaking of some of the writers of France in 1790, "that were Rousseau alive, and in one of his lucid intervals, he would be shocked at the practical frenzy of his scholars, who, in their very paradoxes, are servile imitators; and even in their incredulity, discover an implicit faith." *

Such were the avowed principles upon which the essays on the Inequalities of Human Condition, the Social Compact, the New Eloise, and the rest, were deliberately composed. And most effectually did they answer the end for which they were designed. They gave rise, in very truth, to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and in morals, and that, not merely on the written page, but in the practical drama of life. The tragic horrors of the French Revolution, its shocking massacres, its revolting licentiousness, its barefaced infidelity and atheism, found some of their strongest impulses and incentives in these writings of Rousseau. And thus, according to his own account, this bold, bad man was seen deliberately sapping and mining the very foundations of civil and political society, in order to gratify his personal vanity by striking and interesting the public in the production of the marvellous!

* Burke's Works, Little and Brown, 1839, vol. iii. p. 200.

How well did the great poet of Ireland speak of him, when visiting one of the scenes of his disgusting profligacy, as one —

“ Who more than all that e'er have glowed
 With fancy's flame (and it was *his*)
 In fullest warmth and radiance) showed
 What an impostor Genius is ; —

How like a gem its light may smile
 O'er the dark spot by mortals trod,
 Itself as mean a worm the while
 As crawls at midnight o'er the sod ;

What gentle words and thoughts may fall
 From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
 While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness.” *

I fear, brethren, that this principle of composition is not yet abandoned. I fear that we owe more than one work of later days to the same theory. I fancy, that more than one educated literary man, since Rousseau's time, has sat down deliberately to calculate, without regard to the consequences to his country or to mankind, how he should go to work to strike and interest the public. I fancy that I hear more than one such person, as he burns with an unregulated and an unholy passion for mere fame, asking himself, — not, What shall I say, or what shall I write, to benefit humanity, to enlighten and instruct my fellow-men, and to repay to the future, or to the present, some of the advantages which I have received from the past? — but, What shall I speak or write to render myself an object of attention, distinction, and notoriety?

“ Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
 Tollere humo, vinctoque virûm voltare per ora,” —

Or, as old father Cowley has translated it, —

“ What shall I do to be for ever known,
 And make the age to come my own ? ”

And I think I hear more than one such person, — to whom it has not been given to achieve greatness by any direct and manly means, and who despairs of turning any thing common, any thing good, any thing true, or just, or useful, to such an account, — I

* Rhymes on the Road, Extract VI.

think I hear more than one such person answering in the precise vein of Jean Jacques: I must attempt something strange and marvellous, something original and startling, something that may give rise to unlooked-for strokes in polities or in morals: I must leap to the antipodes of all received opinions in philosophy, in science, or in religion: I must pander to the vicious tastes and depraved appetites of the young and thoughtless; I must speculate on, and make capital out of, the noble sentiments and sympathies and philanthropies of the ardent and generous: I must arraign the most solemn principles and the most sacred institutions; I must defy the authority of Government, or, it may be, of God; I must deride all peculiar regard for one's native land, in swelling pretensions of love for universal brotherhood, and show myself —

“A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country but my own.”

Or, it may be, that such an ambition may content itself with a more innocent mode of accomplishing its end, by affecting mere novelties of style, or mere nebulosities of thought. This, too, is an old trick of authorship, though it seems to have been almost forgotten into newness. I do not know whether even you, Mr. President, who remember every thing, are aware how entirely Le Sage, almost a century and a half ago, anticipated and foreshadowed this whole modern school of nebulous thought and new-fangled phraseology. Let me recall to you, for an instant, the encounter of his hero with his old friend Fabricius, the son of Barber Nunnez, who, having been “ seized with a rage for rhyme,” and having suddenly conceived the idea “ that he was born to eternize his name by works of genius,” turned author, commenced wit, and “ soon wrote both in prose and in verse, and was equally good at every thing.” This person, having been called on by Gil Blas for a taste of his quality, rehearsed first a sample of his sonnets. “ If this sonnet,” said he, “ is not intelligible, so much the better. The natural and simple won’t do for sonnets, odes, and other works that require the sublime. The sole merit of these is in their obscurity: and it is sufficient if the poet himself thinks he understands them.” And then, having been im-

duced to recite a specimen of his prose, which Gil Blas ventured to criticise, also, as wanting in perspicuity, "Poor ignoramus, cried Fabricius, thou dost not know, then, that every prosaic writer who now aspires at the reputation of a delicate pen, affects that singularity of style, and those odd expressions, which shock thee so much. There are of us five or six bold innovators, who have undertaken to make a thorough change in the language, and we will accomplish it (please God) in spite of Lope De Vega, Cervantes, and all the fine geniuses who cavil at our new modes of speech. We are seconded by a number of partisans of distinction, and have even some theologians in our Cabal." *

So true is it, brethren, that all these labored affectations of modern style are without even the merit of originality, and are only, after all, a kind of *palimpsest* of literary folly,—a revival of expedients for making a great show upon a small capital, which have long ago been exposed and exploded.

These antics of literary ambition are so comparatively harmless, however, when they begin and end in mere peculiarities of style or obscurities of sense, that one is hardly disposed to complain of them. Nay, there is now and then one, abroad or at home, who plays his fantastic pranks, with words or with thoughts, in a manner at once so captivating and so innocent,—and with whom an eccentric mannerism is seen to be so thin and transparent a veneering upon a sound, substantial *lignum vitae* stock,—that we can hardly withhold our admiration and applause. Yet truth, and reason, and sound wisdom, have such a close and natural affinity to simplicity and perspicuity, that it is difficult to avoid distrusting any one who approaches us in the mask of affected unintelligibleness or oddity. And we cannot forget, that the same clouds which, at one moment, exhibit only the exquisite colors of the rainbow or the gorgeous hues of sunset, may, at the next, bear along in their fleecy folds the deadly bolt or the destructive blast. Mere grotesquenesses of diction or of conception may excite our mirth; but, when applied to serious and solemn themes, they merit the sternest rebuke.

When Professor Lorenz Oken, of Zurich, for example (to come no nearer home), tells us that "animals are men who never

* Gil Blas, book VII. ch. 13.

imagine; that they are single accounts; that man is the whole of mathematics; and that self-consciousness is a living ellipse." — we can smile. And we may hardly restrain a less equivocal and less dignified emotion than a smile, when he rises to a grander flight, and exclaims, — "Gazing upon a snail, one believes that he finds the prophesying goddess sitting upon her tripod. What majesty is in a creeping snail, what reflection, what earnestness, what timidity, and yet, at the same time, what firm confidence! Surely, a snail is an exalted symbol of mind slumbering deeply within itself." *

But when he invades the region of sacred things; when he intrudes upon the domain of Faith; when he rashly rends the veil and presumes to enter within the Holy of Holies; when he dares to say that "the Eternal is the nothing of nature, — that there exists nothing but nothing, nothing but the Eternal, — that for God to become real he must appear under the form of a sphere, — that God manifesting is an infinite sphere, — that God is a rotating globe, — and, finally, that the world is God rotating," — then, indeed, we begin to realize that there may be worse things than unintelligibleness in this new-fangled nonsense, — that the cap and bells is quite too respectable a crown for such composers, — and that nothing but the voluntary assumption of the strait-jacket, or the certainty that they are in a condition to need it, should screen them from the scorn and reprobation of intelligent, Christian men.

Let me add that this learned professor of natural science — who, I rejoice to believe, forms an exception to the general mass of European *savans* at the present day, or, certainly, an exception to the Lyells and Bucklands, the Whewells and Herschells, the Owens and Murchisons and Hugh Millers of Old England, and whose writings, let me add, furnish so striking a contrast to the beautiful strain of religious faith and reverence which eminently characterizes the discourses and essays of the distinguished professors from his own more immediate region who adorn this University by their relation to it † — is one of the

* I am indebted to President Hitchcock's admirable Lectures on "the Religion of Geology" for all I know of Professor Lorenz Oken and his writings.

† Professors Agassiz and Guyot.

last persons who have any excuse for the publication of such blasphemous speculations. There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant theorizings, within his own appropriate domain, without overleaping the barriers which separate things human and Divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty had roused and stimulated them to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor. Astronomy, Chemistry, and, more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great end of scientific truth.

Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulae of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvellous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with *ether*." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them

rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled-up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible,—lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us!

Brethren, I have a deep feeling that one of the great wants of our time is a stronger sense of responsibility among educated and literary men for the word spoken and the word written. There needs more of that spirit with which Johnson concluded his “Rambler,” when he said, “I shall never envy the honors which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be remembered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.” There needs more of that spirit to which Walter Scott—who, as we have seen, was not unaware of the importance of complete novelty for literary success—gave expression, when he said to a friend a few years before his death, “I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort for me to think, that I have tried to unsettle no man’s faith, to corrupt no man’s principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted.” There needs more of that spirit to which Alexander Pope gave brilliant and beautiful utterance, in the summing-up of his survey of the Temple of Fame:—

“Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 Oh, if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall’n ruins of another’s fame,—
 Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish’d let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !”

Or better still might it be, if we could rise with Milton to a strain of higher mood, and realize that—

“Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.”

And more especially are such deeper views of responsibility, and such loftier ideas of a true and honest fame, needed among the speakers and writers of our own land. When Rome had risen to the highest pitch of grandeur and renown, her sagacious Satirist saw the cause of her approaching decline and fall in the growth of a vicious, corrupting, and enervating luxury.

“Sævior armis
 Luxuria incubuit, vietumque ulciscitur orbem.”

This was an enemy which would be peculiarly fatal to a great military empire, which had built itself up by conquest, and which could only rely upon the manhood, the courage, the physical energy and endurance of its people, to repel the invasions of Gauls or of Goths. But it is ours to live in a great MORAL EMPIRE ;—not, indeed, without solemn forms of law, not without revered tribunals of justice, not without organized systems of government, but all resting on the original consent of the governed, all appealing to the intelligence and morality of the people for their continued support and maintenance, all relying

on the more than atmospheric pressure of an enlightened public opinion for their stability and authority. And, if some Juvenal were here to-day to lash the follies and portray the perils of our own land, I doubt if he could point out a more serious and salient source of danger—I do not say danger of its decline and fall, for we admit no such ideas into our minds, no such words into our vocabulary, but of its social deterioration, its internal distraction, its failure to fulfil and act out the whole great *rôle* which has been assigned to it—than the growing license and licentiousness of speech and of the press.

Never before were there so many opportunities for the employment of tongues and of types, and never before were there so many temptations to the abuse of them. Consider what innumerable fields for the spoken word the institutions of our country have thrown open. Not to speak of that more conspicuous arena of political debate, of which you and I, sir, should hardly care to say all that we think or to tell all that we know,—consider the multitudinous legislative assemblies, and municipal councils, and caucuses, and stumps, and lyceums, and associations, and anniversaries, and courts of law, and temples of religion, from which words of some sort are continually flowing into that great torrent of talk, which is always sounding in our ears like the rush of mighty waters. Everywhere there are itching ears with more than an Athenian eagerness for some new thing, and with a never-tiring willingness to reward facility and felicity of speech with the highest honors of the day. What Lord Sheffield said, with doubtful justice, perhaps, of political office in Great Britain in 1785, we may say almost without qualification of all offices and honors in our own land, at the present hour. “In this country,” said he, “no other proof is required of fitness for every office, than *oratory*; that talent supplies the place of all knowledge, experience, and judgment.”

And then, the Press of America,—the periodical press, the pamphlet press, the light literature press, and, above all, the newspaper press of America,—that tremendous enginery which throws a fresh broadside at morning and evening and noonday beneath almost every roof in the republic, and whose competitions so often betray it into fatal compliances with the prejudices,

the passions, and even the profligacies of its supporters: who can estimate the influence of such an enginery upon our social and moral condition? Who can calculate the pernicious effect upon the community of a single, corrupt, licentious newspaper, coining slanders like a mint, changing phases like the moon, with three hundred and sixty-five opinions in a year upon every subject which it treats, spicing its daily and its nightly potions with every variety of obscene and sensual stimulant, controlled by no sense of responsibility, finding its easy way to the knowledge and perusal of the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced, and ministering and pandering to their diseased tastes and depraved appetites! And who can calculate, on the other hand, the influence which might be produced,—nay, let me say, which is produced,—for I have in my mind, I thank Heaven, more than one example,—by such an engine in the hands of upright, intelligent, independent, and conscientious men,—espousing and advocating neither ultraisms nor ultraisms, neither a wild fanaticism nor a bigoted conservatism, with the fear of God before their eyes, with the love of truth in their hearts, and by whom the advancement of knowledge, of morality, of virtue, of right, and of righteousness, is not held subordinate to the popularity of the hour, or to the state of the subscription list.

The present accomplished and eloquent Prime Minister of England, who has been personally known and esteemed by so many of us in this country as well as in his own,* has recently declared, somewhat emphatically, on the floor of Parliament, that “as in these days the English Press aspires to share the influence of statesmen, so also it must share the responsibilities of statesmen.” It would be more true in this country, I fear, to speak of statesmen aspiring to share the influence of the press. But, however it may be as to the point of relative aspiration, there can be little question as to that of comparative responsibility. Certainly, if responsibility is to be measured by power, the responsibility of the press is greater than that of any statesman under the sun, however exalted he may be. Who has forgotten that splendid exclamation of another great English minister and

* The Earl of Derby visited the United States many years ago as Mr. Stanley.

orator, in 1810, when he challenged and defied all the authorities of the realm to contend against the power of the press? "Give them," said he, "a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a truckling Court; and let me but have an unfettered press; — I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."* Yes, an unfettered press is a match, and an overmatch, for almost any thing human. Neither tyranny nor freedom can stand against it. Neither corruption nor virtue can survive its systematic and persevering assaults. It may be rendered all but omnipotent for evil; it may be rendered all but omnipotent for good; according to the ends to which it is directed, and the influences by which it is controlled. And the only reliable, earthly influence to which we can look for safety, is a sense of responsibility, moral and religious responsibility, on the part of its controllers.

Brethren, tremendous powers are in all our hands, tremendous responsibilities are on all our shoulders. The educated men of America, to whom peculiarly the use of the tongue and of the pen have been imparted, must look to it seasonably that they are not false or faithless to the great obligations which their advantages and opportunities have imposed upon them. It is upon them, pre-eminently, that the responsibility rests for whatever abuses of speech or of the press may endanger our political or our moral condition. It is for them to determine (under God) whether the extraordinary gift of tongues which characterizes our time and country shall be attended with something of the blessing of a Pentecost, or with more than the curse of a Babel! It is for them to cultivate and to exhibit a greater caution as to what they speak and what they print. It is for them to restrain that yearning after notoriety which leads to so much of vicious exaggeration and extravagance. It is for them to resist the temptations of poverty as well as of ambition, and to learn how to spurn the bribe which would beguile them to the advocacy or the utterance of what is false or foul. It is for them, if need be, to withstand even the temptations of their own geniis, and to let even the lyre of a Mozart or the muse of a Byron lie mute for ever, rather

* Sheridan.

than renew the spectacle of the divinest melodies and most exquisite cantos prostituted to the loathsome lecheries of a *Don Juan*. It is for them to do more than this. It is for them not merely to put the curb of conscience upon their own tongues and pens, but to be vigilant and active in counteracting and disinfecting the corrupting and polluted streams which may issue from the pens and tongues of others. The scholars and educated men of America must feel and realize that they have a new mission assigned to them, growing out of the nature of our institutions, and essential, vitally essential, to their maintenance,—not that, mainly or primarily, of building up a permanent American Literature, but that of creating and keeping alive a sound, healthy Public Opinion upon all subjects of morality, religion, philosophy, and politics.

Honor to those graduates of our own and other Universities, who have already laid the foundations of our literary renown by works of history, poetry, biography, and fiction, which have extorted a tribute of admiration from the old world hardly inferior to the glow of pride which they have kindled in the new! But this is the province of the few. A more practical and a more practicable service remains for the many. It is for them to meet the common and daily exigencies of our social and political condition. They must not reserve themselves only for the more stately occasions or the more critical emergencies of society. They must not discard even such commonplace things as truth, duty, virtue, patriotism, piety, from the list of subjects, which it may become even the most learned, the most accomplished, the most ambitious of them to treat. They must condescend to deal with common thoughts, with common words, with common topics;—or, rather, they must learn to consider nothing as common or unclean which may contribute to the welfare of man, the safety of the republic, or the glory of God. It is theirs, by their efforts in the pulpit or at the bar, in the lecture room or the legislative hall, at the meetings of select societies, or at the grander gatherings of popular masses, in the columns of daily papers, in the pages of periodical reviews or magazines, or through the scattered leaves of the occasional tract or pamphlet, to keep a strong, steady current of sound, rational,

enlightened sentiment always in circulation through the community. Let them remember that false doctrines will not wait to be corrected by ponderous folios or cumbersome quartos. The thin pamphlet, the meagre tract, the occasional address, the weekly sermon, the daily leader,—these are the great instruments of shaping and moulding the destinies of our country. In them, the scholarship of the country must manifest itself. In them, the patriotism of the country must exhibit itself. In them, the morality and religion of the country must assert itself. “The word in season,”—that word of which Solomon understood the beauty and the value, when he likened it to apples of gold in pictures of silver,—it is that which is to arrest error, rebuke falsehood, confirm faith, kindle patriotism, commend morality and religion, purify public opinion, and preserve the State.

Here, then, brethren, where we first acquired so much of any faculty which we may possess for moving and influencing the minds of others, let us realize our responsibility for its use. Here let us resolve, that it shall be by no spoken or written word of ours that the public morality shall be shaken, the public faith unsettled, the public order endangered. Here let us resolve, that if wild and extravagant theories,—if the conceits and credulities of an unchastened speculation,—if a spirit of insubordination to divine or human authority,—if a rebellion of the intellect against every thing worthy of being the object of faith, strangely contrasted with the weakest and most credulous entertainment of the most worthless superstitious impostures,—if a morbid sentimentalism, or a disorganizing socialism, or a disloyal sectionalism, or an irreverent and impious rationalism,—are to be among the dangers of our age and country, they shall find neither apostles nor apologists among us. Here, at these altars, let us consecrate our pens and our tongues, and all our parts and powers, as educated men, to our country, our God, and Truth. Then, then, indeed,—so far, at least, as we are concerned,—shall that mighty current of Public Opinion, by which the course of human events, individual, social, and national, is for ever to be so greatly directed and controlled, and from whose influence we cannot separate ourselves if we would,—be no longer in danger of becoming, as it advances and widens and

deepens, a rushing and a raging flood, overflowing its banks, sweeping away landmarks, undermining the fabric of free government, and prostrating the tribunals of justice and the temples of God,—nor yet shall it be in danger of losing itself, at any time, in a dull, profitless, pestilential stagnation,—but peaceful, healthful, progressive, fertilizing, it shall realize the vision of the Holy Waters of Ezekiel, issuing from beneath the threshold of the sanctuary. It may rise to the ankles, it may rise to the knees, it may rise to the loins, it may rise to be a river,—“waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over;”—but upon its banks shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade; “and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine,” and “every thing shall live whither the river cometh!”

And now again, Mr. President and brethren, I turn once more, for a moment, and in conclusion, to the occasion on which we are assembled.

We have organized ourselves into an Association for the purpose of promoting the prosperity and welfare of this ancient and venerated Institution. We have come together at the prompting of a true filial piety, to concert measures for advancing the interests, and elevating the character, and extending the just renown, of a beloved and cherished parent. Ten years have already elapsed since our first Anniversary Celebration. Our first President, the accomplished, inflexible, and irreproachable statesman,—our first Orator, the learned, profound, and incomparable jurist,—Adams and Story,—are among us no more; and those noble and congenial spirits, Pickering and Saltonstall, who were associated with them on our first Board of Directors, have gone with them to their reward. I know not how many others of those who were earliest and most active in our ranks are no longer numbered among the living. We may not shut our ears to the voice which thus calls upon those of us who remain, to redeem the time by the adoption of some more substantial and effective measures than have yet been attempted, for promoting the great ends of our Association.

We can do much,—much by material aid, much by moral

effort. And I rejoice to believe that the occasion will not pass away without the final arrangement of a plan, through which the good wishes and the good works of us all may find a worthy and noble consummation.*

But I cannot forget that there are others, not yet included in our ranks, upon whom the reputation of the College rests far more even than upon ourselves. No efforts to advance the welfare of such an institution from without, can ever supply the place of those which must proceed from within. It is not munificent endowments, it is not splendid establishments, it is not sumptuous libraries, it is not accomplished and laborious professors, it is not cheap tuition or free scholarships,—important and invaluable as they all are,—which can make this University all that it might be,—all that we desire to see it.

The just reputation and renown of such an institution depend first and foremost upon the conduct and character of those who are successively the subjects of its care. Let there be seen here from year to year a high moral tone among the immediate students, a lofty standard of conduct as well as of scholarship, a spirit of devotion to duty, of fidelity to themselves, and of allegiance to the government of the College,—and the prosperity of Harvard will be secure.

It is you, young gentlemen of the classes, who hold the destinies of the College in your hands, bound up in the same bundle of life with your own. And we are here to ask you, to implore you, to deal considerately, kindly, justly, with them both. We have travelled the road before you: we know all its temptations and trials; and we are here this day to bear witness to you, as you will bear witness in our place hereafter to those who shall succeed you, that there is not one of us, from the most successful to the most unfortunate of us all,—from him who, having received ten talents, can this day produce other ten to the glory of God and his Alma Mater, to him who comes with his single talent, unimproved and hid in a napkin,—that there is not one among us all, who has not wished again and again, a thousand times, who does not still wish, that he had made better use of the opportunities and advantages which you now enjoy. We are

* See note at the end.

here to tell you, that there is not a recitation we ever neglected, nor a prayer we ever missed, nor an act of insubordination we ever committed, nor an unauthorized indulgence, nor an unworthy excess, of which we were ever guilty, which we do not remember with regret. We feel that nothing which we can do now, either for the College or for ourselves, can atone for what we left undone then. We feel that upon you, as Undergraduates, and not upon us, as Alumni, the hopes, the character, the honor, of our common mother primarily and principally depend. We appeal to you all, as those whom we trust soon to welcome within our own ranks, not to trifle with so great a trust, not to neglect so great a responsibility. To each one of you we appeal, in a spirit of more than brotherly regard and affection,— *Reverere, reverere de te tantam expectationem!*

NOTE TO PAGE 50.

THE following "PLAN FOR SCHOLARSHIPS" was proposed and adopted on this occasion:—

THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD COLLEGE, assembled around the festive board of Alma Mater, in July, 1852, desirous of performing some act which shall at once redound to the good of the College, and cement more closely the bonds which unite classmates with each other, and classes with the University, and in the hope that their act may have the additional recommendation of extending the benefits of Harvard College instructions to increased numbers of meritorious youth of our country, hereby assent to and adopt the following plan for establishing a system of Scholarships in the College, viz.:—

1. A Scholarship shall be established by the payment of the sum of two thousand dollars to the Treasurer of Harvard College.
2. Every Class, which has one or more living members, shall have a right to establish one or more Scholarships.
3. No appropriation shall be made of the income of any Scholarship Fund unless the capital sum invested shall be, or shall have become by accumulation, at least two thousand dollars.
4. Any Class may pay any portion of a Scholarship Fund, at any time, to the Treasurer of the College in sums of not less than one hundred dollars at any one time.
5. The Treasurer of the College shall be requested to keep a separate account with each Scholarship, and to designate it by the year of the graduation of the Class, which shall have contributed the fund to endow said Scholarship.
6. Whenever a Class shall have made provision for a Scholarship, by the contribution of \$2,000, or when the contribution shall have reached that sum by accumulation, it shall be competent for such Class, annually, to nominate any meritorious young man, then a member of College, or about entering, as a suitable person to receive the income of the Scholarship of such Class, whether a descendant of a member of the Class or otherwise.
7. The Corporation, on consultation with the Faculty, may refuse to confirm any appointment made by a Class, without assigning reasons, and they may appropriate the income of the Scholarship of such Class for the remainder of the year to any meritorious student.

8. In selecting candidates to receive the benefits of Scholarships, neither the Class, the Corporation, nor the Faculty shall receive application, from any individual, to be placed upon the foundation of a Scholarship, except in writing.

9. The income arising from any Scholarship, not appropriated in any year, shall be invested as the capital for a new Scholarship; and any Scholarships so created shall, when completed, be termed University Scholarships, to be under the sole control of the Corporation.

10. No Class shall be allowed to make a nomination of any person to be the recipient of the income of a Scholarship at any other time than during Commencement-week; and, in case no nomination shall be made during the said week, the Corporation, on consultation with the Faculty, may appoint some one to be the recipient for that year, if they see fit so to do.

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, *Secretary.*

BOSTON, July 23, 1852.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BEFORE THE BRISTOL COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 15, 1852.

I AM not insensible, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Bristol County Agricultural Society, how adventurous a thing it is for one who has had so little personal acquaintance with agriculture as myself—for one who was born and brought up in a city of paved streets, in which it is our special boast that not a blade of grass is ever permitted to grow—to undertake a formal address to a society of practical farmers.

There are those within hearing who know, however,—and none better than yourself, sir,—that I am no volunteer on this occasion and in this service: that I am not here with any presumptuous proffer of information or instruction, either to practical or to theoretical farmers: but that I have come in simple deference to the repeated solicitations of friends, and because I have never learned that great art which the fairer portion of my audience understand how to prize and how to practise, when teased by the importunity of admiring suitors,—the art of saying *no!*

Seriously, my friends, I am here with a deep sense of my own insufficiency for these things, and with a full consciousness that there are hundreds around me to whom I might far better offer myself as a scholar, than as a teacher, upon any subject connected with the cultivation of the soil. And yet, being here, and the responsibility for my presence being thus fairly rested upon other shoulders, I do not intend to shrink from the legitimate service of the occasion. Having once put my hand to the plough, I am not disposed “to look back,” but shall proceed to break up such

a furrow as I can,—to turn over as large a slice as I am able,—in some corner or other of the wide field of agricultural discussion. Before entering, however, upon the graver topics of the day, let me give expression to the emotions of pleasure with which I have always witnessed these Farmers' Festivals, as often as I have had an opportunity of attending them. They seem to me to come nearer to fulfilling the true idea of republican holidays, than any which our country has hitherto afforded. I know not how much they may do for the great interest which they are primarily designed to promote. It might not be easy to measure their precise effect in improving the cultivation, or enlarging the yield, of the soil,—though, even as to these ends, their influence, I am persuaded, is by no means inconsiderable. No one, indeed, can doubt, that for spreading information, for exciting and directing inquiry, for encouraging experiment, for stimulating emulation, and for exhibiting the practical and beneficial results of them all, such occasions furnish means and opportunities which could be supplied in no other way; and I venture to say, that there is not a farmer before me at this moment, who, if he should be rebuked on his return by some stay-at-home neighbor or by some over-anxious spouse, as having lost a day in attending the cattle-show, would not confidently reply, that, instead of losing one day, he had gained ten, in the new ideas and fresh incentives which he had brought back for his future efforts.

But, however this may be, the influence of such occasions in other ways is even more appreciable. Their influence in the cultivation of good feelings and good fellowship among the friends of agriculture, and of labor generally, in different parts of the State and of the nation: their efficacy in sowing the seeds and increasing the harvest of mutual acquaintance, mutual regard, mutual respect, among all, of all classes, sexes, and occupations, who attend them: their annual operation in garnering up in the hearts of each one of us a seasonable supply of good-will and friendly sentiment towards each other, against the day when personal competitions or political conflicts shall come round to bring blight and mildew to so many of the nobler feelings of the soul, and to threaten starvation and famine to the whole better part of our nature,—these are among the results of such festivals.

as this, which must ever commend them to the regard of every Christian philanthropist.

You are here, my friends, from all quarters of the Old Colony, and from many other parts of the Commonwealth and of the country, from all pursuits and professions and political parties, to join hands and hearts in furtherance of the great industrial interests of the people. Some of you are here as practical producers, proud to display the results of your own labor and skill in the field or the dairy; and some of you have come as amateurs, gratified to behold the successes and achievements of your neighbors or friends. And we have all come as *consumers*, whether of our own or of other people's produce; and we all rejoice in the assurances and evidences which such occasions afford, that it will not be the fault of the ignorance or the idleness of man, if an abundance of the best food shall ever be wanting to ourselves or our children. But we have all come, too, I trust and believe, in no vain and arrogant reliance on human industry or human science for our daily bread, but with hearts grateful towards Heaven for the gracious promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail, and for the great providential agencies to which we primarily owe whatever of agricultural success we have enjoyed or witnessed.

For, indeed, if there be any thing calculated to inspire a spirit of devout dependence and gratitude in the heart of man, it is the course of nature as contemplated in the operations of the husbandman. There are at least two things which a farmer can never do without,—the sun and the shower. No industry, no science, can supply their place. For almost every thing else there may be some sort of substitute contrived. But who can contrive a substitute for a day's sunshine, or even for an hour's rain? What artificial irrigation could prevent or mitigate the consequences of a midsummer's drought? What mechanical arrangement of stoves, what chemical evolution of heat, could stay the ravages of an early frost? How impotent is the arm of man, in presence of agencies like these, blighting in a week, or even nipping in a night, the whole result of a year of toil! We may invent curious implements and marvellous machines to save our own labor; but we can invent nothing which shall dis-

pense with the blessing of God. Man may plough, man may plant; but man cannot give the increase. The great indispensable machinery of agriculture must ever be the "Mécanique Céleste," that sublime and stupendous system of suns and spheres and rolling orbs, moving on in serene and solemn majesty above us, and —

" For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

And now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I am here for no rhetorical display. I shall attempt nothing of the poetry or romance of agriculture. But I desire to invite your attention to a few plain and practical considerations, which have struck me as not unimportant or uninteresting in themselves, and as not inappropriate to an occasion of this sort.

Few things have been more noticeable, and few things, I am sure, more gratifying to us all, than the increased interest which has been lately manifested in many parts of the Union, and more especially in our own Commonwealth, in the honored cause for which you are associated. We have all witnessed with no ordinary satisfaction the efforts which have been made, and which have been so successfully made, to awaken the public mind to a deeper sense of the importance and dignity of agricultural pursuits. We have all rejoiced to find some of our ablest and most accomplished minds devoting themselves to subjects connected with the cultivation of land, the improvement of stock, the scientific analysis of soils and of plants, and the preservation and propagation of fruit-trees and forest-trees. The best wishes and the best hopes of us all have attended the local and the national conventions which have been held on the subject during the past year; and we have hailed with peculiar pleasure the establishment and organization of a Board of Agriculture, under the auspices of our own Commonwealth.

I think we shall acknowledge, however, that it is of the highest importance, at such a moment, that we should have some correct and exact ideas as to what is to be done, and as to what can be accomplished, in this behalf; that we should take a careful survey of the actual condition of American agriculture and of the real wants of the American farmer; so that we may propose

to ourselves some definite, practical, and practicable ends, and so that our efforts may terminate in something better than vague promises, exaggerated estimates, and false expectations. We have been accustomed, of late years, to hear from some quarters of the country, and from some parts of the community, language of this sort:—Agriculture is a neglected interest. Government does nothing for it. Legislators, State and National, can find time and can find inducements for promoting and for protecting every other employment and occupation of the people. They can do every thing for commerce. They can do every thing for the fisheries. They can do every thing for manufactures and the mechanic arts. But the farmers can find nobody to do or to say any thing in their behalf.

Now, I will not stop to inquire directly how far this language is reasonable or just, either towards our State or National Governments. Nor will I do more than suggest, in this connection, that, if there has been any wrong of this kind, whether of omission or of commission, the redress has always been within the reach of the injured parties; the farmers having always been a great majority in the nation at large, embracing, it is estimated, "more than three-fourths of the population," and having thus had it always in their power to control the action of the Government at any time, through the simple agency of the elective franchise.

But taking it for granted, for a moment, that the allegation has been well laid, that the grievance has been real, that an interposition has at last been successfully made, and that the farmers are henceforth about to have their own way in the affairs of the country, I am disposed to ask some such questions as these:—What can Government do for American agriculture? What can it do for the interests and welfare of the farmers? What could it ever have done? What has it done or left undone hitherto?

I do not state these questions as distinct propositions, to be distinctly and formally treated in the order in which they have been stated, like the heads of an old-fashioned sermon, but as presenting the details of a general inquiry which I desire to institute, and, as far as possible, within the reasonable limits of such a discourse, to answer.

And here, at the outset, let me remark, that it is not altogether easy or practicable to treat the agricultural interests of the United States as a single idea, and to include them all as the subject of a common discussion. When we speak of British agriculture or of European agriculture, we have in our minds a homogeneous subject. But the vast territorial extent of our country, and its varied soils and climates and productions, prevent altogether that perfect unity and identity of interest which are found among the tillers of the earth in other lands. The planting interests of the Southern States present, I need not say, a totally different subject of discussion from the farming interests of the Northern and Western States. The character of the labor by which the great crops of the South are raised, and the purposes to which they are applied, make them an obvious exception to the general subject of American agriculture, or, at any rate, so distinct a branch of it as requires a distinct and separate consideration.

I intend, then, in these remarks, to confine myself to the agriculture which is carried on by the hands of freemen, and which is generally occupied in the production of food.

And in reference to American agriculture, as thus understood, I begin by asserting that Government can do little or nothing for its protection, in the sense in which the term "protection" is employed in such connections, by any direct means: and that, even were what is called "the Protecting System," the established policy of the country, it would be impossible to apply it to any considerable extent, directly and immediately, to agriculture.

The protection of agriculture is an idea plainly applicable to countries in which food cannot be produced in sufficient quantities to meet the wants of the population, or in which it cannot be produced at all, except at a higher cost than that at which it could be procured from other sources of supply. It supposes a competition, actual, or at least possible, in our own markets with the products of our own fields. It is a protection against something, and that something is obviously foreign importation.

Great Britain may be in a condition to protect her agriculture. And she did so in earnest, and most effectively, for a long series of years, by a systematic arrangement of prohibitory duties or

sliding scales. She may now find it more consistent with her general welfare,—more for her advantage, in view of her manufacturing and commercial interests,—more for the improvement of her whole condition, to relax or abandon this system for a time, or altogether. But this is a question with her of policy, and not of power. Nobody doubts that the state of British agriculture, the relation of production to population, the proportion of supply to demand, render it susceptible of this sort of governmental protection. And so it may be, and so it is, with other countries of the Old World, and perhaps of the New.

But what could prohibitory duties or sliding scales, applied to agricultural productions, accomplish for the American farmer? Is there any scarcity of food among us, inviting supplies from abroad? Can food be raised in other regions, and imported into our country, at lower rates than those at which we can raise it for ourselves? Do any foreign products of the soil enter into injurious competition with our own products in the American market? There may be a little flax-seed, a little coarse wool, or a few hides, brought here from South America or the East Indies; and now and then, during the prevalence of a mysterious blight, our provincial neighbors may supply us with a few potatoes, or even with a little wheat. But these are exceptional cases, entirely capable of explanation, if they were important enough to justify the consumption of time which such an explanation would involve.

The great peculiarity in the condition of the United States is, I need not say, its immense and immeasurable agricultural resources. Our boundless extent of fertile land, and the hardly more than nominal price at which it may be purchased, have settled the question for a thousand years, if not for ever, that, unless in some extraordinary emergency of famine or of civil war, our farmers will have the undisputed control of our own markets, without the aid of prohibitory duties or protective tariffs. It may be said to be with our lands, as it certainly is with our liberties: the condition of both may be described by the striking couplet of Dryden:—

“Our only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease.”

Other Governments can do much more for political liberty than our Government can do, because there is so much more of this sort in other countries left to be done. We have a noble system of independence and freedom, already established and secured to us by the toil and treasure and blood of our fathers. We of this generation may say, in the language of that memorable dialogue between the chief captain at Jerusalem and the glorious Apostle: "With a great sum obtained they this freedom; but we were free-born." The most, therefore, that any American Government can do now is to maintain, uphold, and administer, according to the true spirit and intent of those who acquired it, the ample patrimony of freedom which has been bequeathed to us. God grant that there may never be wanting to us rulers capable of doing so!

And now, my friends, Nature—I should rather say a kind Providence—has done for our agricultural condition very much what the wisdom and valor of our fathers have effected for our political condition. It has given us a vast extent of virgin soil, susceptible of every variety of culture, and capable of yielding food for countless millions beyond our present population. It is ours to occupy, to enjoy, to improve and preserve it; and no protective systems are necessary to secure a market for as much of its produce as we, and our children, and our children's children for a hundred generations, can eat. Government can thus do nothing, nothing whatever, in the way of direct and immediate protection to American agriculture. And when it is said, therefore, that our legislators can protect commerce, can protect manufactures, can find time to look after all the interests of the merchant, the mechanic, the artisan, the navigator, and the fisherman, but can find no time to look after the interests of the farmer,—let it not be forgotten that such protection as may be afforded to commerce and manufactures, through the aid of a revenue system, is, from the nature of things, impracticable and impossible for agriculture. Let it not be forgotten, that, as to the great mass of human food which our soil supplies, we have a natural and perpetual monopoly in our own markets for as much as we can in any way furnish mouths to consume or money to pay for. In a word, the ability to consume, pecuniary or physi-

eal, is the only limit to the demand for agricultural produce among ourselves; and this ability can by no possibility be affected by any legislative measures directed to the immediate promotion or protection of agriculture.

And here let me suggest a distinction which, though often lost sight of, is, in this country at least, a real distinction, and not unworthy of serious attention: I mean the distinction between the promotion of agriculture, and the promotion of the immediate interests of those engaged in it. The promotion of agriculture looks obviously to an extended and an improved cultivation of the soil, to the introduction of better processes and better implements of agricultural labor, and to the consequent production of larger crops and more luxuriant harvests. But would such results be necessarily for the immediate benefit of the great body of American farmers? Would their condition, as individuals or as an aggregate class, be improved,—would their crops be enhanced in price, or stand a chance of commanding a convenient sale at any price, if the number of farmers were multiplied, if the breadth of land under cultivation were extended, and if, by the aid of greater science, of new manures, new machines, and new modes of culture, each one of them could double the yield of every acre of his land? Is it not obvious, that, unless new and adequate markets were simultaneously opened, the only consequence would be a still greater overplus of production, a still greater diminution of agricultural profits, and a still greater depression of the individual prosperity and welfare of the farmers?

The result of both the considerations which I have thus far suggested is the same. The great agricultural want of our country is the want of consumers, and not of producers: of mouths, and not of hands: of markets, and not of crops. And this is a want which no government protection, like that which has been, or may be, afforded to manufactures or to commerce, can possibly supply. On the contrary, that sort of protection would only increase the difficulty, and aggravate the disease.

Indeed, the policy of our Government, in one particular at least, has already tended greatly to this result: I mean its *Public Land Policy*. Who can say that Government has done nothing

for the protection of agriculture, who contemplates, for an instant, the course and consequences of this gigantic system? Consider the expenditure of care and of money, at which our vast territorial possessions have been acquired! Consider the expensive negotiations, and the still more expensive wars, by which they have been purchased or conquered from foreign nations or from the Indian tribes! Consider the complicated and costly machinery of their survey and sale, and the systematic provisions which have been made for securing to every settler that first great want of an independent farmer,—a perfect title to his land! And then consider the almost nominal price at which any number of acres may be purchased!

I would not question the wisdom of this policy, for the purposes for which it was designed. It was designed to effect an early settlement and civilization of the great West; and its wisdom is justified by the existence, at so early a period after its adoption, of so many populous and prosperous States, in regions which were, seemingly but yesterday, the abodes of wild beasts or wilder men. We hail those new and noble States, as they successively and rapidly advance to maturity, as the proudest products of our land, and welcome them to the privileges and the glories of a Union which we pray may be perpetual.

The influences of this policy, in some other ways, may have been of a more doubtful character. But who can say that the American Government has done nothing for agriculture, with such a policy, so long and systematically pursued, before his eyes? What greater bounty could be contrived for the multiplication of farmers, and for the extended cultivation of the soil, than the standing offer of the best land in the world, with its title guaranteed by the strong arm of the nation, and its muniments deposited in the iron safes of the Government, at a dollar and a quarter an acre?—unless, indeed, it be found in the absolute gift of a home-stead to every settler for two or three years, or in the “vote yourself a farm,” or “land for the landless,” projects of the present day. What has the Government ever done for commerce or for manufactures, which can compare with this great *bonus* to agriculture? Nay, what has the Government ever done, or ever been able to do, to counteract the constant drain upon commercial and manufacturing labor which this system has created.

No one, I suppose, can doubt that one of the great obstacles in the way of establishing and maintaining a manufacturing system, and of building up the mechanic arts, in these Eastern States, has been the constant inducement and temptation to leave home and go off to the West, which have been held out in the fertility and cheapness of the Western lands, to the young men and young women, whose hands were essential to the loom, the spindle, the lapstone, or the anvil. The absolute necessity of counteracting these inducements and temptations by an increased rate of wages at home has materially aggravated one of the greatest difficulties which we have encountered in the way of a successful competition with the manufacturers of the Old World. The influence of the luxuriant prairies and rich bottoms of Illinois, and Indiana, and Iowa, and Wisconsin, and the rest, has been similar to that of the placers and gold mines of California at the present moment; and, though less in degree, has been far more steady and durable than that is likely to be. Our young men and young women will not be long in learning, that there are more profitable diggings, in the long run, on this side of the Rocky Mountains than on the other. They will not be long in appreciating the philosophy of the cock, in the old fable of *Esop*, who discovered that corn was a more reliable treasure than jewels. They will not be long in realizing, that even golden carrots may be a more certain crop than *carats* of gold. They will soon understand the wisdom of Franklin, in his conclusion of one of the numbers of the "Busy Body," — a little series of essays published by him in Philadelphia in 1729, and which, though among his earliest compositions, are replete with the wit and shrewdness and sterling common sense which characterized his maturer productions.

"I shall conclude," said he, "with the words of my discreet friend, *Agricola*, of Chester County, when he gave his son a good plantation, — 'My son, I give thee now a valuable parcel of land. I assure thee I have found a considerable quantity of gold by digging there: thee may'st do the same; but thee must carefully observe this, — never to dig more than plough-deep.' "

The temptations of good land will last longer than those of gold mines. There is a love for acres. There is a charm in independent proprietorship. There is health, and happiness, and a sense

of freedom, in rural life and rural labor. There is a proud consciousness of virtue, and of worth, and of self-reliance, in the breast of the honest and industrious farmer, like that to which the simple shepherd of Shakspeare gave utterance, when reproached by the clown with a want of courtly manners:—

“ Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man’s happiness; glad of other men’s good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.”

Feelings and instincts like these, to which no bosom is a stranger, will outweigh and outlast the temptations of the richest placers of the Pacific, and will create a yearning towards the broad fields and noble forests of the great West, in the hearts of our enterprising young men and young women, as long as a single township or a single quarter section shall remain unsold or unsettled. That whole vast domain will thus continue to operate in the future, as it has operated in the past, as a continual government bounty upon the multiplication of farmers, and the extension of agriculture.

And now, having said thus much, and the limits of this address will not allow me to say more, both in regard to what Government cannot do for American agriculture, and also as to what it actually has done in the past, I come to a brief consideration of what it can do, and what it ought to do, in the future.

In the first place, it can adopt systematic, comprehensive, and permanent measures for ascertaining from year to year, or certainly from census to census, the actual condition of our country in relation to agriculture, the quantity of land under cultivation, the proportion of cultivated land devoted to the production of different articles of food, the relation of production to population in the various States, and in the country at large, the comparative productiveness of the same crops in different parts of the Union and under different modes of culture, and generally whatever details may be included in a complete statistical account of American agriculture.

Our commercial and navigating statistics are already provided for, as incidental to our revenue system. We need similar re-

turns both of our agriculture and our manufactures ; and I should not be sorry to have them committed to a common bureau.

One of the brief sayings, which have given a name and a perpetual fame to the Seven Wise Men of Ancient Greece, is the simple precept, "Know thyself." And a celebrated Latin poet has not been willing to regard it as a mere saying of human origin, but has emphatically declared that it descended from heaven.

It was a saying addressed to individual man, and undoubtedly contemplated that self-examination, that searching of the heart, which is a duty of higher than human authority, and which is essential to all moral or spiritual improvement. But it is a doctrine as applicable to the outer as to the inner man, and as essential to the progress and improvement of nations as of individuals. And this country, beyond all other countries, needs to know itself, to understand its own condition, to watch closely its own progress, to keep the *run* of it, as we may well say, for it is always on the run, advancing and going ahead with a rapidity never before witnessed, or dreamed of. More especially should the industry of our country know itself, and realize its own condition and circumstances. American labor, in all its branches, should have a map, on which it may behold its own aggregate position, and its own individual relations, and by which it may be enabled to see what obstructions and interferences are in the way of its prosperous progress : to see particularly where it obstructs itself, by pressing into departments already too crowded, and where it may obtain relief and elbow-room in departments not yet occupied. American agriculture, above all, should be able to look itself fairly in the face, as in a mirror, through the medium of the most detailed and exact periodical surveys, that it may discover seasonably any symptoms of over-action or of under-action, if there be any : and that it may run no risk of expending and wasting its energies in unprofitable toils.

In the next place, Government, State and National, can encourage agricultural science, and promote agricultural education.

This subject has been so nearly exhausted, during the last year or two, by President Hitchcock's report to our own Legislature, by Dr. Lee's reports to the Patent Office at Washington, and by

the lectures and addresses in which it has been treated in all parts of the country, that I propose to notice it very briefly.

Undoubtedly the noble system of common-school education, which is already in existence among us, and for which we can never be too grateful to our Puritan Fathers, is itself no small aid to the cause of agriculture. The farmers and the farmers' children enjoy their full share of its benefits. It furnishes that original sub-soil ploughing to the youthful mind which is essential to the success of whatever other culture it may be destined to undergo. There is no education, after all, which can take the place of reading, writing, and keeping accounts; and the young man who is master of these elemental arts, and whose eye has been sharpened by observation, and his mind trained to reflection, and his heart disciplined to a sense of moral and religious responsibility,—and these are the great ends and the great achievements of our common schools,—will not go forth to the work of his life, whether it be manual or mental, whether of the loom or the anvil, of the pen or the plough, without the real, indispensable requisites for success. The great secret and solution of the wonderful advance which has been witnessed of late years, in all the useful arts, has been the union of the thinking mind and the working hand in the same person. Heretofore, for long ages, they have been everywhere separated. One set of men have done the thinking, and another set of men have done the working. The land has been tilled, the loom has been tended, the hammer and the hoe have been wielded, by slaves, or by men hardly more intelligent or independent than their brute yoke-fellows. In other countries, to a considerable extent, and even in our own, so far as one region and one race are concerned, this separation still exists. But a great change has been brought about by the gradual progress of free institutions; and, in the Free States of our own country especially, we see a complete combination of the working hand and the thinking mind, of the strong arm and the intelligent soul, in the same human frame. This has been the glorious result of our common-school system, the cost of which, great as it has been and still is, has been remunerated a thousand-fold, even in a mere pecuniary way, by the improvements, inventions, discoveries, and savings of all sorts, which

have been made by educated labor in all the varied departments of human industry. It is now everywhere seen and admitted, that the most expensive labor which can be employed is *ignorant* labor; and, fortunately, there is very little of it left in the American market.

But, while the great substratum of all education for all pursuits is abundantly and admirably supplied by our common schools, no one can fail to perceive, or hesitate to admit, the advantages which may accrue from something of a more specific and supplementary instruction for those to whom the care and culture of the American soil is to be committed. The earth beneath us has been too long regarded and treated as something incapable of being injured by any thing short of a natural convulsion, or a providential cataclysm. We have been so long accustomed to dig it, and ditch it, and drain it, and hoe it, and rake it, and harrow it, and trample it under our feet, and plough long furrows in its back; and have so long found it repaying such treatment by larger and larger measures of endurance, generosity, and beneficence,—that we have been ready to regard it as absolutely insensible to injury. Because our chains and stakes have exhibited from year to year the same superficial measurements, we have flattered ourselves that our farms were undergoing no detriment or diminution. We have remembered the maxim of the law, “He who owns the soil owns it to the sky,” and have been careful to let nothing interfere with our air or daylight; but we have omitted to look below the surface, and to discover and provide against the robbery which has been annually perpetrated, by day and by night, upon its most valuable ingredients and elements.

The discovery has at last been made, the danger has been revealed, the alarm has been sounded; and if Government can provide bounties for the destruction of the wolves and bears and foxes, which threaten our flocks, our herds and our hen-roosts, I see not how it can withhold some seasonable provision against the far more frequent and more disastrous depredations by which our soil is despoiled of its treasures, through the want of science and skill on the part of those who till it. These depredations are none the less treacherous, or the less formidable, I need not say, for being carried on in no malicious spirit, and by no hostile hands.

The worst robberies of every sort, moral or pecuniary, of character, of property, or of opportunity, are those which a man commits upon himself. It is due to ourselves, it is due even more to our children, that the national soil should not be impaired by our ignorance or our neglect. It is a great trust-estate, of which each generation is entitled only to the use, and for the strip and waste of which the grand Proprietor of the universe will hold us to account.

Whether the promotion of agricultural education shall be undertaken through systematic courses of scientific lectures, or by agricultural schools and colleges, with experimental farms attached to them, or by the preparation and distribution of agricultural tracts and treatises, or by all combined, it is for the farmers to say. What they say will not fail to be rightly and effectively said. With them, words will be things; for no Government will venture to resist their deliberate and united appeals.

But let not the farmers, or the friends of the farmers, deceive themselves. When all that can be desired in this way shall have been accomplished; when Government shall have done its whole duty in regard to agricultural statistics and agricultural science; when the products of every State and of every district in the Union shall have been put in the way of exact and periodical ascertainment; when the American soil shall have been everywhere analyzed, and when those who till it shall have been everywhere instructed in its peculiar adaptations, and its peculiar properties, and its peculiar wants; when the whole vegetable and animal and mineral kingdoms shall have been raked and ransacked for the cheapest and most accessible and most effective fertilizers; when some safe and convenient mode shall have been contrived (according to the late suggestion of Lord Palmerston in England) for turning back the drains and gutters and common sewers of our great cities and towns upon our farms and gardens, instead of allowing them to run waste to the sea, breeding pestilence as they flow, "the country thus purifying the towns, and the towns fertilizing the country;" when the great doctrine of modern science shall be practically recognized and applied, that there is no waste in the physical universe, nothing in excess, nothing useless, from the bone which the dog growls over at our

door to the dung of the sea-fowl, for which the nations of the earth are contending, on the most distant and desolate island, but that —

“ Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use ; ” —

still, still, the great want of American agriculture will remain, — that want which I have alluded to, in the opening of this address, and to which I recur once more, for a few moments, in its conclusion, — the want of adequate markets for the sale of its produce. Nay, the want will only have been increased and aggravated by the greater fertility of our fields, and the greater abundance of our harvests.

Now, it is obvious that these markets are either to be created at home or found abroad.

And I am not one of those, if any there be, who are disposed to disparage the value of a foreign market for any thing for which we can find one. It is clearly the duty of our Government to make arrangements in every way in its power by wise negotiations and just systems of reciprocity, for the introduction into foreign countries of the largest possible amount of our surplus provisions and breadstuffs. Such arrangements, however, are clearly commercial arrangements ; and I refer to them merely as an illustration, that what may seem to be done by our legislators only for the benefit of commerce, may really result in the most important aid and advantage to agriculture.

I cannot pass from this topic, however, without the expression of an opinion, that the idea of an adequate foreign market for our agricultural surplus has proved, and will still prove, utterly fallacious and delusive. There is at least one principle, in this connection, which may be considered as settled by the whole current of experience, and by all the deductions and dictates of reason and common sense. No large or considerable kingdom or country will ever be habitually dependent on the soil of other countries for the food of its inhabitants. Why, where would be the power of Great Britain, were she compelled to look abroad for the daily

bread of her people? What a mockery would be her boasted dominion over the seas! What a farce her world-encircling chain of colonial possessions and military posts! With what face would she venture to interfere with our fishing-grounds, or even to maintain her own, were she liable to be starved out at any moment by our embargoes? We should soon learn how to bring her to terms, as her own parliaments have so often brought her monarchs to terms, by a simple refusal of supplies, a simple stopping of rations.

I never think, Mr. President, of this dream of some of our American farmers, that they are to raise food for all the world, without associating it with the dream of Joseph of old, or rather with his two successive dreams, as related to his brethren, and recorded in Holy Writ:—

“Hear, I pray you,” said he, “this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo! my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? Or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?”

“And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said: Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars, made obeisance to me.”

Sir, the one of these dreams is as likely to be fulfilled in our favor as the other. We may as well hope that the constellations of the other hemisphere will stoop to make obeisance to our constellation, and that the kings and queens of the earth will bend and do homage to our republic, as that the sheaves of other lands will stand round about and make obeisance to our sheaf, and the agriculture of the world acknowledge its dependence upon our agriculture.

Indeed, the fulfilment of the one dream, as I have already suggested, would speedily involve the fulfilment of the other. No great nation can ever maintain its political independence, except by sufferance and courtesy, when it has become absolutely dependent on another nation for its food. As to Great Britain, moreover, to whom our farmers have always been pointed for their most

hopeful market, and to whom, I doubt not, they may always look confidently for an occasional demand for some varieties of agricultural produce, it is an admitted fact that she can feed herself, as it is, in all ordinary seasons: and when she shall have brought all her reserve land into cultivation, and reclaimed all her swamps and bogs and marshes, and established a better state of things for poor Ireland, and applied the modern modes of systematic, scientific culture to the whole soil of the United Kingdom, she may defy the farmers of the world. The whole notion of John Bull's submitting to be fed or foddered at our rack, and out of our manger, is as visionary as that of Brother Jonathan's putting his neck back again under the old British yoke.

Nature herself, indeed, presents an obstacle which settles the question for ever. It has been calculated by the late lamented Mr. Porter, in his "Progress of the British Nation" (a work of standard authority), that "to supply the United Kingdom with the simple article of wheat would call for the employment of more than twice the amount of shipping which now annually enters our ports;" and that "to bring to our shores every article of agricultural produce in the abundance we now enjoy, would probably give constant occupation to the mercantile navy of the whole world."

The sum of the whole matter is this: American agriculture must look at home for its great market. It must look to consumers upon its own soil and at its own doors for its only sufficient and its all-sufficient demand. The natural and rapid increase of population among ourselves, and from the native stock, will do something for it. The thronging multitudes of emigrants, who are landed daily on our shores, will do something for it. If we cannot carry over our corn to the hungry millions of Europe, we can bring the hungry millions of Europe over to take for themselves from our granaries. This is the necessary course of things; and it is to be recognized and provided for,—not resisted, not complained of, but regulated and accepted cheerfully, as our part and lot in the dispensation of Providence. Our colonial fathers and mothers were pilgrims and exiles; and though we may look for no second Mayflower, and no second Plymouth Rock, there are honest and heroic hearts beating beneath many a tattered

frock or weather-beaten jacket from the Emerald Isle or the German Empire, which demand and deserve our sympathy and sneer; and it would be a dishonor to the memory of our fathers, if we, their civilized descendants, should be found holding out a less hospitable reception to the homeless exile of the present day, than they themselves received even from the poor untutored Indian, whom they were destined so sadly to displace and exterminate, when he cried to them, "Welcome, Englishmen!"

But something more than the increase of population, whether by multiplication at home or by immigration from abroad, is necessary for the relief and just remuneration of American agriculture. Indeed (as I have already suggested), if these throngs of emigrants, and if so many of the young men and women of our own stock, are to swarm over at once to our Western lands, and enter forthwith upon a life of agricultural production, they will only increase and aggravate the difficulties under which our farmers already labor. Instead of population gaining upon food, food will still go on gaining upon population; instead of mouths waiting for bread, we shall perpetuate the spectacle of bread waiting, and waiting in vain, for mouths.

In one word, there must be a division and distribution of labor in our country, to a much greater extent than exists at present, in order that agricultural industry may receive its just rewards. There must be more, and more numerous, separate classes of consumers, distinct from the producers, in order that food may command a fair price, and afford an adequate compensation and encouragement to the labor which is employed in raising it. Cheap food is a blessing not to be spoken lightly of; but the laborer is worthy of his hire, and it can never be the policy of any country to have food so cheap that it shall not pay for the raising, that it shall not pay something more than the mere cost of the raising. It can never be the policy of a free republican country like ours, where the most important rights and duties of Government are enjoyed and exercised by all men alike and equally, and where intelligence, education, and individual independence are essential to the maintenance of our liberties, to reduce either the profits of land or the wages of labor to the standard of a bare subsistence.

Farming is never destined to be a means of fortune-making, and we may all thank Heaven that it is so. If millionnaires and capitalists and speculators could make their cent per cent per annum by growing corn, we should soon see our land bought up for permanent investment for hirelings to till; and our little independent proprietors, cultivating their own acres, would be no longer the stay and staff of our republican institutions and our republican principles. God grant that the day may never come, when this country shall be without an independent rural population, owning no lord or master this side of Heaven; maintaining, in all their purity and freshness, those rural manners and rural habits which are the very salt and saving grace of our social and our political system. God grant that the day may never come, when some American Goldsmith shall paint our rural villages deserted, our rural virtues leaving the land:—

“E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind, comibial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.”

But the farmer ought to have something more than a mere living price for his products. He ought to be able to lay up something to send a son to college, or to set up a daughter in house-keeping, or to support his wife and himself, and keep the wolf from the door, when sickness or old age shall put a stop to their daily toil. The true protection of agriculture, and the true promotion of the welfare of the individual farmer, are to be found, and can only be found, in building up the manufacturing and mechanic arts of our country, in creating a diversified industry, and in establishing more proportionate relations between the various departments of human labor. When this shall be accomplished, there will be less need of Government intervention for encouraging agricultural science, and diffusing agricultural information. It will then cease to be recorded of our American agriculture, that “its two prominent features are its productiveness of crops, and its destructiveness of soil;” for it is the one

of these features which leads directly to the other. It is the over-production of our agriculture which causes so much of careless and destructive cultivation. It is the superabundance of our aggregate harvests which occasions the meagreness of so many of our individual harvests. Who cares to make his farm yield double its present crop, when there is so precarious a market for what it yields already? Who can style him a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, when the result of such a process must be to diminish the chances of remuneration to the laborer, and when doubling the product is so likely to divide an already inadequate price?

And now, my friends, I am not about to violate the political neutrality of this occasion, by inquiring how this diversified industry, which is so necessary to the prosperity of the farmer, and to the promotion of agriculture, is to be brought about; whether by protective tariffs, or judicious tariffs, or moderate specific duties, or reasonable discrimination, or by ad-valorem and free trade. This question, though it never ought to have been permitted to enter into party politics, has practically become so identified with them, that it must be left to other occasions. But the necessity of a greater distribution of labor to the prosperity of all concerned in labor, and the especial need which the American farmer feels, at this moment, of more persons engaged in other pursuits, who may become purchasers and consumers of his produce, and the danger that the American soil will receive serious and permanent detriment from the careless, hand-to-mouth cultivation, which such a state of things induces,—these are no party topics. They are great truths, which all must admit, and which all ought to lay to heart.

There is a letter of Dr. Franklin's, written in London on the 22d of April, 1771, to Humphry Marshall, a Pennsylvania farmer, which contains as much practical wisdom as I ever remember to have found in the same compass in relation to the prosperity of the American farmer. It is as applicable now as when it was written; and it ought to be printed in good legible type, and hung up in a frame in every farmer's house in the Union:—

“The colonies,” says he, “that produce provisions, grow very fast. But, of the countries that take off those provisions, some

do not increase at all, as the European nations; and others, as the West-India Colonies, not in the same proportion. So that, though the demand at present may be sufficient, it cannot long continue so. Every manufacturer encouraged in our country makes part of a market for provisions within ourselves, and saves so much money to the country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the manufactures he supplies. Here in England," he adds, "it is well known and understood, that, wherever a manufacture is established which employs a number of hands, it raises the value of lands in the neighboring country all around it, partly by the greater demand near at hand for the produce of the land, and partly from the plenty of money drawn by the manufacturers to their part of the country. It seems, therefore, the interest of all our farmers and owners of lands to encourage our young manufactures in preference to foreign ones, imported among us from distant countries."

If these golden words of Franklin, which could find no better illustration the world over than here, in presence of those to whose lands and to whose crops yonder mills and furnaces and machine-shops have given a value so far beyond any which they could otherwise have commanded,—if these golden words of Franklin, I say, could be impressed upon the heart and mind of every farmer in our land, there would be less complaint that our Government had found time to do every thing for manufactures and the mechanic arts, and had done nothing for agriculture; and it would be seen and understood, that whatever had been done for any one of the great interests of American labor had been done for all; and that all were bound up together for a common weal or a common woe, incapable of separation or opposition. There is nothing indeed more evident, and nothing more beautiful, than the harmony of all the great industrial interests in our Union. There may be jealousies and rivalries and oppositions between the farmers and the manufacturers and the merchants elsewhere, in the old, closely settled, and crowded populations of Europe; but there can be none reasonably, none rightfully, here. Nothing short of miraculous intervention, like that which watered the fleece of Gideon, while all the other fleeces were dry, can elevate one branch of industry, or one department

of labor, at the expense of another. The highest prosperity of each is not only consistent with, but inseparable from, the highest prosperity of all. What is done for any is done for all; and all find their best encouragement and protection in the common welfare and prosperity of the whole community. We see, or ought to see, something of that mutual sympathy and succor among American laborers, of which so graphic a sketch is given by one of the prophets of Israel: "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil. They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."

The greatest division of labor, the most complete and cordial union among laborers,—this is the true motto and maxim which our condition suggests and inculcates: and the American farmer should be the first to adopt and cherish it.

A word or two, Mr. President and gentlemen, and only a word or two, in conclusion. In all that I have said, I have spoken, as I proposed to speak, of American agriculture, so far as it is occupied in the production of food, and through the agency of free labor, in all parts of our wide-spread land. In looking at the agriculture of Massachusetts as a separate State, we find many of the circumstances, which characterize the agricultural condition of the country at large, reversed. There is no over-production of food, and no danger of any such over-production, for our own population within our own limits. On the contrary, it has been estimated that we are at this moment dependent on our sister States for more than three millions of bushels of breadstuffs,—being a full half of our whole consumption.

Now, so far as this fact may fairly betoken any bad cultivation on the part of our farmers: so far as, taken in connection with other facts, it indicates a deterioration of our soil, and a progressive disproportion between the acres in cultivation and the crops which they yield,—it is a fact deeply to be deplored, and which ought to furnish a serious warning to the government and the people of the Commonwealth.

But, so far as it only indicates a greater division and distribution of labor within our own borders; so far as it is only the result of a gradual multiplication of mechanics and manufac-

turers among us, to consume the products, not only of our own husbandmen, but of those of other States, neighboring and remote,—it is a subject of positive and unqualified congratulation. For one, I never desire to see the day when Massachusetts shall feed herself. Nature has marked and quoted her for a different destiny. Her long line of indented sea-coast, stretching out around two noble capes, and bending in again along two noble bays, designates her unmistakably for a commercial and navigating State; and her countless fleets of coasters and fishing-smacks and merchant-ships and whalers give ample attestation that she has not been blind to her vocation. Her numerous rivers and streams, with their abundant waterfalls, designate her hardly less distinctly as a manufacturing State; and her sons, and her daughters too, are fast proving that they know how to fulfil this destiny also. A great agricultural State she was never made for. If she ever feeds herself, it will be by the decrease of her population, and not by the adequacy of her products. Her farmers will always find enough to occupy them. The perishable articles of daily consumption, which must be found at one's door, or not at all, must come always from them. Their milk, their garden-fruits and vegetables, their hay too, and their eggs and poultry, can hardly be interfered with injuriously, if at all, by any supplies from abroad, and can hardly be furnished in too large quantities at home. But the cereal grains, the beef and pork and mutton, and the butter and cheese, of other States, are, I trust, to find a still-increasing market in Massachusetts, in exchange for the products of her looms and anvils and lap-stones, and for the earnings of her commerce and fisheries. I would gladly see the United States independent of all foreign nations for all the necessities of life,—clothing as well as food; but I do not desire to see the separate States independent of each other: first, because climate, soil, geographical position, and physical condition, designate them for different departments of industry, and their own highest prosperity will be subserved by following nature; and, second, because these mutual wants and mutual dependencies are among the strongest bonds of our blessed Union, and give the best guaranty that it shall endure for ever.

Let Massachusetts do all the farming she can; and all that she does, let her be sure to do well. Let her transmit no exhausted or impoverished soil to posterity. Let her exhibit to all the world what industry and energy and thrift and temperance and education and science can do, in overcoming the disadvantages and obstacles of a hard soil and a stern sky. Let her be a model State in agriculture, and in whatever else she undertakes. But let her not dream of feeding herself. For myself, I should feel as if either the days of the American Union were numbered, or certainly as if her own house were about to be left unto her desolate, if the time should ever come when the wheat of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the pork of Ohio, and the beef and mutton of New York and Vermont, and the yellow corn of Virginia, and the rice of the Carolinas, could find no ready market for their sale, and no willing and watering mouths for their consumption, in the old Bay State. I delight to contemplate the various members of this vast republic, as members of a common family, not all alike, but with only such distinctions as become sisters; not selfishly and churlishly attempting to do every thing for themselves, or to interfere with each other's vocation, but pursuing their different destinies in a spirit of mutual kindness and mutual reliance; freely interchanging the products of their soil and of their skill in time of peace, and firmly interposing their united power for the common protection in time of war; bearing each other's burdens; supplying each other's wants; remembering each other's weaknesses; rejoicing in each other's prosperity; and all clustering with eager affection around the ear of a common Liberty,—like the Hours in the exquisite fresco of Guido around the chariot of the Sun,—as it advances to scatter the shades of ignorance and oppression, and to spread light and freedom and happiness over the world!

Gentlemen, I can offer no better prayer to Heaven, either for human liberty or for human labor in all its branches, than that this spectacle of concord and harmony among the American States may be witnessed in still-increasing beauty and perfection as long as the Sun and the Hours shall roll on!

THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

A SPEECH IN REPLY TO A VOTE OF THANKS OF THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE OF MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER 1, 1852.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE,—The resolution which has just been adopted calls for my most grateful acknowledgments, and I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for the kindness by which it has been prompted.

We have assembled here, gentlemen, for the discharge of a specific duty under the Constitution of the United States, and, that duty having been performed, we are about to return to our homes. The occasion has been one, however, which cannot fail to have awakened some strong emotions in all our hearts, and to have left some enduring impressions upon all our minds.

We have been called to participate in the last act of a political campaign, over the commencement and over the close of which, alike, the deepest shadows have been thrown by the death of a Clay and a Webster.

We have been called, too, to cast the vote of the Commonwealth, against the most desperate odds, and in the face of a foregone conclusion of defeat.

But, gentlemen, we have been able to lift ourselves above these clouds. We have been able to rejoice, and we do rejoice at this hour, that we have a Country which survives all personal and all political casualties, and to which no disappointments and no bereavements can sunder or shake our attachment.

That country presents to-day a proud and cheering spectacle to the lovers of civil liberty. The electors of thirty-one noble States, ranging over a vast continent, and reaching from ocean

to ocean, have assembled simultaneously, at their respective capitals, to make solemn record of the will of the American people, as to the person who shall be entrusted, for four years to come, with the chief magistracy of the nation. And, as we have performed our part in this simple but sublime transaction, we cannot fail to have rejoiced in the reflection that we have not been left, like the people of so many other countries, to depend on the accidents of birth, or on the agency of bayonets, to decide who shall rule over us.

We have not forgotten, either, that this is now the seventeenth time, in the good providence of God, that such a spectacle has been witnessed in our land, and that four and sixty years have thus passed safely and securely away since the first organization of our National Government. And who can fail to rejoice in the assurance which such a lapse of time suggests and sanctions, that a free, republican, constitutional system is no longer to be considered in the light of an experiment; that it has been tried; that it has proved successful; and that henceforth the only experiment which remains for us or for our children, is, not as to the character of our institutions or the nature of our government, but as to the intelligence, the fidelity, the virtue, the vigilance, and the enlightened principle of those who preside over them, and of those who live under them?

Gentlemen, I think I may safely say that Massachusetts has nothing to reproach herself with in reference to the character and capacity of those whom she has successively designated for the highest honors of the nation. If her candidates have not always been successful, they have at least been always worthy of success.

Her electoral vote has been given twice to George Washington; twice to John Adams; once to Thomas Jefferson; once to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina; once to DeWitt Clinton, of New York; once to Rufus King; once to James Monroe; twice to John Quincy Adams; twice to Henry Clay; once to Daniel Webster; once to William Henry Harrison, of Ohio; and once to Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana.

And it has been our privilege to-day to add to this list of illustrious men — of whom, alas! not one is left among the living —

a name every way worthy to be associated with their names. History will do justice to Winfield Scott. Always triumphant when fighting the battles of his country, it will be no disparagement to him that he fought his own battles less successfully. The importance and brilliancy of his military career, his moderation in the hour of victory, his submission in the moment of trial, the patriotism of his public principles, the purity of his private life, will secure him a cherished remembrance with posterity, when the fortunes of parties, and even the names of Presidents, shall be altogether forgotten.

Massachusetts finds herself, indeed, in a small minority in his support. But she has known what it is to be in a still smaller minority. She has known what it is even to stand alone in a good cause, and with a good candidate; and her whole history proves that she is not of a complexion to shrink from the maintenance of her honest convictions under any pressure of numbers.

On the present occasion, however, she is proud to recognize at her side the gallant States of Kentucky and Tennessee and Vermont, and in their welcome companionship she finds an ample shield against all imputations of sectionalism.

And now, gentlemen, we are not here to repine at results, or to arraign any of those who have differed from us, either at home or abroad. Still less are we here to speak despairingly of the Republic, or disparagingly of those to whom its destinies have been committed. We bow, without a murmur, to the decision of the majority. We look with entire confidence to the Constitution of our country, and with entire respect to those who are to be entrusted with its administration. We are ready to judge fairly and dispassionately all the measures of our government, and to give a prompt and patriotic support to whatever may be rightly proposed, or rightly accomplished, from whatever source it may originate. And our earnest wish and prayer to God is, that all things may be so ordered and settled, "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations." May every cause of sectional difference or political discord be removed from our councils, and may that Union, which was cemented by the blood

of our fathers, and which is associated with so many hopes of the living and with so many precious memories of the dead, be cherished in all our hearts as a perpetual bond of national brotherhood!

Once more, gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me; and I beg you to accept my best wishes for your personal health and happiness.

THE GROTON MASSACRE IN 1781.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT, SEPT. 6, 1853.

I AM greatly honored and obliged, fellow-citizens, by this friendly and flattering reception. I thank you for this cordial greeting. Most heartily do I wish that I were in a better state of preparation for doing justice either to the occasion or to myself. Circumstances beyond my control, however, rendered it extremely uncertain, until the very last moment, whether I should be able to be with you at all; and I have come at last upon the express understanding and condition, that I was not to be responsible for any thing in the nature of a formal or ceremonious address. But I cannot decline to attempt some response to the call which has just been made upon me. I cannot omit such an opportunity of expressing the high gratification I have enjoyed in being present on this occasion, in witnessing these interesting ceremonies, in meeting my distinguished friend Judge Wayne, and His Excellency the Governor of Connecticut, and yourself, Mr. President, with all of whom I have had so many pleasant associations at Washington, and in forming so many new and valued acquaintances among the people of New London.

Mr. President, I am almost ashamed to confess it, but it is the first time in my life that I have ever paid a visit to New London, or ever stood upon these consecrated heights. It is, indeed, almost the first time in my life, that I have ever passed a day or a night within the limits of the State of Connecticut. Let me assure you, however, that I have not come here with the feelings of a stranger. I have not forgotten by whom the Connecticut Colony was originally led out and planted. I have not forgotten by whom its charter was obtained from Charles the Second. I

have not forgotten what names are to be found on the roll of its earliest chief magistrates for a period, father and son together, of more than a quarter of a century. Still less have I forgotten by whom the good old town of New London was founded, or whence came the name of this ancient village of Groton.

For myself, my friends, I am a Massachusetts man, a native Bostonian, born within a biscuit's throw of that old Milk-street corner, which will be always distinguished as the birthplace of the illustrious Franklin. All my personal interests, and all my present associations, are connected with that noble old sister Commonwealth of yours, and with its proud and prosperous capital. God bless them! But I cannot but remember on this occasion, that, if the blood in my veins were subjected to a chemical analysis, by far the largest part of it, on the paternal side at least, would be found to be Connecticut blood,—New-London blood. No wonder that it glows and kindles and courses with something more than its wonted fervor, as I find myself inhaling for the first time this ancestral air, and treading for the first time this almost natal soil.

For nearly a hundred and fifty years, New London was the residence of those from whom I am lineally descended. Here my own honored father was born, about the year 1760, and here he passed the happy years of his childhood and his boyhood,—having left here to enter college soon after the death of his father, and only a few years before the very event which you are this day assembled to commemorate. Had he been a few years older and remained here a few years longer, he might have fallen a victim to the British bayonets, and his name and race been altogether cut off. Or, haply, he might have fallen a victim to the hardly less powerful or less piercing shafts of some one of the mothers or grandmothers of the fair daughters whom I see around me: and the birthplace of his children might thus have been the same with his own. But here, at any rate, are still some of my esteemed relatives and kinsfolk, occupying the old places, and some of them keeping alive the old name, where it was originally introduced more than two centuries ago. Nor can I be mistaken in the idea, that the very heights on which we are gathered, and the township in which they are included, derived their name from

that ancient Manor of Groton, which was granted to the Winthrops in the time of Henry the Eighth, and which continued to be their residence until they came over to America in 1630. Was I not justified, then, in the remark that I had not come here with the feelings of a stranger? and may I not be pardoned for adding, that I cannot help feeling a little at home even among places and persons that I have never in my life seen before?

But I pray your forgiveness, my friends, for even alluding to these passages of personal and family history. I must not, I will not dwell on them an instant longer. The day, the occasion, belong to other names and other themes; and I turn, for a few moments, to the event which you have met together to commemorate, without another word of preface.

And, certainly, I know of few events in the whole history of our revolutionary struggle more worthy of commemoration, or which present to our contemplation incidents of a more striking and impressive character. The sixth day of September, 1781! What New-Londoner, what New-Englander, what American, can ever forget the occurrence which has rendered that date so memorable! Its details, I am sure, are familiar as household words to you all, even before your memories have been refreshed by the address of the eloquent and distinguished gentleman who is to follow me.

The British fleet entering your beautiful harbor at early dawn: the alarm and consternation of the inhabitants; the removal of the aged and infirm; the flight of the timid; the rallying of the brave: the noble exclamation of your heroic Ledyard, as he bade a last farewell to his friends before crossing the ferry to take command of the fort, "If I must lose, to-day, honor or life, you who know me can tell which it will be;" the landing of the British regiments, with their gorgeous uniforms and glittering bayonets; the repeated summons to surrender: the final response, anticipating, almost in terms, the reply of the gallant and lamented Taylor at Buena Vista,—"We shall not surrender, let the consequences be what they may;" the desperate conflict on these heights: the treacherous and cold-blooded massacre of Ledyard and his little band, after they had ceased all resistance against such overwhelming odds; the wanton cruelty to the wounded;

the deliberate burning of New London, with all its circumstances of cowardly brutality :— all, all are impressed upon your minds and hearts with a distinctness and a vividness which no language can increase, and which no length of time can ever efface.

One of the accomplished daughters of New London, let me add, has recently embodied them all — not forgetting the angelic ministrations of her own sex to the wounded and the dying — in a History, which is as creditable to her own pen, as it is to the people whose fortunes she has described.

That was, indeed, my friends, a sad day for New London and its vicinity,— a sad day for New England, and for all the confederated Colonies. And yet, after all, it was a proud day, and one which, I think, you would hardly be willing to spare from the historic pages of our country. The monument before us is, indeed, no monument of triumph. It tells of victims, not of victors. But it tells of those who have nobly dared and nobly died in defense of American liberty. And what can any man desire more or better as the epitaph either of himself or of those with whom he is connected ? It is a monument like that at Thermopylae of old, and it well might have borne the very same inscription.

“ Go, stranger,” was the well-remembered inscription on the stone erected to commemorate the Leonidas of ancient Sparta,— “ Go, stranger, and tell the Lacedemonians that we have obeyed their laws, and that we lie here.”

It was more in keeping with the good old Puritan character of Connecticut to borrow examples and analogies from Holy Writ, and to liken her heroes to the heroes of the ancient people of God ; and most apposite and appropriate is the verse from the sacred volume which you have quoted upon yonder tablet :—

“ Zebulon and Naphthali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field.”

But had you thought fit to borrow of the jewels of the heathen, not less appropriate or less just, certainly, would have been the inscription, “ Go, stranger, and tell the American people, that we have defended their liberties, and that we lie here.”

Nor, fellow-citizens, did your Leonidas and his little band lie here and die here in vain. Fidelity to duty, fidelity to principle, fidelity to freedom, are never displayed in vain. They may

be overborne and overwhelmed for the moment. They may subject those who exhibit them to the loss of place, of fortune, of friends, or of life. But the example, the example, will remain: and somewhere or other, somehow or other, at some time or other, early or late, its influence will be felt, and its power will be asserted and recognized. And I need hardly tell you, that the event which you this day commemorate — disastrous as it was to New London and its vicinity, and distressing as it was to the whole country — did not have to wait long for the manifestation of its influence upon the great cause of American Liberty.

That was, indeed, a dark day, the 6th of September, 1781, — there is hardly a darker to be found in all our revolutionary calendar. But its darkness was the immediate precursor of the dawn. In just six weeks from that date, the great crowning victory of Independence was achieved at Yorktown; and it is matter of historical record, that the massacre on this spot was among the strongest incitements which stirred the blood and nerved the arms of our troops to strike that final and decisive blow. It is matter of tradition, that New London and Groton were among the watchwords at Yorktown.

When the chivalrous Lafayette, to whom Washington gave absolute command in storming one of the redoubts, was about proceeding to the attack, he is said to have ordered his party “to remember New London.” What a consolation, what a compensation, would it not have been to Ledyard and his fellow-victims, could they have been permitted to hear that order, and to witness its results: could they have seen the arms of America finally victorious, and the stars and stripes lifted at last in triumph to the sky, to float evermore over a great and glorious Republic!

Let me not fail to add, however, that, while the American armies at Yorktown “remembered New London,” they remembered humanity and mercy also. They carried the redoubt in triumph: but Hamilton and Laurens, who were Lafayette’s lieutenants in storming it, were incapable of cruelty even in the way of retaliation. To their eternal glory be it spoken, they brought off all their prisoners unharmed; and when questioned how this was, they replied, “We could not, we could not, when they begged and cried on their knees for their lives.” Incapable of imitating

examples of barbarity (said Hamilton in his official report to Lafayette himself, and with unmistakable allusion to New London) and forgetting recent provocations, they spared every man that ceased to resist.

You will agree with me, my friends, that there are few nobler passages in American history, or in any history, than this. Our armies on that day achieved a double victory,—a victory over the British forces, and a still more glorious victory over themselves, in subduing the base passion for revenge, and heaping coals of fire, only in the true scripture sense, upon the heads of their enemies.

And now, fellow-citizens, if our fathers at Yorktown, six weeks only after the Groton massacre took place, could forget the provocation, and hold back their hands from the retaliation which was within their immediate reach, we of this generation, more than threescore and ten years afterwards, are not assembled to-day in a spirit of inferior magnanimity. You are not here, I am sure, Sons of Connecticut, to commemorate this sad chapter in your history with any feelings of resentment towards Great Britain. You cannot have forgotten, either, that, after all, it was no native Briton who commanded the expedition which perpetrated this inhuman massacre. You cannot have forgotten that it was your own soil, which, reversing for once the whole character of its products, and concentrating all its poisonous ingredients in a single nature, gave being to that bold, bad man, who, not satisfied with turning traitor to his country in general, made haste to signalize his new allegiance by dealing this Parricidal blow at the very State and neighborhood in which he had been born and brought up. Let me not pollute this pure air by giving utterance to his name! Let it be blotted out from the remembrance of men! Or, if recalled at all, let it only be as a warning of the unimagined depths of depravity and infamy, into which a daring and desperate valor and a vaulting and vain-glorious ambition may plunge a man, when utterly unrestrained by any thing of moral and religious principle.

Nor under any circumstances would it be worthy of us to employ such an occasion as this in reviving a feeling of bitterness and animosity towards those with whom all differences upon this score have been long ago settled. Great Britain and the

United States may continue to have their little jealousies and controversies and contentions, and now and then ambitious and arrogant men on both sides of the ocean may push matters, for their own partisan purposes, to the very verge—and even beyond the verge, down into the fearful and fiery vortex—of war. Heaven forbid that any such catastrophe should be witnessed in our generation! But, in the long run, these two mighty nations must go along, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, together, in the great cause of civilization and Christianity, of civil and religious liberty, or that cause will be put back, and lost, it may be, for ever! Let us, then, cherish and cultivate a spirit of conciliation and kindness towards the old mother country. Let us never be ashamed to say, what every one of us at this moment feels, that, if we could have chosen our parentage from among all the families of the earth, we would not have come of any other stock; we would not have spoken any other language than that of Shakspeare and Milton and Chatham; we would not have inherited any other history or traditions than those of Runnymede and Magna Charta, and the Petition of Right, and the Revolution of 1688. Let us realize, as we proudly contemplate our own national growth and grandeur, that, after all, she was the only mother capable of bearing such a child. Let us go behind these remembrances of her injustice or inhumanity, and revert to that old original spirit which animated the founders of your Colony, when they gave the names of the "Thames" and of "New London" to yonder river and town,—not surely, as imagining that they could ever rival the wealth and splendor of the great metropolis of the world, but out of regard and affection (as I have seen it in the handwriting of John Winthrop himself) to "their dear native country," and in honor of its famous capital.

No, my friends, it is with no view of raking open the ashes in which your resentments towards Britain were long ago buried, that you have gathered anew upon these memorable heights. You have come to renew your pledges of devotion to your own country, and not to indulge in any feelings of hostility towards other countries. You have come to remember the valor of your own dead, and the hopes of your own living.

The one great end of commemorations like this ought to be, and is, to impress upon our own minds, and upon the minds of our children, a deeper sense of the value of that liberty and of those institutions which it cost our fathers so much treasure and blood to establish. Certainly, in view of such scenes of suffering and slaughter as were witnessed here and elsewhere during our revolutionary struggle, we may say, as was said on another occasion, “With a great sum obtained they this freedom.” And now it is for us to see to it, that this great price was not paid in vain, and that the estate goes down, not only unimpaired, but improved and fortified, to posterity. We are not called on, as they were,—let us thank God that we are not,—to peril our fortunes, and jeopard our lives unto the death, in its defense. We are not summoned to fight against the armies of the aliens, or to wrestle against flesh and blood. But we are called upon to confront foes by no means less formidable. We are called upon to contend against the temptations and blandishments of national and individual prosperity. We are called on to restrain and resist the inordinate lusts which involve more danger to our liberties than ten thousand hostile armies or hostile fleets,—the lust of power, the lust of wealth, the lust of office, the lust of territory, the lust of national aggrandizement, and, I may add, “the lust of the flesh and the pride of life,” and whatever else goes to make up the aggregate of that corrupting luxury which has caused the decline and downfall of so many other republics before our own.

In one word, my friends, we of this generation are summoned, by infallible signs and signals, to a stern moral warfare for the maintenance of the institutions for which our fathers fought and bled. We have reached an era in our national existence, if I mistake not, in which a fresh recurrence is demanded to those old-fashioned, Connecticut, Puritan virtues—moderation and temperance and justice and self-denial and purity and piety—which have been so often and so admirably illustrated and personified by your Shermans and Wolcotts and Griswolds and Trumbulls and Williamses, and of which no false delicacy shall restrain me from saying that John Winthrop of Connecticut, like his father of Massachusetts, was among the brightest examples

in your annals. In this way alone can our free institutions be preserved unimpaired, and in this way alone can a true, safe, rational, and regulated *progress*—the only progress worthy of the name—be promoted and secured.

Here, then, to-day, on this hallowed spot, over the graves of your martyrs, and on this anniversary of their fall; beneath this canopy, which was so lately vocal with the praises of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock, and under which you have now gathered, with hearts freshly softened and saddened by the sudden death of a most estimable young man, who had been among the earliest projectors of this commemoration,—here and now,—let us not merely renew our vows of devotion to American Liberty, and to the Constitution and the Union which are its cherished safeguards and supports, but let us resolve, that, if it be not given to us, as it was to some of those who have gone before us, to die in its defence, we will at least so live, so regulate our own conduct, and so instruct and educate our children, that the Republic shall receive no detriment, either from our acts or from our example. Then, although no lofty column, like that before us, may be erected in our honor, to tell of heroic services or sacrifices in the field or in the forum, we may at least go down to our humbler graves with the proud consciousness that we have been faithful to those great moral principles which lie at the basis of all successful self-government, and without which, no amount or intensity of patriotic sentiment, and no array of physical or intellectual force, can save it from ultimate overthrow.

Once more, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for this kind and flattering reception,—not omitting a special acknowledgment of the charming serenade by which I was saluted last night,—and I pray you to accept, in conclusion, an assurance of my most earnest wishes for your continued prosperity and welfare.

THE COALITION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE WHIG CONVENTION IN FITCHBURG, SEPTEMBER 28, 1853.

YOU may not have forgotten, fellow-citizens of Massachusetts, that at the organization of another Convention in this place, not many days ago, it was all at once discovered that the President elect was among the missing. A telegraphic despatch was soon afterwards received, stating that a steamboat accident, or a railroad accident, or some other accident, the details of which I have never yet seen explained, had prevented him from reaching his exalted destination. After the kind and flattering reception which you have just given me, it may be hardly necessary to assure you that the humble individual you have designated as your presiding officer is on hand. I am here, gentlemen, thanks to a kind Providence and a well-conducted railroad train, without damage, and, I may add, without detention; I wish I could say as much for my Boston brethren, whose ears seemed to have been a little behind the time. I will venture to believe, however, that they will be ready to say with General Stark at Bennington, that, though they came late, they will be ready to stay late, and to do their full share of the work to be done now and hereafter.

I am here, gentlemen, with somewhat less of health and vigor, perhaps, than I have heretofore enjoyed, but with the same old Whig spirit with which I have attended your meetings in former years, unchanged and unchanging. I am here to unite with you in all your measures for advancing the honor and the welfare of our beloved Commonwealth, and ready to discharge whatever duties may belong to the distinguished position with which you have now honored me.

Some years have elapsed, my friends, since I last had the privilege of being present at a Whig State Convention. I need not

say that they have been eventful years,—eventful to our country, eventful to our own Commonwealth, eventful to the Whig party. And I may be pardoned for remembering, too, that they have not been altogether uneventful to myself personally.

For my own part, however, I have no memory to-day for any thing but what it is agreeable and appropriate to remember, and I am here to entertain and to express no feelings but those of unfeigned gratitude to the Whigs of Massachusetts, both for the unmerited honors which they have so often bestowed upon me, and for their repeated and generous efforts to bestow upon me other honors which it was not my fortune to enjoy.

I can say sincerely, gentlemen, with a distinguished opponent (Hon. Horace Mann) in his late farewell address, from this very platform,—“It was honor enough for me to precede the man who was to have success.” The man whom I preceded, and whom I am always glad to call my friend, did actually have success, and is, at this moment, Governor of Massachusetts; and it is almost the only subject for regret which this occasion has brought along with it, that he is understood to have positively declined a nomination for another term. I heartily hope and trust that we shall be able to get another Governor, or another candidate, half as good.

I ought to have said, gentlemen, that it was honor enough for me to precede the men who were to have success. For I cannot forget that there is still another whom I have preceded in a protracted contest for the office which he now holds, and for whom I have, in some sort, been privileged to draw the fire of the enemy, that he might lead on to victory. That other, whom I am not less happy to call my friend, and in whose promotion I can never feel any thing but pleasure and pride, is, I need not say, the distinguished Senator whom you all hoped to have seen here with us this morning, to animate us by his eloquence, and to enlighten us with his counsel.

I deeply regret to inform you, that illness in his family has detained him at home.

If we are disappointed, however, in not seeing all whom we had hoped and expected to see, I am glad to perceive the presence of many whom you will rejoice to welcome,—members of

Congress, and those who have been members of Congress, and those who ought to have been members of Congress, some of whom have been accustomed to address you, and others whose characters are better than a hundred speeches, as an endorsement of any cause which they espouse. I need hardly name Mr. Appleton, Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Sabine, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Bell, and others, whose familiar forms you have already recognized.

But in turning, fellow-citizens, from these personalities, and in reverting to the past in its relations to our party, to our Commonwealth, and to our country, I cannot so easily forget the circumstances which have darkened our pathway and clouded our prospects, during the last few years. I am not—certainly I am not—so bigoted and bitter a partisan as to grudge to our political opponents an occasional possession of power, either in the nation at large, or in our own State. I am willing to admit, I do admit, that the revolutions of parties in a free country are sometimes productive of positive good, and that the rolling wheel of political fortune is sometimes a wheel of progress and reform. And, let me add, I am always ready to welcome a true progress and a just reform, from whatever quarter it may come, and by whatever rotation it may be accomplished. But I confess, when I reflect on the doubtful and dangerous counsels to which our country has been recently committed; when I think of the perils which may be at this moment impending over our foreign and our domestic relations, from the extravagant and reckless policy of some of those who occupy the high places of the nation; and when, still more, I contemplate the injury which has been inflicted upon the character of our own Massachusetts, as a State, and the even deeper and more permanent injury which is just ready to be inflicted on our own Massachusetts' Constitution,—I cannot help deplored the day which introduced divisions and distractions into the ranks of a party which ought to have saved, which might have saved, both State and nation. I cannot help deplored the day which saw that party throw away the opportunity of saving any thing, in order to indulge in mere personal dissensions and family feuds.

Let us all rejoice, however, my friends, that it is not altogether

too late for us in Massachusetts to avert some portion of the evil to which our divisions have exposed us. The National Administration, indeed, must take its course, for better or worse, to the end of its allotted term. We will not be hasty in condemning it. We will not prejudge its ultimate acts. We will still hope that its deeds may be less pernicious than some of its doctrines,—that its bite will prove less bad than its bark, and, especially, that a certain “marching, marching, marching” policy of a certain *quondam* friend of ours, who, if I remember right, did not make much of a hand at marching himself, will be reserved as the staple of the stump, to point the speeches of itinerary rhetoricians, instead of being adopted into the deliberate counsels of a civilized, Christian cabinet. We will still hope and trust that the energies and enterprise of the new administration will rather be expended in building Pacific Railroads, than in projecting belligerent inroads; and that the self-styled Young America of the day, after all his gallant phrases and boastful professions about progress, will not turn out to be only a blood-thirsty old Roman in disguise.

That would be progress with a witness to it! That would be marching backwards 1900 years at a stride! Heaven forbid that we should be called on in these days to go behind the Christian era for our examples, or to go back of the Gospel pages for our precepts!

Ah, gentlemen, few more weighty words or more instructive suggestions ever fell from the lips of the great New-England statesman, whose voice has been so recently hushed in death, than those which one of his warmest friends (Rev. Dr. Choules) reports him to have uttered in reference to the history of ancient Rome. “I would teach a boy Roman history (said he) with very many notes and annotations. A lad should be made to know that Rome was a highwayman, and principally admired because so successful. The whole history of Rome is one of crime. We, as a people, ought to study the history of Rome very thoughtfully.”

But enough of the National Administration,—enough, certainly, of that Newark manifesto, which, after all, may only have been like the foam and froth of one of those little bottles for

which Newark is so celebrated, and which, certainly, is quite likely to turn out to have been “more talk than eider.” At any rate, as I have already intimated, it is vain now to speculate upon national polities. They are altogether beyond our reach for the present. It is our own State only which it is now in our power to save. It is our own beloved and honored Commonwealth which we have assembled to make preparations for saving from the mischief with which she is threatened; and, thank Heaven! in regard to her condition, the fatal phrase, “too late,” has not quite yet been pronounced. Strange scenes, it must be confessed, gentlemen, have been witnessed in old Massachusetts during the last few years,—scenes, the mere prediction of which, a twelvemonth before they occurred, would have been denounced by the very men who have been concerned in them, as a gross and groundless defamation. It would have been resented as indignantly as the predictions of the prophet by the Syrian of old, who exclaimed, “Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?” and who then straightway proceeded to do it.

Why, what has been the history of our Commonwealth, so far as polities are concerned, since the year of our Lord 1850? What true-hearted son of Massachusetts, of any party, can depict that history, or even recall it to remembrance, without emotions of the deepest mortification? Yet it must be recalled, it must be described, it must be held up to public scrutiny and public scorn, in order that it may never again be reproduced in our annals.

Strange scenes, certainly, my friends, have been witnessed among us. We have seen a party, which commenced its career by the most arrogant assumption of all the purity and all the principle in the world; which professed to seek no offices, which repudiated the idea of acting with anybody, or for anybody, who did not go full length with them in all their peculiar views; and which filled the air with the loudest denunciations of all sacrifices to expediency, and all concessions for success,—entitling itself pre-eminently the *Conscience Party*;—we have seen this party, I say,—after stealing into the hearts of a host of good and honest men, under these artful disguises,—suddenly throwing off the mask, and entering boldly into the market for a

trade, with those with whom they had no principle in common, for a share in the spoils of victory.

Well, gentlemen, they obtained that share, and the lion's share it was. A seat in the Senate of the United States for six years — to say nothing of other and lesser offices which were thrown in to boot — was obtained in exchange for a single year's enjoyment of the administration of the Commonwealth by their partners in the traffic. And this, under a formal compact, which was declared at the time by a distinguished gentleman, who has since worthily succeeded to the seat of the lamented Woodbury and Story, on the Supreme Bench of the United States, to be an offence indictable at common law.

We have all heard before about government being founded on *original compact*. And this was, certainly, an entirely original compact, so far as our own Massachusetts government was concerned. The like of it had never stained our annals before, and I heartily hope and trust that nothing similar or second to it will ever be tolerated among us again.

But this was not enough. The appetite for office, once whetted, could not so easily be appeased. "Another trade" was called for. Another trade! Meantime, the power of the Coalition was not secure enough, nor the offices within its yearly reach sufficiently numerous, under the existing order of things. The machinery of the Constitution was in the way, and it must be changed to suit the emergency. The proposition for a convention, once fairly voted down, was accordingly renewed at a moment when the minds of the people were absorbed by the distracting issues of a presidential election; and that proposition was at last carried by a meagre vote, and, as we must confess it, in a great degree by our own default. The Convention met, and lo! that sacred instrument, which was framed with so much care, for the good and the glory of the whole Commonwealth, by John Adams and Samuel Adams, and Hancock and Bowdoin, and Lincoln and Lowell, and Sullivan and Parsons, is forthwith cut up and cooked over with as little remorse as was shown by the daughters of Pelias when they cut up and cooked over the body of their aged parent, and very much under the same pretence, — under the pretence of restoring it to new health and vigor, but really to suit

the purpose of perpetuating the power of a party, and of securing fresh opportunities for carrying out an abhorrent system of trafficking in office.

This, gentlemen, is a brief history of Massachusetts polities, as we understand that history, during the last three years; and I call on every true son of Massachusetts to ponder upon it, earnestly and solemnly, before he goes to the polls in November next.

It is not for me, in these opening remarks, to detain you with any detailed account of that thing of shreds and patches by which the Constitution of Hancock and Adams is thus sought to be supplanted. There are others here better prepared than myself to tell you of the fatal blow which it has aimed at the independence of the judiciary, and of its monstrous violation of the great principle of equality in the arrangement of representation,—a violation monstrous enough to have roused our fathers to revolution, and which, if now freshly exhibited in the Constitution of a State like Massachusetts, will be pleaded as a justification of every ancient and of every modern abuse by which the rights of humanity are anywhere disregarded and trampled on.

And now, fellow-citizens, the immediate question before the people is this: Shall this new Constitution, unequal and unjust as many of its provisions notoriously are, be sanctioned and adopted in order to prolong and perpetuate the power of a party which has so degraded the character of our ancient Commonwealth, which has so lowered the standard of all virtuous and honorable polities, and which has done so much to demoralize and debauch the youthful political mind, by giving fresh currency to the detestable maxim that in polities every thing is fair? Shall the trading policy be deliberately incorporated into our organic law? Shall the trading party be solemnly sustained at the polls? Shall the very name, which, more than all other names in the Commonwealth, is identified with the original arrangement, and with the final and forced consummation of that abominable bargain, be honored with a place on the roll of our chief magistrates?

Do not let us forget, gentlemen, that these questions are to be decided finally and once for all. If ever this detestable policy is to

be rebuked and arrested, it must be done now,—arrested by the rejection of the machinery which has been deliberately contrived to perpetuate it, and rebuked by the rejection of the candidate who has been one of the main authors and managers of the whole iniquity.

For myself, I have no personal objects to gratify. There is but one Whig in the State whom I am not ready to nominate and support for any office which we may have to bestow. Private life has come not a moment too soon, and can last not a moment too long, for my own satisfaction. I am satiated with political strife, and prefer the office of an American citizen to any I have ever held or hoped. But I should be false to my own conscientious convictions of duty, and the blood which has come down to me would not merely mantle in my cheek, it would mutiny in my veins, had I not lifted my voice at your call, and borne my feeble testimony in such an hour as this. For the honor of our old Puritan Commonwealth; for the cause of political morality and public virtue; for the interest of oppressed humanity everywhere, which looks to us to find examples of equality and models of justice, and not to see the resuscitation of the rejected and rotten systems of the Old World,—I pray to Heaven that the people of Massachusetts may be seasonably roused to the rescue of their institutions, and to the vindication of their fair fame.

It only remains to me, fellow-citizens, to thank you once more for the distinguished honor you have done me, in placing me in the chair, and to welcome you, one and all, to this chosen scene of our deliberations. Welcome, one and all, Whigs of Massachusetts! Welcome from the city and the plain, from hillside and riverside and seaside, from both the capes, and from the islands of the ocean and the bay! Welcome, Whigs of Berkshire and Barnstable and Bristol, of Plymouth and Nantucket and Dukes, of Essex and Middlesex, of Hampden and Hampshire and Franklin, of Worcester and Norfolk and Suffolk!

We rejoice to see you all. We desire to hear you all. Let us meet as brothers. If the day be stormy without, let us make fair weather within. Let us lay aside all differences. Let us yield to no artful suggestions of conflicting or divided interests. Let us repel all unworthy temptations to seek separate and local ad-

vantages. Let us remember that we have one Commonwealth, one Constitution, and one destiny. Let us resolve that that Constitution shall be a Constitution of equal rights and equal representation ; and that Commonwealth, a Commonwealth of morality, purity, and justice. We may then feel assured that God will be with us, as he was with our fathers, and that, with his blessing, our destiny will be a destiny of peace, prosperity, and true progress.

ARCHIMEDES AND FRANKLIN.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 29, 1853.

A CHARMING story which has come down to us in reference to the great orator, philosopher, and patriot of ancient Rome,—and which he has not thought it unworthy to tell briefly of himself, in one of his Tuseulan Disputations,—may form a not inappropriate introduction to the lecture which I am here this evening to deliver.

While Cicero was *quaestor* in Sicily,—the first public office which he ever held, and the only one to which he was then eligible, being but just thirty years old, (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great offices of state the very same age which our American Constitution requires for one of the highest),—he paid a visit to Syracuse, then among the greatest cities of the world.

The magistrates of the city, of course, waited on him at once, to offer their services in showing him the lions of the place, and requested him to specify any thing which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which—notwithstanding that *Marecellus* had made it his glory to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City—Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapacity, of the infamous *Verres*.

Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the Ear of *Dionysius*, as it was called,—a huge

cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the range of his suspicion,— and which was so ingeniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysius, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could catch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authority, or to complain of his cruelty.

Or they may have imagined, perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa, and the seat of those Sicilian Muses whom Virgil so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions,— which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclogue,— the Messiah.

To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was, that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archimedes*. To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archimedes, and had no idea where it was to be found; and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them.

But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact description of the tomb. He remembered the very verses which had been inscribed on it. He remembered the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchres, and, after a careful investigation, he came at last to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved, the inscription was painfully deciphered, and the tomb of Archimedes stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman questor.

This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Saviour. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years, only, had thus elapsed since the death of this celebrated person, before his tombstone was buried up beneath briars and brambles, and before the place and even the existence of it were forgotten by the magistrates of the very city of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! It is an incident almost precisely like that which the admirable and venerable Dr. Watts imagined or imitated, as the topic of one of his most striking and familiar *Lyrics* :—

“ Theron, amongst his trav'ls, found
A broken statue on the ground ;
And, searching onward as he went,
He traced a ruined monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumblng stone,
Yet ere he passed, with much ado,
He guessed and spelled out, *Sci-pi-o*.
'Enough,' he cried ; 'I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull stoies o'er.

• • • • •
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitions thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.' ”

I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this “ turn” among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

And after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archimedes himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient graveyards of Syracuse, and with the

robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes ! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the gravestone of the great mathematician and mechanic of antiquity ! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contemplate, with a proud satisfaction and delight.

In opening a Course of Lectures on the application of Science to Art, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, I have thought that, instead of any vague generalities upon matters and things which they understand already better than I do, a brief notice of that great mathematical and mechanical genius, at whose grave Cicero thought it no scorn to do homage, and who may be taken, in some sort, as the very personification of the idea of *Science applied to Art*, would not be uninteresting or unwelcome.

You have adopted Archimedes, Mr. President, as your Patron Saint. You have emblazoned his form on your certificate of honorary membership, as I have had the most agreeable opportunity of knowing. Yet it would not be surprising if, to some of those before me at this moment, the details of his story were hardly more familiar than they seem to have been to the people of Syracuse, when Cicero visited them nineteen hundred and twenty-nine years ago,—and as they certainly were to myself, I may add, before I entered on the preparation of this Lecture.

Let me then inquire, for a moment, who this Archimedes was, and what was his title to be thus remembered and reverenced, not merely by the illustrious orator of the Augustan era, but by the American mechanics of the nineteenth century. And in doing this, I may perhaps find occasion to compare his character and his services with those of some one or more of the great inventors and mechanics of our own day and of our own land.

Archimedes was born in the year 287 before the Christian era, in the island of Sicily and city of Syracuse. Of his childhood and early education we know absolutely nothing, and nothing of his family, save that he is stated to have been one of the poor relations of King Hiero, who came to the throne when Archimedes was quite a young man, and of whose royal patronage he

more than repaid whatever measure he may have enjoyed. He is stated, also, to have travelled into Egypt in his youth, and to have been a pupil of Conon, a celebrated Samian astronomer, whose compliment to Berenice, the Queen of Ptolemy Euergetes, will not be in danger of being forgotten, as long as the sparkling constellation to which he gave the name of *Coma Berenices*, in honor of her golden locks, shall still be seen glittering in our evening sky. I know not what other lady has secured so lofty a renown, until, indeed, the accomplished Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, wrote her own name upon the golden locks of a comet, discovered by her in 1847.

Neither royal patronage, however, nor the most learned and accomplished tutors of Egypt or of Greece, could have made Archimedes what he was. His was undoubtedly one of those great original minds, which seem to owe little to anybody but their Creator; which come into existence ready trained and furnished for some mighty manifestation, and to which the accidents of life and of condition supply nothing but occasions and opportunities. Pallas springing full-armed from the brain of Jove, is the fabulous and familiar prototype of a class of persons, whose powers and whose productions can be attributed to nothing but a divine genius, and of whom Homer, and Socrates, and Shakespeare, and Sir Isaac Newton,—upon whose statue at Cambridge, in Old England, may be seen the proud inscription, that he surpassed the human race in intellectual power,—will everywhere suggest themselves as examples.

To this order of minds, Archimedes unquestionably belonged. He has been well called, by a French philosopher, “the Homer of Geometry.” It has been said of him by those entitled to pronounce such a judgment, that his theory of the lever was the foundation of statics till the discovery of the composition of forces in the time of Sir Isaac Newton; that no essential addition was made to the principles of the equilibrium of fluids and floating bodies, established by him in his treatise, “*De Insidentibus*,” till the publication of Stevins’s researches on the pressure of fluids in 1608;* and again, “that he is one of the few men

* Smith’s Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography. D’Alembert says, that of all the great men of antiquity Archimedes is perhaps the one best entitled to be placed by the side of Homer.—*Brit. Encyc.* vol. i. p. 4.

whose writings form a standard epoch in the history of the progress of knowledge," and that no further advance was made in the theory of mechanics after his death, until the days of Galileo, who lived eighteen hundred years later.

You will all agree with me, I doubt not, that the man over whose theories and calculations eighteen centuries may fairly be said to have rolled, without obliterating their record, or even impairing their value and their importance, may well be numbered among the fixed stars of Science.

It is a striking fact, that Galileo himself, who may well-nigh be included in the same order of intellects, and who was the first to make any advance or improvement in the condition of science after this long interval, prepared himself for pursuing his own great discoveries by perusing the writings of Archimedes. It was while studying the hydrostatical treatise of the old Syracusan philosopher, that he first conceived the idea of writing an essay on a kindred topic. It was that essay, in illustration of some of the discoveries of Archimedes, which gained for Galileo the favor of a patron (Guido Ubaldi, the brother-in-law of Cardinal del Monte) to whom he afterwards owed most of his worldly success.

Would that this high-priest of the stars, as he has well been denominated, could have caught a little more seasonably something of the noble courage of the brave old Syracusan! Would that, when summoned before the Inquisition "for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought,"—instead of making an ignominious and humiliating abjuration, he might have been seen boldly asserting to their teeth those eternal truths which had been revealed to him: and accepting, if so it must have been, that crown of martyrdom, which would have come to him "plaited with immortal laurels!"* I know of no scene in history more derogatory to the character of poor human nature, or more derogatory to the dignity of science, than that of Galileo on his knees before the Inquisitors, recanting that great doctrine of the motion of the earth around the sun which it was his glory to have established: and the sublime exclamation which he is related to have made in a whisper,

* Sir David Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*.

to a friend at his elbow, as he rose from his knees, "*It does move, notwithstanding,*" only adds a deeper shade to our sense of his humiliation.

We shall have abundant evidence, that he did not derive this unworthy spirit of submission from a study of the life of Archimedes. He might rather be supposed to have caught the idea, that such a stooping to arbitrary power was not inconsistent with the beauty and nobleness of his general character, from the example of that leaning tower of Pisa, upon whose summit Galileo is known to have stood in performing some of his experiments and in taking not a few of his observations, and whose unaccountable deflection from a plumb-line seems to have attracted more admiration in some quarters than even the beauty of its proportions or the purity of its material.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to attempt any detailed account, on such an occasion as this, of the writings of Archimedes. He left many works of a scientific character,—treatises on the quadrature of the parabola, on equilibrium and the centres of gravity, on spirals and spheroids and conoids, on the possibility of numbering even the sands on the seashore,—a treatise in which he is said to have anticipated the modern method of logarithms,—and particularly on the sphere and cylinder, his discovery of the precise ratios of which to each other he evidently regarded as the master-work of his life, when he selected these emblems for that forgotten tombstone which Cicero searched for and found.

All these writings, however, were in the cause of pure, abstract, unapplied science; and had his labors ended here, his name would have had little claim to the reverence of a Mechanic Association, and his character and career would have had still less interest for a general audience. It was by the application of science to art,—it was by the conversion of the results of his profound investigations and marvellous inventions to the direct advantage of his fellow-men, and to the immediate advancement of his country's welfare,—that he earned his chief title to be remembered with admiration and gratitude by the great mass of mankind.

It must be acknowledged, however, at the outset, that there is

too much reason for supposing, that most of what he did in this way was prompted by but little feeling of personal respect for any thing of practical art, and by but little original impulse of philanthropy. He lived at a day when it was not thought quite consistent with the dignity of a philosopher to busy himself with any of the common affairs or common interests of society. Plutarch tells us, that “the first that turned their thoughts to *Mechanics*, a branch of knowledge which came afterwards to be so much admired, were Eudoxus and Archytas, who thus gave a variety and an agreeable turn to Geometry, and confirmed certain problems by sensible experiments and the use of instruments, which could not be demonstrated in the way of theorem.” “But,” he adds, “when Plato inveighed against them with great indignation, as corrupting and debasing the excellence of Geometry, by making her descend from incorporeal and intellectual to corporeal and sensible things, and by thus obliging her to make use of matter, which requires much manual labor and is the object of servile trades, then *Mechanics* were separated from Geometry, and, being a long time despised by the philosophers, were considered only as a branch of the military art.”

In another place, in speaking of some of the great machines which Archimedes invented, he says,—“ Yet Archimedes had such a depth of understanding, such a dignity of sentiment, and so copious a fund of mathematical knowledge, that though in the invention of these machines he gained the reputation of a man endowed with divine rather than human knowledge, yet he did not vouchsafe to leave behind him any account of them in writing. For he considered all attention to *Mechanics*, and every art that ministers to common uses, as mean and sordid, and placed his whole delight in those intellectual speculations, which, without any relation to the necessities of life, have an intrinsic excellency arising from truth and demonstration only.”

The old Greek biographer, indeed, seems disposed even to apologize for the great Geometrician, by representing him, in his mechanical inventions, as yielding reluctantly to the importunity of his royal relative. “ He did not think the inventing of them (says he) an object worthy of his serious studies, but only reckoned them among the amusements of Geometry. Nor had he

gone so far, but at the pressing instance of King Hiero, who entreated him to turn his art from abstracted notions to matters of sense, and to make his reasonings more intelligible to the generality of mankind by applying them to the uses of common life."

Thus, according to Plutarch's account, it is King Hiero who deserves the credit of having originally prompted that "application of Science to Art," which is to be the subject of your Lectures, and which is the great secret and source of the wonderful inventions and improvements of modern times. And a brave and noble fellow this Hiero certainly was,—Hiero the Second, King of Syraeuse,—who, during a reign of more than half a century, devoted himself to promoting the arts of peace, adorning the city over which he reigned with numberless works of public utility as well as of great magnificence, while he ruled his people with an almost republican simplicity, and with much of the substance, and not a few of the forms, of a free constitutional government.

A modern commentator on the character of Archimedes* seems to think that Plutarch "confounded the application of geometry to mechanics with the solution of geometrical problems by mechanical means," and that he is mistaken in representing Archimedes as despising all mechanical contrivances and practical inventions. I would gladly believe that this is a true theory, but I confess to a good deal of distrust for these corrections of history eighteen hundred years after it was written, and in regard to points, too, upon which no new facts or new testimony have been, or can be, procured.

But whatever may have been the circumstances under which Archimedes originally turned his mind and his hand to mechanical inventions, and in whatever estimation he may himself have held the practical arts and sciences, the noble use to which he afterwards applied them, no less than the wonderful effects which he afterwards produced with them, will be enough to secure him an everlasting remembrance among men.

There is no more characteristic anecdote of this great philosopher, than that relating to his detection of a fraud in the com-

* Professor Donkin of Oxford.

position of the royal crown. Nothing, certainly, could more vividly illustrate the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, and the complete concentration and abstraction of mind with which he pursued whatever problem was proposed to him.

King Hiero, or his son Gelon, it seems, had given out a certain amount of gold to be made into a crown, and the workman to whom it had been entrusted, had at last brought back a crown of corresponding weight. But a suspicion arose that it had been alloyed with silver, and Archimedes was applied to by the King, either to disprove or to verify the allegation. The great problem, of course, was to ascertain the precise bulk of the crown in its existing form; for gold being so much heavier than silver, it is obvious that if the weight had been in any degree made up by the substitution of silver, the bulk would be proportionately increased. Now it happened that Archimedes went to take a bath, while this problem was exercising his mind, and, on approaching the bath-tub, he found it full to the very brim. It instantly occurred to him, that a quantity of water of the same bulk with his own body must be displaced before his body could be immersed. Accordingly, he plunged in; and while the process of displacement was going on, and the water was running out, the idea suggested itself to him, that by putting a lump of gold of the exact weight of the crown into a vessel full of water, and then measuring the water which was displaced by it, and by afterwards putting the crown itself into the same vessel after it had again been filled, and then measuring the water which this, too, should have displaced, the difference in their respective bulk, however minute, would be at once detected, and the fraud exposed. "As soon as he had hit upon this method of detection (we are told), he did not wait a moment, but jumped joyfully out of the bath, and running naked towards his own house, called out with a loud voice that he had found what he had sought. For, as he ran, he called out in Greek, 'Eureka, Eureka!'"

No wonder that this veteran Geometer, rushing through the thronged and splendid streets of Syracuse, naked as a pair of his own compasses, and making the welkin ring with his triumphant shouts,—no wonder that he should have rendered the phrase, if not the guise, in which he announced his success,

familiar to all the world, and that “Eureka, Eureka,” should thus have become the proverbial ejaculation of successful invention and discovery in all ages and in all languages from that day to this!

The solution of this problem is supposed to have led the old philosopher not merely into this eestatical exhibition of himself, but into that entire line of hydrostatical investigation and experiment, which afterwards secured him such lasting renown. And thus the accidents of a defective crown and an overflowing bathtub gave occasion to some of the most remarkable demonstrations of ancient science.

At the instigation and under the auspices of this same King Hiero, Archimedes achieved another of his memorable triumphs, in the building of a ship of wonderful dimensions, far exceeding any thing which had ever before been constructed; and which, if the accounts of its magnitude and its magnificence,*—of its banqueting rooms and galleries and stables,—its baths, its fish-ponds, its temple of Venus, and its floors inlaid with scenes from Homer’s Iliad,—be not greatly exaggerated, must have been a perfect floating city of itself, and must have been more than a match, in splendor and in size, if not in speed, even for the “Great Republic”† of our worthy friend and fellow-citizen, Donald McKay.

One might imagine that it was from the accounts which have come down to us of this marvellous vessel, that Shakspeare—who, though he is said to have “had small Latin and less Greek,” yet always contrived to pick up whatever either Greek or Latin authors contained which could serve his turn and adorn his story or his style—must have derived the idea of that gorgeous bark in which he represents Cleopatra—the serpent of old Nile—sailing down the Cydnus to make captive of the valiant but voluptuous Antony:—

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.”

* *Athenaeus Deipnos.* Book V.

† This splendid ship was burned to the water’s edge, at New York, soon after this Lecture was delivered.

It seems to have been discovered too late, however, that Sicily had no harbor large enough for the permanent accommodation of this stupendous structure, — although Syracuse itself was famous for its spacious port, in which, even as late as the year 1798, ages after it had been supposed to be irrecoverably choked up with sand, the heroic Nelson, on his way to the glories of the Nile, found a safe and ample anchorage for a whole fleet of British frigates and ships of war, watering his ships, in the mean time, at the fountain of Arethusa, and writing to a friend that *that alone* was an ample recipe for victory. At any rate, on this account or some other, this huge vessel was sent off as a present to Ptolemy, King of Egypt, laden with corn enough to supply almost the whole demand of an immediate national scarcity. Now, one of the Ptolemies is said to have had a ship (280 cubits) 420 feet long, and (48 cubits) 72 feet deep, which is nearly 100 feet longer and 33 feet deeper than the "Great Republic," and which required four thousand four hundred rowers and other mariners, and was capable of accommodating three thousand soldiers besides, — a ship which the great historian Gibbon, in one of his notes, quotes Dr. Arbuthnot as having estimated at four and a half times the tonnage of an English hundred-gun ship! If the ship which Archimedes built was larger and more spacious still, as, under the circumstances, must be presumed, he may fairly be set down as having outdone even the foremost and most adventurous of our East Boston shipbuilders, in the construction of these monsters of the deep; notwithstanding the recent suggestion that Donald McKay can be nothing less than a lineal descendant of the great Ark-builder, father Noah himself.

It must be remembered, however, that there was no ocean navigation in those days to try the strength of her hull, or test the stiffness of her ribs, and that rowing her across the Mediterranean was a very different thing from giving her to the breeze upon the broad Atlantic. Even for the short voyages of that day, the charming Roman Lyric tells us that there was no great confidence to be placed in these painted and ornamented ships: and I imagine there is very little doubt which of the two vessels any of us would prefer for a voyage to Canton or San Francisco, or even for a trip to Dover. It must not be forgotten, either, that the

Sicilian ship did not obey the magic voice of its master builder, as the “Great Republic” did in the sight of us all in her late majestic and sublime descent into her destined element, with all her bravery on and streamers waving;—but required, we are told, the aid of a powerful and ponderous screw, which Archimedes was obliged to invent, and did invent, for the express purpose of launching her.

But this was not the only screw which Archimedes invented. You are all acquainted with another which bears his name to this day, which, I believe, is often called the water-snail,—and which is sometimes said to have been originally contrived for pumping water out of the hold of this same gigantic ship, and by others as having been invented by him, while in Egypt, for raising the waters of the Nile to irrigate the lands which were above the reach of the river.

It would occupy too much of my time to enter into any detailed account or enumeration of all the inventions which are ascribed to this wonderful man. Nothing seems to have been above or below the reach of his inventive faculties, from a Chinese puzzle to exercise the ingenuity of children, to an orrery illustrating the movements of the heavenly orbs. Nothing seems to have been too difficult for his accomplishment, from an hydraulic organ,—producing music, I dare say, almost as delightful in that day, as can be drawn by any of the fair fingers before me from one of your President’s* grand pianofortes in this,—to that amazing combination of ropes and wheels and pulleys, by means of which, with a slight motion of his hand at the end of a machine which he had contrived for the purpose, he is said to have drawn towards himself, from a considerable distance and upon the dry land, one of the largest of the king’s galleys, fully manned and fully laden, in as smooth and gentle a manner as if she had been under sail upon the sea!

It was this last achievement which induced the astonished Hiero to intercede with the philosopher to prepare for him a

* A few days only after the delivery of this Lecture, the excellent President of the Association, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., was struck down by apoplexy and died. The remembrance of his virtues and his charities will be long and gratefully cherished by our whole community.

number of engines and machines which might be used either for attack or defence in case of a siege. Hiero, it seems, thus early adopted the prudent maxim of our own Washington, “In peace, prepare for war.” Like Washington, however, he maintained always a pacific and paternal policy, and he finished a reign of almost unequalled duration, without having been obliged to resort to the marvellous enginery with which Archimedes was prevailed upon to provide him.

But the time at length came round when Syracuse was to need that enginery; and fortunately the old engineer was himself alive and at hand, to superintend and direct its application.

Old Hiero died at ninety years of age, after a reign of fifty-four years. He had made peace with the Romans and become their ally, soon after his accession, and he resolutely adhered to them until his death. His son Gelon had died before him, and he was, therefore, succeeded on the throne by his grandson, Hieronymus, a boy of fifteen years of age, who was flattered and seduced by the emissaries of Hannibal into an alliance with the Carthaginians. He was soon after basely assassinated by a band of conspirators in the Roman interest, and with him the whole race of Hiero was exterminated. A re-action in favor of the Carthaginian alliance having been the natural consequence of this atrocious massacre, Syracuse at once became a prey to foreign influences and entanglements, and suffered all the evils of a city divided against itself. A Roman fleet was accordingly despatched to turn the scale between the contending factions, and Marcellus was sent over to Sicily to assume the supreme command. But the recent cruelty and barbarity of Marcellus in scourging and beheading, in cold blood, two thousand of the Roman deserters at the siege of Leontini, had roused up all the friends of Rome in Syracuse against him, and they absolutely refused to acknowledge his authority, or even to admit him into the city.

Thence arose that last and most famous siege of Syracuse,—a siege carried on both by land and sea,—Marcellus commanding the fleet, and Appius Claudius the army. The Roman army was large and powerful, invincible and irresistible, as it was supposed, by any force which Syracuse could furnish, whether Carthaginian

or Sicilian. It was flushed, too, by recent victory, being fresh from storming the walls of Leontini, which it had accomplished as easily — (to borrow Dr. Arnold's Homeric comparison) — “as easily as a child tramples out the towers and castles which he has scratched upon the sand of the seashore.”

“But at Syracuse,” continues this admirable historian and excellent man, whose description could not be mended, “it was checked by an artillery such as the Romans had never encountered before, and which, had Hannibal possessed it, would long since have enabled him to bring the war to a triumphant issue. An old man of seventy-four, a relation and friend of King Hiero, long known as one of the ablest astronomers and mathematicians of his age, now proved that his science was no less practical than deep; and amid all the crimes and violence of contending factions, he alone won the pure glory of defending his country successfully against a foreign enemy. This old man was Archimedes.

“Many years before, he had contrived the engines which were now used so effectively. Marcellus brought up his ships against the sea-wall of Achradina, and endeavored by a constant discharge of stones and arrows to clear the walls of their defenders, so that his men might apply their ladders, and mount to the assault. These ladders rested on two ships lashed together, broadside to broadside, and worked as one by their outside oars; and when the two ships were brought close up under the wall, one end of the ladder was raised by ropes passing through blocks affixed to the two mast-heads of the two vessels, and was then let go, till it rested on the top of the wall. But Archimedes had supplied the ramparts with an artillery so powerful that it overwhelmed the Romans before they could get within the range which their missiles could reach; and when they came closer, they found all the lower part of the wall was loop-holed; and their men were struck down with fatal aim by an enemy they could not see, and who shot his arrows in perfect security. If they still persevered and attempted to fix their ladders, on a sudden they saw long poles thrust out from the top of the wall like the arms of a giant; and enormous stones, or huge masses of lead, were dropped upon them, by which their ladders were crushed to pieces, and their ships were almost sunk. At other times, machines like cranes,

or such as are used at the turnpikes in Germany, and in the market gardens round London, to draw water, were thrust out over the wall ; and the end of the lever, with an iron grapple affixed to it, was lowered upon the Roman ships. As soon as the grapple had taken hold, the other end of the lever was lowered by heavy weights, and the ship raised out of water, till it was made almost to stand upon its stern ; then the grapple was suddenly let go, and the ship dropped into the sea with a violence which either upset it or filled it with water. With equal power was the assault on the landside repelled ; and the Roman soldiers, bold as they were, were so daunted by these strange and irresistible devices, that if they saw so much as a rope or a stick hanging or projecting from the wall, they would turn about and run away, crying, ‘ that Archimedes was going to set one of his engines at work against them.’ Their attempts, indeed, were a mere amusement to the enemy, till Marellus in despair put a stop to his attacks ; and it was resolved merely to blockade the town, and to wait for the effect of *famine* upon the crowded population within.” *

Plutarch represents Marellus, in this strait, as laughing outright at his own artillermen and engineers, and as exclaiming, “ Why do we not leave off contending with this mathematical Briareus, who, sitting on the shore, and acting as it were but in jest, has shamefully baffled our naval assault ; and in striking us with such a multitude of bolts at once, exceeds even the hundred-handed giants in the fable ? ” And, in truth (adds the old Greek biographer), all the rest of the Syracusans were no more than the body in the batteries of Archimedes, while he himself was the informing soul. All other weapons lay idle and unemployed ; his were the only offensive and defensive arms of the city.

That, Mr. President, was the application of science to art with a witness to it, and in the noblest of all causes, the defence of one’s country. That was an illustration of the *one-man power* which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, since the world began. I know of few things, certainly, more sublime, in the history of human actions, than the spectacle of this old

* Arnold’s History of Rome, vol. iii. chap. 45.

patriot mathematician and mechanic holding Marcellus and the Roman power at bay by his single arm, and saving his native city so long by his unaided and overwhelming genius. It reminds one of nothing so much as of Milton's magnificent description of the heroic, renowned, irresistible Samson, as he calls him in the *Agonistes*, who

“Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,
Chalibean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof.
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or, grovelling, soiled their crested helmets in the dust.”

Samson's, however, you all remember, was mere physical strength, mere brute force, which, though it could defy a thousand swords and spears, yielded ingloriously at last to a single pair of scissors; while that of Archimedes was the surpassing and almost superhuman power of intellect, overcoming all physical forces, and rendering them subservient and tributary to its own mighty will.

And now, who can remember this incomparable service which Archimedes rendered to his native city in the hour of its utmost peril, and then reflect upon the oblivion into which his tomb and almost his name seem so soon to have fallen,—even among the magistrates of Syracuse in Cicero's time,—without recalling that touching lesson upon human vanity and human ingratitude which has been left us by the Royal Preacher on the pages of *Holy Writ*? One would almost imagine that Solomon was a prophet, as well as a preacher and a poet, and was permitted to look forward, through the mist of eight centuries, to the very scene we have been witnessing:—

“There was a little city (says he), and few men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it:

“ Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city ; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

“ Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength ; wisdom is better than weapons of war ; nevertheless the poor man’s wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.”

There is some confusion of dates in this part of Sicilian and Roman history ; but it is calculated that a full year, at the very least, and perhaps two or even three years, elapsed, before Marcellus succeeded in overcoming the countless expedients of Archimedes, and in getting Syracuse into his possession. Among other marvellous means which the old philosopher is said to have employed, to avert this catastrophe, was a combination of mirrors in the nature of burning glasses, by which ships were set on fire at the distance of a bowshot from the walls. Some doubt has been thrown upon this story, and it has given occasion to a great deal of philosophical experiment and controversy. The celebrated naturalist, Buffon, however, has abundantly proved that there was nothing impossible about it, having himself succeeded in “ igniting wood at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet by means of a combination of one hundred and forty-eight plane mirrors,” and having, according to another account, by a combination of four hundred small mirrors, melted lead at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet, and set fire to a haystack at a much greater distance. And, after all, the account is not a whit more incredible, at first view, than the recent experiment of Professor Faraday, who succeeded in igniting gunpowder by rays of the sun transmitted through a lens of Wenham ice. Our friend, Sir Charles Lyell, is particular in telling us that it was *Wenham* ice which ignited the British gunpowder, and that British ice had too much salt, and too many bubbles in it, for a successful experiment.*

Syracuse was at last taken, and, amid the general carnage by which the sack was attended, Archimedes was slain. The accounts of his death are not entirely uniform, but the most commonly received version is, that being engaged in some mathematical investigations, either in his own study or in the market-

* Lyell’s Second Visit to the United States, chap. xl.

place, he was so absorbed by his calculations that not even the tumultuous shouts of the Romans, rushing in triumph through the walls, awakened him to a realizing sense that the city was at length captured. Under these circumstances, a Roman soldier suddenly approached him, and ordered him to follow him to Marcellus. "Disturb not my circle," exclaimed the old philosopher: "Hold off for a moment, till I have finished my problem." But the soldier, in a fury, having no respect either for him or his theorem, drew his sword, and laid him dead at his feet. Marcellus, it is said, had given orders that his life should be spared, — perhaps, that he might be seen marching behind his chariot wheels, among the captives, in the triumphal procession at Rome; — or, perhaps, it may have been, out of real regard for his scientific genius and celebrity. He is said, even, to have bestowed some favors upon the philosopher's relatives out of respect to his memory. But Dr. Arnold well observes, that "the Roman soldier's sword dealt kindly with Archimedes, in cutting short his scanty term of remaining life, and saving him from beholding the misery of his country."

Little now remains of the ancient city of Syracuse, once so celebrated for her wealth and luxury and learning and art, — which was able, at different periods of her history, to contend against the whole power of Athens, of Carthage, and of Rome, and which, in its victory over the Athenian fleet, two hundred years before, had "settled the fate of the whole western world." Not even a table to write upon, or a chair to sit upon, could be conveniently found there by a most agreeable tourist in 1770.* Of its vast ruins, once covering a space of thirty miles in circumference, but a few imperfect fragments can now be traced. Its celebrated fountain of Arethusa, associated, in the mind of the scholar, with so much of the rich romance of ancient poetry, has become turbid and muddy, and is only resorted to as a place for washing the clothes of the poor. But the name of that wonderful mathematician and mechanician will make the place of his birth, and the scene of his experiments and his exploits, memorable throughout all ages and all lands, — even when the tyranny of Dionysius and the patriotism of Timoleon shall have been alike forgotten. The ever-burning Etna itself, in whose awful pres-

* Brydone.

ence he lived, and whose mighty energies he seems to have emulated in that memorable siege, may sooner cease to roll up its volumes of smoke and flame to the skies, than the name of Archimedes — now that it has been transplanted to another hemisphere, and taken in special charge by the mechanics of a new world — shall cease to be remembered and cherished.

What might not such a man have accomplished, had he enjoyed this new hemisphere, with all its boundless opportunities and advantages, as his scene of action! You all remember his striking exclamation, — “ Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the world! ” That was the expression of a man, who felt that his sphere was too limited for his powers, and who panted for a wider field upon which to display his genius. If he ever spoke with contempt of the practical arts, it could only have been because he saw how little room for them there was in the narrow circuit to which his life and labors were confined. It required a world-wide theatre for the great mechanical inventions which characterize our age. It needed ocean navigation — it needed the navigation of vast inland seas and of rivers thousands of miles long — to afford the stage and the stimulus for the experiments and the enterprise which led to the invention of steamboats. It needed the magnificent distances of modern intercommunication, and especially of our own American Union, to give full scope for the Railroad and the Telegraph. Above all, it needed a state of society and of government in which industry should no longer be the badge of servitude, — in which it should no longer be thought inconsistent with the dignity of a philosopher to busy himself with the common affairs and common interests of life, and in which the laboring millions should be lifted up — let me rather say, should *lift themselves up*, as they have done — to the assertion and enjoyment of the common and equal rights of humanity, — it needed all this to give occasion and inducement to those wonderful improvements and inventions of every sort, of which the chief benefit and blessing has been manifested in improving the condition, and multiplying so incalculably the comforts, of the great masses of mankind. Necessity is the mother of invention, and there was little or no necessity of that sort in Syracuse. But every thing for which a demand

existed, Archimedes seemed able to supply, and actually did supply.

It was not reserved for him to find a place for doing more. It was not his destiny to discover the fulcrum, by poising his mighty lever upon which, the world, as he knew it, could be moved. But sixteen hundred years afterwards, at the head of the very gulf on which Sicily stands, and within but a few days' sail of Syracuse, the man was born, to whom that lofty destiny was vouchsafed. Columbus, a native of Genoa, discovered the New World, and the Old World has been moving ever since. And it is not too much to say, that this motion has been in great measure produced by those very mechanical discoveries and inventions of which Archimedes was the original designer, and by that application of science to art of which he furnished the first signal and successful example.

I may not prolong this discourse by dwelling upon that long series of discoverers and inventors and men of science and mechanics, in the Old World or in the New, by whom the practical and useful arts have been advanced to their present state of perfection. Our own land has had its full share of them. Their names are known to you by heart. Some of them have lived, some of them are yet living, among us.

But there is time enough still left to me, I am sure, to allude briefly to at least one of them, long since dead,—who, if wide distinctions and differences in his condition and pursuits forbid me from calling him the American Archimedes, may well be compared with that wonderful man in the services which he rendered to art, to science, and to his country,—and whose memory, at this moment, has at least one thing in common with that of the great Syracusan, which, I trust, for the honor of his native country, and his native city, will not be of much longer continuance.

If any of you, my friends, as you happen to be passing down Hanover Street, in this good city of Boston, on some pleasant morning, will pause for a moment on the side-walk of the First Baptist Church, and cast your eyes over to the right-hand side of the street, you will perceive, suspended from a sort of crane, smaller, but perhaps not altogether unlike those which Archi-

medes thrust out from the walls of Syracuse to swamp the Roman ships, and projecting from the building which forms the upper corner of Hanover and Union Streets,—a building in which may be found India Rubbers on the lower story and Daguerrotypes up stairs (two articles which were utterly unknown to commerce or to art in the days to which I am about to allude),—you will perceive, I say, a wooden ball, about as large as a good-sized cocoa-nut or a small-sized watermelon; and upon this ball, from which a part of the gilding has been already cracked and from which the rest seems rapidly peeling, you may discern without difficulty the date of 1698, legibly inscribed on both sides of it. How this precise date came there, it is not easy to tell; at least, I have never met with the explanation.* But there is another inscription on the ball, and there are other well-authenticated circumstances associated with it, which render it one of the most precious memorials—which ought, certainly, to render it one of the most cherished reliques—of our city in the olden time.

There, in the year 1716, might have been seen a precocious and rather roguish boy, of about ten years of age, unwillingly but diligently employed in cutting wicks and filling moulds for the commoner sort of candles,—a humble occupation enough, but one not a little significant of the *light* which he was himself about to shed upon his country and upon mankind in after years. Born in Boston, on the 6th day of January, old style, or the 17th of January as we now call it, in the year 1706, in an old-fashioned gable-end house near the head of Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church, in which he was christened the very same morning,—born in that well-remembered mansion, which, were it still standing, would be visited one of these days, if not now, with hardly less interest than that with which pilgrims from every land are found flocking to the humble birth-place of the great British bard at Stratford-upon-Avon,—the son of poor, but honest, industrious, and pious parents, and having only been permitted to enjoy two years of schooling, one of them at the common grammar school of the town, and the other at a private school for writing and arithmetic, the little fellow had been taken

* Perhaps, as Mr. Sparks suggests, the date only indicates the period when the Ball was made and adopted as a sign.

away thus early from his books and his play, to help along his father in his business, — which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. And that father's name may still be deciphered beneath the torn and tarnished gilding on the ball to which I have alluded. Tradition tells us that it was originally a blue ball, and that it was at one time the sign of a public house.

At the sign of the blue ball the boy remained, assisting his father for two years, and there was every appearance that he was destined for a tallow-chandler himself. But there was that in his nature, which could not be content with the daily drudgery of this somewhat unsavory calling. There was that within him, which seemed to whisper in his youthful ear, as Archimedes declared aloud in his maturer manhood, that, if he could only find a place to stand upon, *he*, too, could move the world. And this dissatisfaction with his condition at length manifested itself so distinctly and in so many ways, that his father had good cause to apprehend, that, if a more agreeable and congenial occupation were not soon provided for him, he would break loose from parental control and go off to sea, as one of his brothers had done before him.

And so he was next destined by his well-meaning parents for a cutler's trade, and his wits were to be employed in making edge-tools for others, in order to prevent him from doing what young America, I believe, sometimes calls "*cutting stick*" himself. But fortunately, perhaps, for all concerned, the fee demanded for an apprenticeship in that craft was too considerable for his father's purse, and the cutler's trade was never entered upon.

An occupation, which in its incidental opportunities and advantages, at least, was better suited to his peculiar taste and talents, at last offered itself; and he may now be seen regularly indented and bound over as a printer's apprentice till he should be twenty-one years of age, with what was doubtless deemed a most important and liberal stipulation in the covenant, — that for the last year of the term, he should be allowed journeyman's wages. No doubt he was the envy of all the young apprentices in his neighborhood, and considered as made for life, with such a rich remuneration in prospect. Under that indenture he remained steady and diligent for five years out of the nine which it cov-

ered,—working hard at the press during the day, and making the most of the leisure hours of the evening, and of the later hours of the night, too, in improving his handwriting, in practising composition, and in reading the books which accident brought within his reach;—and, fortunately for him and for us all, these were among the very best books which the world afforded.—Plutarch, Bunyan, Defoe, and Addison.

But the yearning for a wider sphere could only be temporarily repressed by a condition like this, and indeed it was daily acquiring fresh impulse and increased energy from the very circumstances by which he was surrounded. The very last thing in the world for taming down a quick, earnest, inquiring and ambitious mind, conscious of its own power and its own superiority,—conscious, too, that its godlike capabilities were never meant to rust away unused,—the very last way in the world for reducing such a mind as this into subjection to the discipline and drudgery of an indentured apprenticeship, is to bring it into acquaintance and contact with that mighty mechanical engine, by which, more than by any other which has ever yet been known, either to ancient or to modern art, the old idea of Archimedes has been fulfilled and the world moved. If such a mind is to be kept under, let it busy itself with any other mystery beneath the sun, rather than with the mystery of the composing stick, more especially when it is employed in the service of a newspaper. There is an atmosphere in a printer's office, which, somehow or other, puts notions into boys' heads, and into men's heads, too,—an atmosphere which is very apt to make quick blood run quicker, and impulsive hearts beat higher, and active brains work harder, until those who were only indentured to set up types for other people's thoughts, are suddenly found insisting on having other people to set up types for their own thoughts. So it has been, certainly, with more than one of your own most distinguished members, Mr. President,—your Russell, your Armstrong, and your Buckingham, the latter of whom has recently added a new claim to your regard, and to the regard of the community, by the preparation of an elaborate and excellent history of your Association.*

* *Annals of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association*, by Joseph T. Buckingham, 1853.

And so, certainly, it was with our young Boston printer's boy of 1718, whom not even journeyman's wages for the ninth year could tempt to serve out his time in mere type-setting, and who even before the fifth year was fairly ended, availed himself of a tempting opportunity once more to assert his freedom, fled from his employer and family and native town, and who might have been seen, some time in the year 1723, leaping ashore from on board of a little sloop at New York, a lad of only seventeen years old, without the least knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in his pocket. A few days afterwards he is found buying threepence worth of rolls out of a baker's shop in Philadelphia, and paying for them out of his last dollar, eating one of them himself from very hunger as he walked along Chestnut Street, and washing it down with a draught of river water, giving the others to a poor woman and child whom he had met along the road, and at last finding his way into a Quaker meeting-house, and there falling asleep from utter fatigue and exhaustion:—a runaway apprentice, who might have been seized under the fugitive act, if such an act had existed in those days!

Thus ended the career of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in his native city of Boston; and almost at that very moment, almost at that early age, and under those unpropitious and seemingly desperate circumstances, he commenced a career of well-nigh unequalled usefulness to his fellow-men, and of well-nigh unequalled service and glory to his country. I am not about to attempt any detailed sketch of that brilliant career in the little remnant of an hour's discourse. It is so identified with the history of his country and of the whole civilized world in the age in which he lived, that volumes have been, and might again be, filled, without exhausting either its interest or its variety. Mr. Sparks has performed a service to the community, in his edition of Franklin's writings, with a biography prefixed, second only to that which he has rendered in the preparation of his noble edition of the life and writings of Washington. And I am glad to perceive that one of our younger literary men, lately connected with the evening press of the city (Mr. Epes Sargent), has brought the life and writings of Franklin within the reach of every one, in a single volume, just published, containing almost every thing that could be desired by an ordinary reader.

I have only alluded to that career, this evening, as presenting some striking circumstances, both of comparison and of contrast, with that of the great Syracusan philosopher and mechanic of antiquity, whose history I have just given you, and from a feeling which impressed itself upon my mind, on the first glance at the design of the diploma to which I have alluded, that the figure of Franklin resting on that old original printing-press of his, which is still to be seen in the patent office at Washington, might well have formed a counterpart to the figure of Archimedes resting on his screw. Their names are connected with periods of history two thousand years apart, but they are still, and they will ever be, the names, which mechanics everywhere, and certainly in our own country, will remember and cherish, with an interest and a respect which no other names in that long, long interval, can ever be permitted to share.

If Archimedes signalized his early ingenuity in discovering the defectiveness of King Hiero's crown, Franklin was second to no one in detecting and making manifest the defectiveness and worthlessness of all crowns, for any purposes of American free government.

If Archimedes by his burning mirrors drew down fire from the sun upon the foes of his country, Franklin caught the forked lightning upon his magic points, averted it from the homes of his fellow-men, and conducted it where it might be safely disarmed of its deadly properties.

And, certainly, if Archimedes exhibited a sublime spectacle, in setting at defiance and holding at bay the whole power of imperial Rome on sea and on land, by his marvellous and tremendous enginery, literally laughing a siege to scorn,—Franklin, sending up his kite and holding his key in a thunder storm, in order to draw deliberately down upon himself the flaming bolts of heaven, that he might analyze their character and verify his theory for the good of mankind, presents a picture of even greater and nobler sublimity.

Franklin did not, indeed, devote himself to profound mathematical and geometrical problems and theorems. He lived in a larger and busier world than Archimedes ever conceived of, and at a period when the distractions of an unsettled and uncivilized

state of society permitted but little devotion or attention to philosophy or science of any sort. But he was not a whit behind the great Sicilian in the ingenuity and industry which he displayed, in devising and preparing the instruments and engines by which his countrymen were enabled to improve their condition in time of peace, and to defend their soil and their independence in time of war. And I know not any one in our own history, or in any other history, who, from the variety and multiplicity of the improvements, inventions, and practical suggestions, both for the purposes of peace and of war, of which he was the author, could so well be likened to that hundred-handed Briareus, to whom Marcellus compared the old philosopher of Sicily, as Benjamin Franklin.

Nothing seemed too lofty, nothing too low, for his regard. But the great aim of his mind, unlike that of Archimedes, was undoubtedly that which Lord Mahon in one of his late volumes ascribes to it;—“whether in science and study, or in polities and action, the great aim of his mind was ever *practical utility*,”—and nothing could be juster or finer than the remark of Sir Humphrey Davy, that Franklin sought rather to make philosophy a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces.

It is amazing, as we skim over the surface of his career ever so lightly, to contemplate the number and variety of his services to his fellow-men in all stations and conditions of life, and to reflect how many of our most valued institutions and establishments, for the welfare alike of the individual and of the state, were of his original suggestion and introduction.

See him, as early as 1731, setting on foot at Philadelphia, the first subscription library on this Continent, at a time when one of the great obstacles to improvement was the difficulty of access to books.

See him the year after, commencing the publication of that earliest serial, “Poor Richard’s Almanac,” which was to supply the place of so many other books for the spare minutes of the laboring poor, and filling it with maxims and proverbs which made it a fountain of wisdom for every fireside where it found a place, as, indeed, it has remained to this day.

See him, in the city of his adoption, undertaking the improvement of the city watch, projecting the establishment of the first engine company for the extinguishment of fires, and soon after submitting a plan for paving and cleaning and lighting the streets.

Follow him a little further, and see him proposing and establishing the first philosophical society on our continent, and afterwards laying the foundations of an institution for education, which ultimately grew up into the University of Pennsylvania.

See him inventing, at one moment, a fireplace; at the next, a lightning-rod; and, at the next, a musical instrument, making melody which his wife, at least, mistook for the music of angels.

Behold him, in the mean time, presiding with consummate ability and despatch over the Post Office department of the whole Ameriean Colonies,—an office which, considering the inadequacy of the means of communication within his command, must have required a hundred-fold more of the hundred-handed faculty, than even now, when its duties and distances have been so incalculably multiplied.

See him, in time of war, too, or in anticipation of war, exhibiting the same marvellous facility and many-sided genius in providing for every exigency and emergency which the perils of his country might involve. The first of those volunteer militia companies, which are still among the best securities for law and order in our crowded cities, the very first of them, I believe, ever instituted on this continent, were instituted under the auspices of Franklin, and he himself was the first colonel of the first volunteer regiment. The horses and wagons for the advance of General Braddock's army could never have been seasonably obtained, if ever obtained at all, but through his ingenious and indomitable energy, and through the pledge of his own personal credit;—and it is a most striking fact, that he warned that ill-starred commander (but warned him, alas! in vain) of the precise danger which awaited him; that fatal ambuscade of the Indians, by which he and his forces were so disastrously cut off on the banks of the Monongahela, and from which our own Washington escaped only as by the miraculous interposition of an Almighty arm,—escaped so narrowly, and under circumstances so hopeless, to all human

sight, that no one to this day can read the story of that imminent peril and that hair-breadth 'scape, without a holding of the breath, and an involuntary shudder, at the idea of what might have been the consequences to our country, if Washington had thus early been lost to her.

Follow Franklin across the ocean. Witness that impressive and extraordinary examination which he underwent at the bar of the British House of Commons in 1766, when he fairly exhausted the subject of the commerce, the arts, the agriculture, the whole circumstances and condition of the infant Colonies, and of the views and feelings and resolute intentions of the colonists,—literally astonishing the world with the information and wisdom of his answers, and furnishing, in the almost off-hand replies to off-hand questions, a history which must be consulted to this hour for the best understanding of the times.

Go with him to the bar of the Privy Council, a few years later, and mark his imperturbable patience and equanimity under the reproaches and revilings of the insolent Wedderburn, calling him a thief to his face. Go with him, a twelvemonth afterwards, to the bar of the House of Lords, and mark the same unmoved composure, when the peerless Chatham declares, in his own presence, that all Europe holds him in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranks him with the Boyles and Newtons of old England.

Behold him at Court, the shrewd, sagacious, and successful diplomatist, who, bringing his world-wide reputation as a philosopher, and his eminent character as a man, to the aid of his unequalled common sense and practical tact, did more than even Gates's army by their gallant and glorious victory at Saratoga, in bringing about that French Alliance, and securing that French assistance, which finally turned the scale in favor of American Independence. Behold him signing that Treaty of Alliance and the Treaty of Amity and Commerce with France in 1778,—signing the provisional articles and the definitive Treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain in 1782 and 1783,—signing the Treaties of Amity and Commerce with Sweden and with Prussia in 1783 and 1785. Review the whole history of his successes as a minister, and his reception as a man, in so many foreign

courts and by so many crowned heads, and then tell me if Solomon were not a prophet in regard to him, as well as in regard to Archimedes of old, in that memorable proverb, which Franklin himself tells us, in his admirable autobiography, that his father, among other instructions to him while a boy, so frequently repeated in his hearing,—“ Seest thou a man diligent in his calling,—he shall stand before Kings, he shall not stand before mean men ! ”

See him, finally, and above all, as early as 1754, as a delegate to the Convention at Albany, proposing that plan of Union among the Colonies, which was ultimately to become the mightiest engine which mortal wisdom ever invented for maintaining the freedom, prosperity, and independence of a nation like ours. Franklin was undoubtedly the original proposer of the Union as we now enjoy it; and Mr. Bancroft has not hesitated to style him “ the true father of the American Union.”

His, indeed, was not the first plan of Union ever proposed on this continent. The old primitive Union of the New-England Colonies, more than a hundred years before, instituted under the auspices of John Winthrop, then Governor of Massachusetts, and his associates, and of whose little Congress he was the first president,—*that* was the original pattern and model of a political machinery, which has proved more effective than any combination of pulleys and ropes and wheels which Archimedes ever devised or ever dreamed of, for rescuing and defending our country at once from domestic and from foreign foes, and for propelling our Great Republic onward—ever onward—in her mighty, matchless career.

But Franklin knew little of our early Colonial history. He may have known something about William Penn’s plan of union in 1697, but not enough even of that to impair his claim as an original proposer of Union in 1754. And thus it is that the little Boston boy, who filled candle-moulds under the Blue Ball at the corner of Union Street, must have the credit of having first set the golden ball of Union in motion. And few men, if any man, did more than he did, to keep that ball rolling on and on, until the Declaration of Independence in ’76 and the Constitution of the United States in ’89—of both of which he was one of the

signers and one of the framers—attested successively and unmistakably, that it was a ball which could never go backwards,—a Revolution which could never stop short of a full and perfect consummation.

When this great and glorious consummation was finally accomplished, Franklin was already older by many years than Archimedes was at the siege of Syracuse, and his work of life was finished. Happier than the great Sicilian philosopher, however, he fell by no hostile hand, and with no spectacle of his country's captivity and ruin before his eyes. He died, on the contrary, when he could not, in the course of nature, have expected or desired to live longer, at the age of eighty-four, and in the confident assurance, which he expressed so characteristically while the Constitution of the United States was in process of being signed, that the sun of his country's glory was a rising and not a setting sun, and was about to usher in a day, a long-continued day, of prosperity and true progress, such as the sun in the heavens had never before shone upon.

Brave, benevolent, wonderful old man! Well did our own Congress declare of him, in the resolutions adopted on his death, on motion of James Madison, that “his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature, than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country.” Well, too, was it said by that matchless French orator, Mirabeau, in announcing the event to the National Assembly of France, which went into mourning on the occasion, that “antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants.”

And if a eulogy of later date, long, long after the immediate impressions of his life and his loss had passed away, and when the time had arrived for a cool, deliberate, and dispassionate judgment upon his abilities and his acts, his character and his whole career,—if such a eulogy be appealed to, as more worthy of reliance,—you may find it in the brief but glowing tribute to Franklin by Lord Brougham, in his late account of the statesmen of the times of George III., of which the opening paragraph will be more than enough for this occasion:—

“One of the most remarkable men, certainly of our times, as a politician,” says he, “or of any age, as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain,—and in this, that, having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires of the world.”

Undoubtedly, Mr. President, it is often a perplexing and a perilous thing to attempt, as Lord Brougham has here done, to assign the precise rank upon the scale of merit and of fame, to which any of the great lights and leaders of the world may be entitled. Our own country, certainly, has never yet been so unfruitful of such productions, that individual men could be at all times seen overtopping the level of those around them, and could be singled out at a glance as surpassing all their cotemporaries in the varied elements which enter into a just and true idea of human greatness. The North and the South, Virginia and New England, Kentucky, South Carolina, New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, have more than once in our history been found vying with each other for the palm, as having produced the greatest statesman or the best man. It is a generous rivalry, and, in some respects, a wholesome one, and we would not desire to see it altogether extinguished. Our own little city of Boston, too, though she has often shone, and been proud to shine, with borrowed rays,—rays which she would have rejoiced to hold back still longer from their kindred skies,—has herself given birth to more than one luminary of no common brilliancy. That city need not be ashamed to compare calendars with any of its neighbors, which, to say nothing of the living, has given birth in a single generation to a Quiney, a Bowdoin, a Knox, and a Samuel Adams.

But no one, I think, can hesitate, for a moment, to admit, that while there are others who may be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great American,—a title, which I am sure would, everywhere and with one accord, be awarded, above all others and before all others, to the incomparable Washington,—that while others may be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great New-Englander,—and I

would not anticipate your judgment or the judgment of posterity upon such a point,—that while others may even be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great Son of Massachusetts,—there is no one, not one, who has ever yet been numbered among the native children of our own metropolis, who can be allowed to dispute his claim, for an instant, to the proud designation of *the Great Bostonian*. And if in the lapse of centuries, and in the providence of God, Boston shall ever become as Syracuse now is, her temples and her palaces prostrated in the dust, her fountains a place for the poor to wash clothes at, and her harbor for the fishermen to dry nets in, I am by no means sure that she will have any more effective claim, or any more certain hold, upon the memory and the respect of a remote and world-wide posterity, than that which Syracuse now has,—that within her walls was born and cradled and brought up to manhood the great Patriot Philosopher and Mechanic of his age.

And now, my friends, if some one of the renowned orators or philosophers of the old world, if some British or European Cicero,—a Brougham or a Macaulay, a Humboldt or a Guizot,—on coming over to visit this proud and prosperous Republic of ours,—should happen, as well he might, to take a Halifax steamer and arrive first at the birth-place of Franklin,—and if, upon being waited on by the magistrates of the city, as Cicero of old was waited upon on his arrival at ancient Syracuse, with an offer to show him our Yankee lions,—if such a man, under such circumstances, instead of asking to be conducted to our temples of education or of religion, of charity or of liberty, to our Asylums or Athenaeums, our aqueducts, our fountains, or our Faneuil Hall,—should inquire at once, as Cicero inquired, for the monument commemorative of the genius and services of one so known and honored throughout the world,—of him who wrested the sceptre from tyrants and the thunderbolt from the skies,—I think it would not be difficult to realize something of the embarrassment with which His Honor the Mayor, or whoever else might be his conductor, would suggest to the distinguished stranger, that, though Franklin was born in Boston, he did not exactly die in Boston,—that there was, indeed, a little painted

stone urn, without a name on it, in one of the side streets,—but that Philadelphia, perhaps, would be the more appropriate place to inquire at, as he was understood to have been buried there.

Our distinguished visitor, of course, would acquiesce in the suggestion; not, however, I imagine, without a shrug of astonishment, which French politeness might conceal, but which John Bull, in the person of my Lord Brougham, certainly, would be altogether likely to make quite as manifest as was agreeable. At any rate, he would postpone further inquiries until he reached Philadelphia, where he would rely on the satisfaction of paying his homage at the very grave of the great philosopher. And now let us imagine him to have reached the charming metropolis of Pennsylvania, and to have sallied out, as Cicero did, into the ancient grave-yards in quest of the tomb,—what, what, would he find there,—if, indeed, he succeeded in finding any thing? Let me give you the description in the very words in which I have recently met with it, in one of the leading religious papers of our land:—

“A dilapidated dark slab of stone, at the south-west corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, marks (or did mark a few years ago) the spot where rest the remains of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin; but you cannot see their grave nor read the inscription without climbing a high brick wall, in violation of the law, or without securing a good opportunity and the favor of the sexton, each of which is said to be attended with difficulty. So well hidden is this grave, and so little frequented, that we have known many native Philadelphians of men’s and women’s estate, who could not direct one to the locality where it may be found.”

Is this, Mr. President, a mere parody of Cicero’s description of his hunt for the tomb of Archimedes before the Christian era? —Or is it a genuine and authentic account of the tomb of Benjamin Franklin in this nineteenth century? If it be the latter, as, I am sorry to say, cannot be doubted,—said I not rightly and justly, a moment since, that there was at least one thing in common to the memory of the great Syracusan and the great Bostonian, which, I trusted, for the honor of us all, would not be of much longer continuance? Archimedes had been dead a

hundred and thirty-six years, before Cicero discovered his forgotten tombstone buried up beneath briars and brambles. Less than half that time has elapsed since Franklin was summoned to the skies. He died only five years before this Association was founded, and, thanks to a kind Providence, not even all your original members are yet numbered among the dead. There is at least one of them,* I rejoice to remember, who may be seen almost every day on 'Change, with a heart as young as the youngest within these walls, and whose name, inscribed in the second volume of Webster's Speeches, as a token of the constant friendship and regard of their illustrious author, will be preserved as fresh and fragrant with future generations, as it is with that which has been the immediate witness of his genial good nature, his fulness of information, and his untiring obligingness. Sixty-three years only—less by seven, than the allotted term of a single human life—have thus expired since Franklin's death; but they have been enough, it seems, to consign his tomb to dilapidation and almost to oblivion.

It is true, indeed, and in justice to Franklin himself, I must not forget it or omit it, that with a native simplicity and modesty of character, which no compliments or caresses of the great or the learned, which no distinction or flattery at home or abroad, could ever corrupt or impair, this truly great man prescribed, by his own Will, the plainest and humblest possible memorial for his own resting-place.

“I wish,” says he, “to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long and four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

‘BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN,
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to be placed over us both.”

It is true, also, that Franklin has left memorials enough of himself behind him, to render all further commemoration on his own account altogether superfluous.

* Isaac P. Davis, Esq.

Every lightning-rod is a monument to Franklin, of his own erection; and not a flash, which is disarmed by its magic points, passes to the ground, without a fresh illumination of his title to the gratitude of mankind. One might almost be permitted to borrow the idea of the conscience-stricken king in Shakspeare's "Tempest," and to imagine the thunder, with its deep and dreadful diapason, pronouncing the name of FRANKLIN,—not, indeed, as a name of terror, but as a pledge of safety in the storm.

Every penny-stamp, too, is a monument to Franklin, earned, if not established by himself, as the fruit of his early labors and his signal success in the organization of our infant post-office;—and no man, I think, can use the invaluable little implements of modern cheap postage,—I do not mean the stamped envelopes, which are nothing less than a disgrace to American art and a caricature of the Father of his Country, but the original, separate stamps,—without rejoicing that, apart from all other advantages of the system, the noble heads of Washington and Franklin are thus brought daily to our view, and are associated in the minds and hearts of the whole people of the Union, with the unspeakable privilege of a sure and speedy communication with the absent and the loved.

And here, in our own immediate community, too, I may add, every little silver medal distributed annually to the children of our free schools, is a precious memorial of Franklin; and every boy or girl who is incited by the prizes he instituted to higher efforts at distinction in good scholarship and good behavior, is a living monument to his prudent and provident consideration for the youth of his native city. One of the last things which a Boston boy ever forgets is, that he won and wore a Franklin medal. There is at least one of them, I know, who would not exchange the remembrance of that youthful distinction for any honor which he has since enjoyed.

And though the larger provision which he made for the young and needy mechanics of our city has not quite realized all the advantages which he anticipated, yet the day is sure to arrive, when Boston and the whole Commonwealth will reap a rich harvest of public improvement from the surplus accumulation of the Franklin Mechanic Fund.

Not, then, because Franklin is in any danger of being forgotten,—not because his memory requires the aid of bronze or marble to rescue it from oblivion,—not because it is in the power of any of us to increase or extend his pervading and enduring fame,—but because, in these days of commemoration, it is unjust to ourselves, unjust to our own reputation for a discriminating estimate and a generous appreciation of real genius, of true greatness, and of devoted public service,—do I conclude this Lecture with the expression of an earnest hope, that the day may soon come, when it shall cease to be in the power of any one to say, that the great Patriot Mechanic and Philosopher of modern times is without a statue or a monument, either in the city of his burial-place or his birth-place.

The mechanics of Massachusetts, the mechanics of New England, owe it to themselves to see to it, that this reproach no longer rests upon our community and our country. And I know not under what other auspices than theirs such a work could be so fitly and so hopefully undertaken. When the obelisk at Bunker Hill,—doubly consecrated to us by the memory of those in whose honor it was erected, and of him whose consummate eloquence will be for ever associated both with its corner-stone and its cap-stone,—when this noble monument was lingering in its slow ascent, the mechanics of Massachusetts pronounced the word, Let it be finished, and it was finished. And now there is another word for them to speak, and it will be done. Let them unite, let us all unite, with our brethren of Philadelphia and of the whole Union, in erecting a suitable monument near the grave of Franklin;—but let there not fail to be, also, a Statue of our own, on some appropriate spot of the Old Peninsula which gave him birth.*

I know not of a greater encouragement which could be given to the cause of Science applied to Art, in which we are assembled; I know not of a greater encouragement which could be held out to the young apprentices, to whom we look to carry forward that cause in the future, and to supply the places of that noble race of Massachusetts mechanics to which our

* This suggestion was immediately adopted and acted upon. See "Franklin Statue Memorial," Boston, 1857. See, also, page 258 of this volume.

city, our State, and our whole country, have been so greatly indebted, both for laying the foundations, and for building up the superstructure, not merely of our material edifices, but of our moral, civil, and political institutions; I know not of a greater encouragement which could be afforded to industry, temperance, moderation, frugality, benevolence, self-denial, self-devotion, and patriotism, in every art, occupation, and condition of life,— than the visible presence, in some conspicuous quarter of our metropolis, of the venerable figure of Franklin, in that plain, old-fashioned, long-bodied, Quaker-like coat, with which he will be for ever associated in our minds, and in which he appeared proudly alike before kings and commoners; and with that bland and benevolent countenance, which seems to say even to the humblest and least hopeful of God's creatures,— “I was once as you are now,— houseless and penniless, without fortune and without friends. But never despair,— be just and fear not,— be sober, be diligent, be frugal, be faithful, love man and love God, and do your whole duty to yourself, to your neighbor, and to your country, in whatever circumstances you are placed,— and you, also, may do good in your day and generation,— and you, too, may, haply, leave a name, that shall be remembered and honored in all ages and throughout all climes!”

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
DECEMBER 21, 1853.

On the 26th day of April, in that great year of our Lord and of Liberty, 1775, one of the noblest spirits of our revolutionary period—one of the noblest spirits of any period in the history of mankind—was summoned to the skies. “Within sight of that beloved country, which he was not permitted to reach (to use the language of one bound to him by the nearest and dearest ties),—neither supported by the kindness of friendship nor cheered by the voice of affection,—he expired: not indeed as, a few weeks afterwards, did his friend and copatriot Warren, in battle, on a field ever memorable and ever glorious, but in solitude, amidst suffering, without associate and without witness; yet breathing forth a dying wish for his country, and desiring to live only to perform towards her a last and signal service.”

I refer, I need hardly say to any one who is familiar with New England, or with American history, to that *JOSIAH QUINCY, Junior*, whose trumpet-tongue was among the earliest and most effective instruments in rousing the American colonies to the resistance of British oppression: whose pamphlet, entitled “Observations on the Act of Parliament commonly called the Boston Port Bill,” as published by “Edes & Gill, in Queen Street, Boston, 1774,” is among the most stirring appeals for Liberty in our language; and who, as early as 1767, at the youthful age of three and twenty, when “the writers of seditious pieces” (as they were called) were threatened with being sent to England to be tried for high treason, uttered these memorable and heroic words: “Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a ‘halter’ intimidate. For, under God, we are determined

that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen."

It was the same Josiah Quincy, Jr., who knew how to bid defiance to unjust prejudices at home, as well as to arbitrary and tyrannical practices abroad, and who boldly united with his illustrious friend and copatriot, John Adams, in defending the British Captain Preston, when capitally indicted for the part he had taken in what is known to history as the Boston Massacre. It was the same Josiah Quincy, Jr., to whose Journal, while in England, whither he had afterwards gone for the benefit of his failing health, we owe the best account in existence of the matchless eloquence of Chatham, when pleading the cause of the American Colonies. It was the same, in a word, who, though dying on shipboard, alone and desolate, as we have described him, at the early age of thirty-one years, has left an imperishable name upon our annals, worthy to be associated for ever with those of James Otis, and Joseph Warren, and Patrick Henry, and the other heroic pioneers in that great revolutionary struggle, which terminated in the establishment of American Independence.

It is not of Josiah Quincy, Jr., however, that I propose to speak to you further on this occasion. An admirable Memoir of him is already in existence, too brief to be condensed, too fresh to be forgotten, and prepared by one whose eminent ability for the service, and whose filial affection for the subject, can have left nothing to be supplied by others.* It is, or ought to be, in all your libraries. It is, or ought to be, in all your hearts. But, happening to be turning over its pages about the time at which I was originally called on to prepare this Lecture, I was attracted to a passage which I at once resolved to take as my text and topic. It is a sentence from the last will and testament of this distinguished and lamented patriot, dated February 28, 1774, and is as follows:—

“I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney’s Works, John Locke’s Works, Lord Bacon’s Works, Gordon’s Tacitus, and Cato’s Letters. May the Spirit of Liberty rest upon him!”

* “Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachusetts: by his Son, Josiah Quincy. Boston: Published by Cummings, Hilliard & Co. 1825.”

I know not, my friends, in what other testament — saving always the Testaments of Holy Writ — a more suggestive sentence can be found than this. No one, I think, can read it, or can hear it read, without reflecting how different were the books of the men and of the boys of 1774, from those of the men and of the boys of the present day. No one can read it, or can hear it read, without reflecting, too, what a very few volumes it took, three-quarters of a century ago, to make up a library worthy of being sacredly handed down from father to son. Here are, at most, five-and-twenty or thirty volumes, — capable of being compressed, in what are called the library editions of modern days, into eight or ten volumes, — and what a store of instruction and entertainment, of philosophy and science, of wisdom and of true wit, do they contain! Add to them only a Bible and a Shakespeare, of both of which there is ample evidence that Quincy understood the value, — and what more could be required to supply one with reading and with study, I had almost said for a life-time?

And yet, how many are there, I wonder, among all whom I address, — whether youths of fifteen or men of fifty, — who have ever read or studied either of them? How many persons present are there, of any age or of either sex, who have resisted the temptations of Scott and Dickens, of Bulwer and Thackeray, of Blackwood and the Edinburgh and the Living Age, or even of the far less wholesome and less innocent literature — if, “indeed, it deserves to be dignified by the name of literature — which solicits the prurient appetites of our young men and our young women at every shop window and at every railway station, — how many are there, I say, who have turned away from such temptations, to hold converse with these mighty master spirits of history, philosophy, and politics?

I do not ask, how many have read the *Instauratio Magna* or the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, his *History of Henry VII.*, his *Law Tracts*, or his *Letters*, — but how many among my younger hearers, at least, have even enjoyed the luxury of those delightful *Essays* of his, which Edmund Burke, we are told, read again and again, both in his youth and in his manhood, pronouncing them “the greatest works of that great man,” and which, let me

say, for richness of thought and of style, have never been surpassed in our language,—not even by Edmund Burke himself.

I do not ask how many have ever studied John Locke's wonderful Essay on the Human Understanding, or his replies to the Bishop of Worcester, or his History of Navigation,—but how many are familiar with his briefer and more practical Tracts on Government, on Toleration, on Education, on the Reasonableness of Christianity,—or how many know him, except by hearsay, as the framer of a Constitution for our own Carolinas?

I do not ask how many have ever read in the original, or even in the translation of Gordon or of Murphy, the Annals or the Histories of the profound and statesmanlike Tacitus, who surpassed even Sallust, at least in this, that he rebuked the vices of his day by the spotless example of his life, as well as by the stern severity of his language,—but how many have ever read even his brief but beautiful Dialogue concerning Oratory, his charming little treatise on the manners of the ancient Germans, in which has been traced the very type and original of the institutions of the modern Britons,*—or, still more, that most exquisite of all biographies, the Life of his father-in-law, Cnaeus Julius Agricola, who had so many noble traits of character in common with our own incomparable Washington?

While, as to Cato's Letters, how many are there of this generation, I wonder, who know exactly what the book is, which Quiney intended by this title? How many are there who do not imagine it to be the Epistles of that Marcus Porcius Cato, the soldier, the orator, the statesman, the philosopher, the stern censor, the venerable senator, who, though sprung from an ancient and distinguished race, so entirely outshone all who had worn the name before him, that he is always spoken of as the founder of his family:—who so far relaxed the rigor of his national prejudices as to study the Greek language and literature at eighty years of age,—but the intensity of whose love of country, in the hour of its peril, could only find vent and expression for itself in that memorable sentence of extermination which he is said to have repeated in the senate chamber, whether in season or out of season, to every question which was proposed to him, *Delenda est Carthago,—Delenda est Carthago!*

* Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws.* Book XI. ch. 6.

Or, if this book called “Cato’s Letters” in Quiney’s Will be not the letters of Cato the Censor, who doubts that they are the letters of Cato of Utica, the stern and implacable opponent of the great Roman Triumvirate, and afterwards the inexorable foe of Cæsar, whom one of the ancient poets* has taken as the very personification of godlike virtue, and of whom another† has said that tyranny could subdue every thing except the indomitable soul of Cato:—the Cato of Addison, who, rather than submit to grace the triumph of an insolent usurper, composed and fortified himself by reading a few pages of Plato’s Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, and then, with a heroism which we might almost be pardoned for admiring in one who had not enjoyed the light of the Gospel, sent his own soul out upon the wing to test the truth of what was then but a glorious theory?

Cato’s Letters! How many of this generation are aware, I wonder, that they are only a series of English Essays, published weekly for a period of nearly four years in London, commencing with November 5, 1720, and with which Cato the Censor, or Cato of Utica, had as little to do, as Lucius Junius Brutus, or Junius Mauricus, or Junius Maximus, had to do with the more celebrated letters, whose authorship has so long puzzled the world. The letters of Cato, however, had no mystery connected with them, like those of Junius, to give them a sort of factitious immortality, by making them the subject of never-ending controversy. If any doubt ever rested upon their authorship while in course of weekly publication, it was soon set at rest by the explicit avowal of Thomas Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, that they were written by himself and *John Trenchard*,—a man, I dare say, hardly ever heard of before by most of my audience, but of whom there is sufficient authority for saying, that he was one of the most remarkable writers of his day.

These letters, at any rate, had an extraordinary run at the time, and were afterwards collected into volumes and carried through many editions. And editions in those days, I may add, were something more than the mere tricks of the trade, designed to give an appearance of rapid sale and vast circulation to books which were in danger of proving a drug upon the shelves of the

* Lucan.

† Horace.

publishers. I have seen a copy of the sixth edition, published in London as late as 1755, a quarter of a century after their original appearance, and which furnishes ample evidence of the estimation in which they were held. The title of the volumes is *Cato's Letters, or, Essays on Liberty, Civil and Religious, and other important subjects.* And most vigorous essays they are, full of stern denunciations of arbitrary power, and full of bold and brilliant vindications of the rights of the people. Hence their charm for our young Boston Patriot, and hence his bequest of them to his son with the impressive prayer, that the Spirit of Liberty might rest upon him.*

And here I am brought to the most interesting view of this pregnant sentence of the last will and testament of Josiah Quincy, Jr. It shows us what were the books from which our patriot fathers derived their ideas of civil freedom, from what examples they took courage, at what altars they kindled the fires of liberty in their own breasts, and to what fountains they repaired to draw light for others. It was not Bacon's Works, and Locke's Works, and Tacitus, and *Cato's Letters*, as the mere works of profound philosophers, and brilliant historians, and vigorous essayists, that the Boston Patriot commended as a dying legacy to his son. Had these been his views, he would not have omitted *Shakspeare*, of whom he was himself so diligent a student in his youth, that not less than seventy quarto pages of manuscript citations from the immortal dramatist were found among his posthumous papers. Had these been his views, he would not have preferred the *Essays* of Gordon and Trenchard to those of Addison, and Steele, and Dr. Johnson. But it was Bacon as the bold revolutionizer of philosophy, the great reformer of the systems of human science; it was Locke as the vindicator of religious toleration and the vanquisher of the slavish doctrine of passive obedience; it was Tacitus as the unsparing disposer and denoueme of the vices of an imperial court, and the crimes of a profligate prince; and it was *Cato's Letters*, as the brave

* Dr. Franklin, in his "Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," published in 1749, says "Tillotson, Addison, Pope, Algernon Sidney, *Cato's Letters*, &c., should be classics," in the academy which he proposed to have established. — 1 Vol. *Sparks's Franklin (Appendix)*, p. 572.

and manly utterances of a spirit of free inquiry into the grounds and limits of civil and religious liberty;—these were the views with which he selected them out from all his other books, and bequeathed them specifically and prayerfully to his child.

And no one can doubt that it was with these views more especially, that he named, first and foremost on this little list, the *Discourses of Algernon Sidney*,—a work to which I have hardly yet alluded, but which, with its author, will form the subject of all that remains of this Lecture.

The name of Algernon Sidney is everywhere known and honored as the name of one of the great martyrs of civil liberty; but I doubt whether either the circumstances of his life or the character of his writings are as familiar as they ought to be in this country and in this generation. I may be able to add little to the details of his career, as they have been already furnished in one form or another; but, if I can succeed in brushing off some of the dust and mould which have begun to accumulate on his memory, I shall have occupied another hour of your attention not altogether unprofitably.*

He was the second son of Robert, the second Earl of Leicester, his mother being the Lady Dorothy Percy, daughter of Henry, the Earl of Northumberland. He was a great-nephew, on his father's side, of the gallant and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, whom Queen Elizabeth considered “the jewel of her times,” and whose life has been well characterized by Campbell as “poetry put into action.” Neither the day, the month, nor even the year of his birth has been authentically recorded. His birthday is sometimes referred to the year 1617; but he is generally believed and stated to have been born in 1622. His father is said by Sir William Temple to have been “a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth;” and the concur-

* After this Lecture was prepared, and while I was in New York for the purpose of repeating it, I saw for the first time a *Biography of Algernon Sidney*, fresh from the press of Charles Scribner, by Mr. G. Van Santvoord, and which contains an instructive and interesting account of his life and writings. I had supposed that there was nothing more recent than Meadley's *Life*, which was published in England in 1813. An edition of the *Discourses on Government*, with a spirited sketch of the Author's career, was reprinted at New York in 1805 from the English edition.

ring testimony of Lord Clarendon, and others of his cotemporaries, represents him as distinguished at once for learning, ability, and integrity. Under his direction, the young Algernon received every advantage of a liberal, classical education, and, what is more to the purpose, he availed himself thoroughly of these advantages, and turned them to the very best account. He gave early indications of more than ordinary genius, mingling, as was said of him at the time, in a letter to his mother, "great sweetness of nature with a huge deal of wit."

At about ten years of age, he accompanied his father, and his elder brother, Lord Lisle, to Denmark, whither Lord Leicester had been despatched as special Ambassador to Christian IV. Four years afterwards, his father went as Ambassador to Paris, and both his sons again accompanied him. It was during this residence in Paris, in the reign of Louis XIII., and while the arbitrary and imperious Richelieu was administering the affairs of the realm with such consummate art and such desperate energy, that the mind of young Sidney imbibed its early bias towards political inquiries. He was subsequently sent to Rome, where he resided for some time in the further prosecution of his studies, and where his youthful and generous mind could hardly have escaped the influence of those associations of patriotism and heroism, which are inseparable from the soil which was trodden by a Brutus and a Cicero.

At nineteen years of age, through the influence of his father, he obtained command of a troop of horse, under his elder brother, Lord Lisle, in Ireland, where they were employed in attempting to suppress the Irish insurgents. But this manifestly was not his vocation; and, on his return from Ireland, notwithstanding all the temptations to loyalty which were thrown around him by his high aristocratic and noble connections, he at once and openly espoused the cause of the Parliament and the people against the King. In 1644, he received the appointment of captain, and soon afterwards was advanced to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Parliament cavalry, and on the second day of July in that year, he charged with the greatest gallantry, at the head of the Earl of Manchester's regiment, in the famous fight of Marston Moor.

Here he was severely wounded, and was on the point of being captured by the enemy. He was rescued, we are told, by the heroism of a common soldier, who leaped out of the ranks of Cromwell's regiment, and brought him off in safety at the greatest risk of his own life. It is a beautiful incident of the battle-field, where so little of humanity ordinarily finds a place, that when Sidney inquired the name of his preserver, in order to reward him for his life, the soldier replied, that "it was not for reward that he did it, and, therefore, for his name, he desired to be excused," and so, we are told, it remained unknown to any but himself that did it. Could the name of that humble common soldier have been ascertained without destroying the very point and beauty of the story, it would have been associated with one of the noblest instances of disinterested valor on record. Nor could any man's name have failed, under any circumstances, to be remembered with gratitude by posterity, which had connected itself with the rescue of such a life as Algernon Sidney's.

It is a striking coincidence, that two of the most charming anecdotes of the battle-field which the history of the world contains should thus be associated with the name and immediate family of Sidney. You all remember that exquisite story of the accomplished and gallant Sir Philip Sidney, who, when mortally wounded at Zutphen, put back the cup of water from his parched lips, in order to quench the burning thirst of a dying common soldier, whose necessities seemed greater than his own. And here, little more than half a century afterwards, we find a common soldier rescuing the life of the great-nephew of Sir Philip, at the imminent risk of his own, and refusing all recompense or acknowledgment of the act. The two pictures taken together afford a beautiful illustration, how little humanity and magnanimity depend upon any accidents of rank or condition, and that, if to-day it is the man of high station who ministers to the necessities of the humble, to-morrow it may be the humblest who shall nobly expose his very life for the highest.

Rapidly recovering from his wounds, Sidney was again promoted, on the second of April, 1645, to the head of a regiment of horse in the army of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and was placed in

the division which was under the immediate command of Oliver Cromwell. While in this service, he bore upon his banner the noble motto : “*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum*,” — “The sacred love of country gives the impulse.”

In December, 1645, being now in his twenty-fourth year, he entered the House of Commons, having been chosen a burgess for the town of Cardiff. In the following year, he was appointed lieutenant-general of horse in Ireland and Governor of Dublin Castle, and his attendance in Parliament was dispensed with by a special resolution, in order that he might not be impeded in his military service. When recalled from Ireland, after a short tour of duty, owing to the personal rivalries of Lord Lisle and Lord Inchiquin, he was rewarded with the thanks of Parliament and the appointment of Governor of Dover Castle.

In 1648, he was named as one of the Commissioners to sit in solemn judgment on the unfortunate Charles I. Having been present at some of the preliminary proceedings of this “High Court of Justice,” he declined any further attendance, and took no further part in the trial or condemnation of the King. His course on this occasion has sometimes been ascribed to timidity, and sometimes to a compliance with his father’s wishes. But a letter of his own, of rather recent discovery and publication,* gives a very different version of the matter.

“I was at Penshurst (says he) when the act for the trial passed, and coming up to town I heard my name was put in, and that those that were nominated for judges were then in the painted chamber. I presently went thither, heard the act read, and found my own name with others. A debate was raised how they should proceed upon it, and after having been sometime silent to hear what those would say, who had had the directing of that business, I did positively oppose Cromwell, Bradshawe, and others, who would have the trial to go on, and drew my reasons from these two points: 1st, the King could be tried by no court; 2dly, that no man could be tried by that court. This being alleged in vain, and Cromwell using these formal words, I tell you, we will cut off his head with the crown upon it: I replied: You may take your own course, I cannot stop you, but

* Blencowe’s Sydney Papers, 1825.

I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business, and then I immediately went out of the room, and never returned."

But while he thus dared to confront even Cromwell himself in opposing the proceedings of this tribunal, and declined to take part in those proceedings, he never disguised his opinion that Charles had violated his trust, and that the rights and liberties of the nation required that he should be deposed. He considered the result as a seasonable protest on the part of the people against the monstrous doctrine of the divine impunity of princes, and as a salutary and indispensable warning to all who might be disposed to practise tyranny and treachery in future. He seems to have been very much of the same mind with that old Scotch judge (Lord Auchinleck), who, when hard pressed by Dr. Johnson to tell him what good Oliver Cromwell had ever done in the world, replied at last, "Zoons, Doctor, he gart kings ken that they had a lith (joint) in their neck."

The abolition of royalty, the transfer of power from the one to the many, from princes to the people, the establishment of a free commonwealth, in which law and liberty should be reconciled,—this was the great ruling passion of Sidney's life, and he therefore continued to act with the parliamentary leaders whenever his conscience and his convictions would allow him to do so, and as long as there was the slightest hope of accomplishing these objects. But he would act with them no longer. He was as ready to resist arbitrary power in the person of a protector as of a prince, and he utterly refused to sanction the usurpations of Cromwell. On that memorable 19th * of April, 1653, when Cromwell resorted to the daring measure of dispersing the representatives of the people and driving them from their seats, it so happened that Algernon Sidney was seated next to the Speaker, and on his right hand. After the Speaker himself had been ordered to retire, Sidney still sat unmoved. Cromwell told General Harrison to put him out also, and Harrison thereupon attempted to persuade him to retire; but he was not to be persuaded to desert his place, and it was

* Meadley's Life says 19th; Van Santvoord's, and many other authorities, say 20th. Lord Leicester's Journal has the account under date of 20th; and yet Meadley says 19th, though referring to the Journal.

only when violent hands were laid upon him that he spared the necessity of bloodshed, and yielded to superior force.

During the six years which elapsed from this date to the reassembling of the Long Parliament, after the death of Cromwell, Sidney remained in retirement, spending a part of the time at Penshurst, the family seat, and a part of the time at the Hague, where he formed the acquaintance and friendship of the celebrated patriot and statesman, John DeWitt. During the whole period, he declined all communication with Cromwell, and all connection with public affairs, deeming an honorable retirement more consistent both with his own character and with his duty to his country, than any compliance or compromise with the illegal sway of a despotic usurper.

He did not give himself up, however, to indolence or ennui, but devoted his leisure to the reading and the study of history and of the science of government. There is good reason for believing that it was during this interval of private life, that he made those preparations and preludes for his larger Discourses on Government, which we shall see were afterwards purloined from his desk, and made to serve the purposes of those who sought his life.

No sooner did he resume his seat in Parliament, at the close of this period, than he was appointed one of the Commissioners to the Sound to mediate a peace between Sweden and Denmark,—a service which he discharged, under many adverse circumstances, with the highest ability and integrity. He was not blind, however, even amidst these cares, and at this distance, to the signs of the times in England,—but clearly anticipated and foresaw the events which soon followed. Writing to Whitelocke from Elsinore in 1659, he says, “If the government in England do continue on *the good old principles*, I shall be ready to serve them; but if it return to monarchy, I desire nothing but liberty to retire, finding myself a very unfit stone for such a building.”

Accordingly, when the news of the Restoration reached him at Stockholm, he instantly declined acting further as a public minister, except to make official announcement of the change of government, and to do whatever might be absolutely necessary to prevent any mischief resulting from an abandonment of his

charge. When he learned that the Parliament had acknowledged the King, he seemed for a moment to hope that things might be carried on in a legal and moderate way, which would enable him to acquiesce in the state of affairs and return to his country with satisfaction and safety. General Monk had been an old friend of his family, and sent him many messages of kindness. But when the whole conduct of Monk, and the whole character of the Restoration, were made known to him, he rejected with scorn all overtures of reconciliation and return, spurned the offers of personal advantage which were proposed to him, as the wages of iniquity, and determined to withhold all compliance and all countenance from a government so treacherous and so tyrannical.

On the 30th of August, 1660, he thus nobly and beautifully writes to his father: "Sir John Temple sends me word, your Lordship is very intent upon finding a way of bringing me into England, in such a condition, as I may live there quietly and well. I acknowledge your Lordship's favor, and will make the best return for it that I can; but I desire you to lay that out of your thoughts; it is a design never to be accomplished. I find so much by the management of things at home, that it is impossible for me to be quiet one day, unless I would do those things, the remembrance of which would never leave me one quiet or contented moment whilst I live. I know myself to be in a condition, that for all circumstances is as ill as outward things can make it; this is my only consolation, that when I call to remembrance, as exactly as I can, all my actions relating to our civil distempers, I cannot find one, that I can look upon as a breach of the rules of justice or honor; this is my strength, and, I thank God, by this I enjoy very serene thoughts. If I lose this, by vile and unworthy submissions, acknowledgment of errors, asking of pardon, or the like,—I shall from that moment be the miserablest man alive, and the scorn of all men. I know the titles that are given me, of fierce, violent, seditious, mutinous, turbulent, and many others of the like nature; but God, that gives me inward peace in my outward troubles, doth know, that I do in my heart choose an innocent, quiet retirement, before any place unto which I could hope to raise myself by those actions which they condemn, and did never put myself upon any of them, but when I could not

enjoy the one, or thought the other my duty. If I could write and talk like Colonel Hutchinson or Sir Gilbert Pickering, I believe I might be quiet; contempt might procure my safety; but I had rather be a vagabond all my life, than buy my being in my own country at so dear a rate; and if I could have bowed myself according to my interest, perhaps I was not so stupid as not to know the ways of settling my affairs at home, or making a good provision for staying abroad, as well as others, and did not want credit to attain unto it; but I have been these many years outstripped by those that were below me, whilst I stopped at those things that they easily leaped over. What shall I say? It hath been my fortune from my youth, and will be so to my grave,—by which my designs in the world will perpetually miscarry. But I know people will say, I strain at knats and swallow camels. . . . I have enough to answer all this in my own mind; I cannot help it if I judge amiss; I did not make myself, nor can I correct the defects of my own creation. I walk in the light God hath given me; if it be dim or uncertain, I must bear the penalty of my errors; I hope to do it with patience, and that no burden should be very grievous to me, except sin and shame. God keep me from those evils, and in all things else dispose of me according to his pleasure."

And there is another letter of Sidney's extant, without date or address, but evidently written to a friend about this time, in which the same noble thoughts are even more exquisitely expressed:—

"I am sorry," says he, "I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends. If theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I should willingly submit my interest to theirs, but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over when the act of indemnity is past, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it, is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood. But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish, oppressed; luxury

and lewdness set up in its height, instead of the piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God by our hands would have introduced ; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst ; the Parliament, Court, and Army corrupted, the people enslaved ; all things vendible, no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery ; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition ? Is it a pleasure to see that all that I love in the world is sold and destroyed ? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them ? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety ? Ah, no ! better is a life among strangers, than in my own country on such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavor to preserve my liberty, or at least not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness ; I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavoring to provide for the future. I have ever had it in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me that the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me that I ought to keep out of it. . . . When the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpast."

In the whole range of private epistolary correspondence, I know of few things more beautiful in expression, or more noble in sentiment, than these and other letters of Algernon Sidney's.*

It was about this time, that, in visiting a public library at Copenhagen, — the rage for autographs having already commenced in that region, — an album was presented to him, in which all distinguished strangers were called on to inscribe their names and mottoes. Sidney instantly complied with the custom, but, instead of any motto which had ever been known at the Herald's office in connection with the arms of any branch of his family, he wrote above his name those well-remembered lines

* Gray, the poet, is said to have been a special admirer of Sidney's letters, particularly of those from Italy.

which so worthily express the spirit of our Revolutionary Fathers, and the last of which was adopted on the 5th of August, 1775,* and re-adopted on the 13th of December, 1780, as the motto of the great seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:—

*“Manus hec inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidum sub libertate quietem;”*

which is, being literally interpreted, “This hand, hostile to tyrants, seeks by the sword the tranquil peace of freedom.”

A doubt has been somewhere expressed as to the truth of this anecdote. But Sidney's own letter to his father, who charged him with it, puts the question for ever at rest. “That which I am reported,” says he, “to have written in the book at Copenhagen is true, and having never heard that any sort of men were so worthily the objects of enmity as those I have mentioned (viz., *tyrants*), I did never in the least scruple avowing myself to be an enemy unto them.” Nor is there any reason to doubt the truth of the additional anecdote, that Terlon, the French ambassador, on hearing what the Latin words meant (for he was not scholar enough to translate them for himself), tore the page indignantly out of the book, as an assault upon the despotic government of his own country.

But, if the motto of Sidney was thus insolently torn from the album in which it was originally inscribed, I can myself bear witness that it was written by a kindred spirit, in another album, under circumstances which will never be forgotten, and where it will always be sacredly preserved and prized. During the session of the House of Representatives of the United States in January, 1842, I was requested by a friend to obtain for him the autograph of my venerable colleague, John Quincy Adams. It happened that morning, that Mr. Adams, in the vindication of a right which he deemed inviolable, had presented a petition which excited the indignation of some of the Southern members. He had been interrupted rudely, and threatened with personal expulsion, and a summary motion made that his petition should not be received. The yeas and nays were demanded upon this, or some other motion, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. During

* Felt's Massachusetts Currency, p. 248.

this process, which occupies, as you may know, not less than twenty-five or thirty minutes, I approached Mr. Adams and told him my errand, adding, also, that I would not have troubled him at such a moment, were not the person in whose behalf I applied about to leave Washington by the very next train of cars, which was soon to start. "There is no better time than this," said he: give me the book." And, taking it, the venerable Ex-President proceeded, with a trembling hand, but an untrembling heart (for if ever there was a man whose courage always mounted with the occasion, and who seemed born incapable of any fear except the fear of God, it was John Quincy Adams), he proceeded, I say, to inscribe in this album the following spirited translation of Sidney's motto:—

"This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade."

It has been somewhere suggested that Algernon Sidney's Latin was not elegant, and he has been charged, I believe, with a mistake in quantity. I think, however, that no one will deny that his lines may be turned into excellent English, and that the quality of them is quite indisputable. Whether Mr. Adams's version was the result of previous meditation, or whether it was a genuine *impromptu*, I never inquired. But no one who knew the man, and who remembers the saying of the old Latin poet,* "*facit indignatio versum*," will doubt for a moment, that the scene and the circumstances of that day and that hour might have kindled him to the off-hand composition of even a longer and sterner stanza than this. At any rate, the lines which the French ambassador tore out of the album at Copenhagen, nearly two hundred years ago, as breathing a reproach and a menace towards the arbitrary dominion of his royal master, will go down to posterity, not merely emblazoned proudly and unchangeably upon the shield of the old Commonwealth of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, but associated with two of the noblest names in the annals of civil liberty.

* Juvenal.

Unable to return to England without making concessions and submissions which his proud and lofty spirit could not brook, Algernon Sidney remained now for many years on the Continent, visiting in turn various German cities, and residing for a considerable time at Rome, where he seems to have suffered greatly from a sense of his father's displeasure, from the mismanagement of his estates in England, and from the consequent insufficiency of his own means of support. Availing himself at last of the kind offers of an Italian prince, he found an agreeable retreat at his villa of Belvidere, in the neighborhood of Frascati. And here again he betook himself more seriously than ever to study.

“Here,” writes he, “are walks and fountains in the greatest perfection, and though my delight in solitude is very much increased this last year, I cannot desire to be more alone than I am, and hope to continue. My conversation is with birds, trees and books; in these last months that I have no business at all, I have applied myself to study a little more than I have done formerly; and though one who begins at my age (he was now quite forty) cannot hope to make any considerable progress that way, I find so much satisfaction in it, that for the future I shall very unwillingly, though I had the opportunity, put myself into any way of living that shall deprive me of that entertainment.”

And again he says, “I am with some eagerness fallen to reading, and find so much satisfaction in it, that though I every morning see the sun rise, I never go abroad until six or seven of the clock at night; yet I cannot be so sure of my temper, as to know certainly how long this manner of life will please me. I cannot but rejoice a little to find, that when I wander as a vagabond through the world, forsaken of my friends, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction, I yet find humanity and civility from those who are in the height of fortune and reputation. But I do also well know I am in a strange land,—I know how far these civilities do extend,—and that they are quite too airy to feed or clothe a man.” A political discourse in the Italian language, in his own handwriting, and which is supposed to have been actually composed by himself, is among the fruits of his industry during this retirement.

But he soon felt the necessity of a more active life. He accordingly left Italy and proceeded through Switzerland to Brussels. But danger and persecution from the vindictive royalists now dogged his footsteps. Not merely the Regicides themselves, but others, like our own Sir Henry Vane,* who had taken no part in the King's death and were only obnoxious for their steady adherence to the parliamentary cause, were sought out and brought to the block. Sidney himself narrowly escaped assassination at Augsburgh, whither messengers had been sent by royal authority, as it is said, to waylay him and put him to death. To avoid these dangers and to give himself occupation, he now offered himself as a volunteer for Hungary, but, through the interference of the British Court, his offer was rejected by the Emperor, and his plans of life were again thwarted. If any thing could have consoled him under these repeated injuries, it was the explanation of a friend, who told him that the reason he was distinguished from others who had been suffered to return home and remain undisturbed, was "because it was known that he could never be corrupted."

It is not to be wondered at, that, under the sting of such provocations and persecutions, Sidney should have been moved to attempt the overthrow of a corrupt and tyrannical government at home, through the aid and agency of foreign powers. The example of Franklin, seeking succor for his revolutionary countrymen from the Courts of Europe (to say nothing of more modern instances), will readily suggest to all who hear me the best vindication of Sidney's conduct in this respect. He proceeded to the Hague, and afterwards to Paris, soliciting moral and material aid for his great design of establishing a free Commonwealth in England. But he would embark in no Quixotic schemes, nor attempt to accomplish his object without adequate means. His plans involved great preparations and great expense. DeWitt was too prudent, and Louis was too parsimonious, for his purposes. The latter offered, indeed, to contribute twenty thousand crowns towards his object, but Sidney considered a hundred thousand as necessary to begin with, and would proceed with nothing less. He was not of a complexion to be moved from

* Governor of Massachusetts in 1636.

his purposes by French monarchs, any more than by English ones. A story which is told of him about this time, is singularly characteristic of the proud and independent bearing which he manifested towards the *Grand Monarque*, even while he was indebted to him for an asylum from danger. One day he was hunting in the same party with the King, and the King, taking a fancy to his horse, requested him to let him have it, and to name his own price. He respectfully declined the proposal; and soon after, the King, being resolved to have his own way, gave directions that the value should be tendered and the horse seized. When this proceeding took place, Sidney instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and shot the horse dead on the spot, saying, “that his horse was born a free creature, and had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a King of slaves.”

An eminent historian is disposed to consider this conduct as unworthy of Sidney’s character and station, and as quite likely to be a false story.* I am by no means sure that it will strike other people in the same way, or be regarded as any thing more than a natural outbreak of that jealous and indignant spirit of independence, by which Sidney more than almost any other mortal man seems to have been possessed, and of which, more than almost any other mortal man, he may be taken as the very type and personification.

In 1677, Algernon Sidney had been an exile from his country for nearly eighteen years. During this period his mother had died, and his father, having reached the advanced age of eighty-two years, was now about to die also. The old Earl was anxious to be reconciled to his son, or at least to see him once more, before his eyes should be closed for ever. Accordingly, by the intervention of the Earl of Sunderland, his nephew, and of the Court of France, an assurance of personal safety was obtained for him, a passport procured, and Sidney once more set his foot on English soil. Here he was detained long after his father’s death, and long beyond any intentions of his own, by a vexatious chancery suit, growing out of the settlement of his father’s estate,—and, being here, he soon became involved in public affairs. He was particularly zealous in attempting to prevent a

* Mr. Hallam, in his admirable work, the Constitutional History of England.

declaration of war against France,—believing that such a war would be only a pretence for enabling the King to raise and support an army which would afterwards be employed in supporting tyranny at home. And it was at this time, and for this purpose, that he entered into those secret communications with Barillon, the French Ambassador (a different sort of person from him who tore the motto out of the album at Copenhagen), which have given occasion to the only serious imputations which have ever been made upon Sidney's motives, integrity, and moral character.

The charge is nothing less than that Sidney was at this time a pensioned agent of France; and it rests upon the assertion in Barillon's letters, as published by Sir John Dahrymple, that Sidney received five hundred guineas on two several occasions from Barillon himself.

Now, even admitting the truth of this charge to its fullest extent, and in its worst aspect, it is well suggested by Mr. Hallam (no apologist for corruption and no panegyrist of Sidney), that it was hardly a sin of the deepest dye. “If, indeed,” says he, “we were to read that Algernon Sidney had been bought over by Louis XIV. or Charles II. to assist in setting up an absolute monarchy in England, we might fairly oppose our knowledge of his inflexible and haughty character, of his zeal, in life and death, for republican liberty. But there is,” says he, “I presume, some moral distinction between the acceptance of a bribe to desert or betray our principles, and that of a trifling present for acting in conformity to them. The one is, of course, to be styled corruption; the other is repugnant to a generous and delicate mind, but too much sanctioned by the practice of an age far less scrupulous than our own, to have carried with it any great self-reproach or sense of degradation.”*

But, agreeable to us as such an extenuation may be, there are some of us who will go farther. When we reflect that this charge never appeared until after his death, and after all opportunity of explaining his negotiations with Barillon was at an end, and when we find evidence, also, that some of Barillon's agents, if not

* Mr. Hallam, I am bound to say, employs this argument to do away the improbability of the charge against Sidney, in which he is inclined to believe.

he himself, were convicted of having forged items of a similar character in their accounts, in order to cover drafts upon the French Government which were in fact appropriated to their own personal extravagances,— we shall be readily inclined to agree with Lord John Russell in his life of his illustrious relative, William Lord Russell, when he says of Sidney, “ No one, I imagine, of common sense, can believe that he took the money for himself. His character is one of heroic pride and generosity. His declining to sit in judgment on the King, his extolling the sentence when Charles II. was restored, his shooting a horse for which Louis XIV. offered him a large sum, that he might not submit to the will of a despot, are all traits of a spirit as noble as it is uncommon. With a soul above meanness, a station above poverty, and a temper of philosophy above covetousness, what man will be envious enough to think that he was a pensioner of France ? ”

There are those who have regretted that such a charge as this has ever been admitted to a place in history, in connection with the name of Algernon Sidney. And we may all lament that the facts existed upon which that charge is founded, if they really give color for the idea of corruption. But none of us can regret, — none of us, certainly, ought to regret, — that investigation has discovered, and that history has recorded, whatever is true. I need not say that the truth of history is more important than the theoretic perfection of any man’s character. God forbid that the day should ever come, when history shall be prostituted to the purpose of covering up, or of glossing over, the faults or the vices of any one with whom it deals! Let it investigate facts faithfully. Let it utter the truth honestly. Let it spread out the record fully and fearlessly. And let no man, however powerful or however popular, be encouraged to imagine that he can secure an impunity with posterity for the indirections or corruptions of which he is really guilty. Let no man dream that any amount of greatness, or any eminence of position, or any length or brilliancy of service, or any depth or cruelty of martyrdom, can obliterate the record of private vices or of public frauds. “ It is only for the recording angel (to borrow the exquisite thought of Sterne) — it is only for the recording angel, as he writes down the frailties or the follies of the great and good, to drop a tear

upon the words, and blot them out for ever." The recording pen of man hath no such prerogative.

In vain shall we collect materials, and accumulate archives, and construct curious safes, and build up costly fire-proof halls, if partiality or prejudice shall be permitted to suppress or mutilate records, in order to suit some ideal standard, whether of perfection or of enormity. Better leave the materials of history to the corosions of time or the chances of the elements,— to the fire, the mould, or the maggot,— than reserve them for the perversions or mutilations of partisan favor or partisan malignity.

The unities of character and conduct belong to the stage. They are rarely found in real life. He that assumes the pen of history may not dress up his characters as for a drama. He may not rouge them, and powder them, and put them into postures and attitudes, as for a *tableau*. He should account of himself, rather, as of a sacred interpreter between the past and the present, between the dead and the living, and should cherish all the obligations of a sworn witness to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Thus only can he fulfil his great responsibilities to mankind.*

The example of Bacon, deposed from his splendid position, old, weak, ruined, a suppliant for mercy at the very doors of that proud House of Parliament over which he had but now presided,— is worth a hundred sermons against official corruption. And let Sidney's name be coupled with Bacon's in similar ignominy, if it really deserves it, rather than truth should be suppressed, and all our faith in history be destroyed. This, certainly, is not a day,— this is not a country,— ours are not institutions,— in which such examples can be safely winked out of sight, or a general decree of amnesty and impunity be issued for the misdoings of the gifted or the great.

I rejoice, however, in repeating the belief, that the Barillon despatches may all stand, and Sidney's integrity suffer at most from a suspicion, which was never intimated while he lived, which he had thus no opportunity to clear up, and against which the known

* Lord Mahon has some excellent general remarks on this subject in his late letter to Mr. Sparks, though I would by no means be understood to assent to the justice of their application.

and acknowledged integrity of his life ought to be an ample shield. Perhaps no higher authority could possibly have been given for dismissing the whole charge as calumnious and unworthy of credit, than that of *Francis Horner*, one of the purest and best statesmen that England has produced in any age,—whose admirable Biography has just been republished by Little & Brown of this city, and who, in one of his charming letters, describes himself as having recently paid a visit to Sidney's “shrine at Penshurst and looked upon his image with the raptures of a pilgrim.” and who, in relation to this story of the French bribe, declares unqualifiedly, and almost indignantly, “I do not believe it.”*

The life of Sidney draws rapidly to a close. Prevented from returning to the Continent, he now ventured to offer himself as a candidate for Parliament for the borough of Guildford in Surrey, and was strongly supported by our own illustrious William Penn, among others. But the friends of arbitrary government resisted his appeals, made an unlawful attempt to administer oaths to Penn, compelled him to quit the hustings, and succeeded in defeating Sidney. Parliament having soon afterwards been dissolved, and a new one summoned, Sidney was again a candidate for Bamber in Essex, and was again most earnestly supported by Penn. The poll closed with a double return; and, after some examination, his election was declared void in October, 1680. From that time he continued to be the subject of unceasing hostility and persecution. He was charged with being concerned in all sorts of plots against Government,—sham plots and real plots, nonconformist plots, meal-tub plots, and I know not what all: and was even solemnly indicted for being concerned in a riot, on no other ground than that he was seen looking over a balcony to witness an election of sheriffs. Conceiving that he was no longer safe in England, he resolved to return to the Continent, and even purchased a little estate in France, in the name of one of his friends. But he was not destined to enjoy that retirement.

In 1681, he prepared the original draft of an answer to the King's Declaration, justifying his repeated dissolutions of Par-

* The force of Horner's testimony is only increased by his suggestion that Sidney was not quite a *hero* with him, and that he wanted many of the graces and virtues that are necessary for the full perfection of that character.

liament; which, after being revised by Sir William Jones and Lord Somers, was adopted and published. And now, too, he occupied himself in finishing, so far as they were ever finished, those Discourses on Government which Quincy bequeathed to his son. But his ardent love of liberty, and his uncompromising detestation of irresponsible and lawless power, would not permit him to confine himself to mere literary pursuits or political studies. Wherever any thing was to be devised, or any thing to be done, for the promotion of civil freedom, Sidney could never suffer himself to be found wanting. A great crisis was manifestly approaching. The arbitrary and licentious domination of the existing monarch was hard enough to be endured, but the immediate prospect of a Papist successor was far more unbearable. “Present fears were less than horrible imaginings.” By all means, by almost any other man, James, the Duke of York, must be excluded, and the dread result averted. If a republic could not quite yet be realized,—if the Prince of Orange were not quite yet ripe for being brought over,—the Duke of Monmouth, who had a strong hold upon the popular heart, must be taken up. Any thing rather than the overthrow of Protestantism at such a moment. Accordingly the Duke of Monmouth, reluctantly and as a last resort, was taken up by Sidney and his friends, and a secret Council of Six was formed to further the cause of his succession.

That Council consisted of the Duke himself, Earl Essex, Hampden, the grandson of the famous John Hampden, Lord Howard of Esterick, William Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney. And though three out of the six were afterwards brought to the block, and another committed suicide in a fit of melancholy, and a fifth was a false-hearted traitor to the cause and to the men engaged in it, yet it was well and truly said by Hampden, the sixth, who survived in honor, that “the Association which introduced the Prince of Orange into England, and which finally effected the glorious Reformation of 1688, was only a continuation of the Council of Six.” They were the pioneers in preparing the popular heart for that great change,—Sidney and Russell and Hampden being to the Revolution of 1688, what Quincy and Warren and Otis and Henry and the Adamses were to our still more glorious

Revolution of 1775. Their consultations, however, were brought to an untimely end by the discovery of the Rye-House Plot for assassinating the King and his brother, with which they had not the slightest connection, but which was made the pretext for the arrest and arraignment of any one who might be particularly suspicious or obnoxious to the government.

Russell was seized first, and his fate is familiar to everybody. Sidney's turn came next. He was arrested in the King's name, and by order of the Privy Council, while at his dinner table, on the 26th day of June, 1683; his papers were simultaneously seized and sealed up, and after a brief examination, at which not a particle of evidence was procured against him, he was committed close prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason. Subjected to every degree of rigorous restraint and deprivation for a period of four or five months, he was not brought to trial until the 21st of November, having been arraigned on the 7th.

Upon the infamous mockery of justice which this trial exhibited, and the result of which is everywhere regarded as nothing less than a judicial murder, I have no time left to dwell. The brutal Jeffreys—who would seem to have been elevated to the chief-justiceship for the perpetration of this precise outrage, and whose best excuse for the savage ferocity of his conduct is that he was generally too drunk to know better—presided on the occasion. His impartiality may be inferred from the fact that he openly declared soon after the trial, and while an appeal to the royal clemency was pending, that “either Sidney must die, or he must die.” A worthy compeer on the bench, Judge Wythins, gave Sidney the lie direct during the trial. Counsel was refused him. A single day's delay, for advisement on a point of law, was denied him. The jury was packed. The witnesses were perjured. The law was perverted. The craven traitor, Lord Howard of Escrick, was the only witness who testified any thing to the purpose,—a wretch whom Pope might well have had in his mind in that well-remembered distich,—

“ What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

But the law of treason required two witnesses. And it was in order to get round this requisition, and to supply the place of a

second witness, that what was undoubtedly the original study, or preparatory Essay, for his Discourses on Government, and which had been found among his papers, was introduced as testimony against him. In vain was it urged that it had been written twenty or thirty years previously, as the color of the ink and the condition of the manuscript abundantly showed, and written, too, in the way of literary or political composition, without reference or allusion to any existing condition of things. It was enough that Sidney had set forth boldly and unequivocally the great doctrines of civil liberty.

“The argument runs through the book,” said Jeffreys, “fixing the power in the people.”

“The general revolt of a nation from its own magistrates can never be called rebellion,” triumphantly responded the clerk of the crown.

“The power of calling and dissolving parliaments is not in the king!”

“What want we more?” said the attorney-general. Nothing more was evidently wanted by the jury, who pronounced him *guilty* in half an hour’s time after they had retired, and on the same day on which the trial commenced. Five days afterwards he was brought up for judgment, and, after a vain protest against the course of proceeding, sentence of death was pronounced upon him, with all the dreadful details of hanging, drawing, cutting down alive, mutilating, burning, quartering,—not forgetting the final recommendation of his soul to the God of mercy. Sidney heard the sentence to the end, and then burst forth into this sublime exclamation:—

“Then, O God, O God, I beseech thee, sanctify these sufferings unto me: sanctify me through thy truth: thy word is truth; impute not my blood to this nation; impute it not unto the great city through which I am to be drawn; let no inquisition be made for it: but if innocent blood *must* be expiated, let thy vengeance fall only upon the head of those who knowingly and maliciously persecute me for righteousness’ sake!”

Here the chief-justice threw in this brutal interruption: “I pray God work in you a temper fit to go into the other world, for I see you are not fit for this.” Sidney, in reply, held out his

hand to Jeffreys, and, with a dignity and a presence which not even the dramatic power of Shakspere has ever surpassed, exclaimed, “My Lord, feel my pulse and see if I am disordered. I bless God, I never was in better temper than I am now.”

The trial of Sidney lacked one feature of intense interest which that of Russell possessed. You remember that when Russell requested pens and a secretary, and the judges had informed him that any of his servants might assist him in writing, he instantly replied, “My wife, my wife, is here, my lord, to do it.” And thereupon that heroic Lady Rachel, who had an hereditary right to sympathize with persecuted virtue, for she was the daughter of Rachel de Rouvigny, a fair and virtuous Huguenot,—and who afterwards, in mourning for her husband and refusing to be comforted because he was not, exhibited so striking a family likeness to the disconsolate Rachel of *Holy Writ*,—that heroic lady stepped forward, took her place and her pen at the table, and discharged the duties of her husband’s secretary to the end of the trial. No wonder that in turning from her, after taking leave, on the morning of his execution, Russell exclaimed, “The bitterness of death is now past.”

Sidney had no wife to aid and comfort him in life, or to take leave of in death. The blessing of that ministry, the bitterness of that parting, were not his. He had been no scorner of the sex, however. There is an *Essay on Virtuous Love*, written by him while a young man, which furnishes ample proof not merely of his respect for woman, but that he carried his notions of her capacity and dignity to a length not always admitted.

And there is another passage in this *Essay* of even higher interest in this connection, and which I have never seen noticed. It is a passage which leads irresistibly to the conclusion, that his living and dying a single man resulted from an early disappointment of the affections, and from his constancy to a first love.

If this theory of Sidney’s life be correct, it will by no means diminish the interest which will attach to his character and his career in the eyes of a sex, which, otherwise, he might almost seem to have forsaken. Constancy, constancy, was the great element of his character, and no disappointments or repulses could ever dissolve or shake either his loyalty in love or his allegiance to liberty.

Three weeks intervened between his sentence and his execution. During this period he dictated a noble account and vindication of himself, entitled “The Apology of Algernon Sidney in the Day of his Death,” from which many of the details of his life and fortunes are taken, and the concluding paragraph of which may be cited as an ample answer both to the off-hand and groundless assertion of Mr. Hume that he was to be classed among the Deists of the day, and to the hardly less invidious discrimination of Mr. Macaulay, that “Russell died with the fortitude of a Christian, but Sidney with the fortitude of a Stoic”—an idea derived from nothing whatever, that I can find, but his indisposition to the system of church government and the public worship of the time.

“I believe,” says he, “that the people of God in England have, in these late years, generally grown faint. Some, through fear, have deflected from the integrity of their principles. Some have too deeply plunged themselves in worldly cares, and, so as they might enjoy their trades and wealth, have less regarded the treasure that is laid up in heaven. But I think there are very many who have kept their garments unspotted; and hope that God will deliver them and the nation for their sakes. God will not suffer this land, where the gospel hath of late flourished more than in any part of the world, to become a slave of the world; he will not suffer it to be made a land of graven images; he will stir up witnesses of the truth, and, in his own time, spirit his people to stand up for his cause and deliver them. I lived in this belief, and am now about to die in it. I know my Redeemer lives; and, as he hath in a great measure upheld me in the day of my calamity, I hope that he will still uphold me by his Spirit in this last moment, and, giving me grace to glorify him in my death, receive me into the glory prepared for those that fear him, when my body shall be dissolved.”

If this be the language of a Deist or a Stoic, I know not where we shall look for the words of a Christian.

And now on the 7th day of December, 1683, Sidney is on the scaffold, calm, composed, unseduced, unterrified. He hands to the sheriff a beautiful address, in which he again thanks God for permitting him to be a witness of the truth, and especially for

permitting him to die for that good “old cause”—the cause of liberty—in which he had been engaged from his youth up. He presents two or three guineas to the executioner, and, on finding him disappointed with the sum, he cheerfully adds a guinea or two more. He offers a brief prayer; declares that, having made his peace with God, he has nothing more to say to men, and then lays his head quietly down on the block, as on a welcome pillow after a long day of trouble; and when the headsman, hardly imagining that he could be ready so soon for the fatal blow, inquires of him whether he proposes to rise again, he replies boldly and beautifully, “Not till the general resurrection—strike on.” The axe falls; a single stroke suffices; and Algernon Sidney lives only in history.

Well, well, does Lord John Russell say, that “there is no murder which history has recorded of Cæsar Borgia, which exceeds in violence, or in fraud, that by which Charles took away the life of the gallant and patriotic Sidney.”*

So lived, so acted, so suffered, so died, the author of those Discourses on Government which the patriot Quincy bequeathed to his son; the framer of our Massachusetts motto; the friend of William Penn; the friend and fellow-martyr of the sainted Russell, and in reference to whom John Milton, his only superior as an author in that day, said long before his death, “I rejoice that the illustrious name of Sidney has always been associated with the party of liberty.”

I have only time to add that the Discourses are every way worthy of such an author. Written in answer to the Patriarcha of Sir Robert Filmer,—the great defender of divine right and passive obedience (the same Patriarcha to which John Locke afterwards replied in his *Essay on Government*),—they are replete with historical learning, with severe logic, with powerful irony, with searching analysis and brilliant exposition. With but little of the involution which characterized the style of the time, and which renders so much of Milton’s prose writings almost unintelligible, they have an energy of expression, and a fulness and force of illustration, derived from the great authors of antiquity, both sacred and secular, which entitle them to a

* Life of Lord William Russell, vol. ii. p. 139.

much higher rank in English literature than they seem to have enjoyed. And, certainly, there is no book of modern times, or of any times, which I would sooner put into the hands of a young American,—not merely with the hope which Quincy expressed, that the spirit of liberty might rest upon him, but with an assurance that this hope would be realized. Hardly anywhere else can the great principles of free government be found better explained or more powerfully advocated. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any thing valuable even in our own American Constitutions or Bills of Rights, which has not been more or less distinctly anticipated or foreshadowed in these Discourses. Listen to a few of the titles to the chapters or sections, and remember that they were written a hundred years before Jefferson's Declaration of Independence:—

“God leaves to man the choice of forms in government, and those who constitute one form may abrogate it.”

“No man comes to command many, unless by consent or by force.”

“The general revolt of a nation cannot be called a rebellion.”

“Liberty produceth virtue, order, and stability; slavery is accompanied with vice, weakness and misery.”

“All just magisterial power is from the people.”

“Government is not instituted for the good of the governor but of the governed, and power is not an advantage but a burthen.”

Indeed, no one can read the work without admitting, that the great American doctrines, that the consent of the governed is the basis of all just power; that the people have the liberty of setting up such governments as best please themselves; that Magistrates are ordained for the good of Nations, and not Nations for the honor and glory of Magistrates; that the right and power of Magistrates is only what the laws of the country make them to be; that laws are to be observed and obeyed both by Magistrates and People; that private and public virtue are necessary to the maintenance of freedom, and education essential as a preparation for its establishment and enjoyment:—no one, I say, can read these Discourses without admitting that these great American doctrines were all set forth by Algernon Sidney

more than a hundred and fifty years ago, in language which could scarcely be mended by any speaker or writer of our own land at the present hour.

And when he goes on with so much kindling zeal and earnest eloquence to speak of “a popular or mixed government” as one in which “every man is concerned; every one has a part according to his quality or merit; all changes are prejudicial to all; whatever any man conceives to be for the public good, he may propose it to the Magistracy or Magistrate; the body of the people is the public defence; every man is armed and disciplined; the advantages of good success are communicated to all, and every man bears a part in the losses; this makes men generous and industrious, and fills their hearts with love to their country:”—

When he tells us that, where the supreme power is committed to an annual or otherwise chosen Magistracy, “the virtues of excellent men are of use, but all does not depend upon their persons; one man finishes what another had begun; and when many are by practice rendered able to perform the same things, the loss of one is easily supplied by the election of another: When good principles are planted, they do not die with the person that introduced them; and good Constitutions remain, though the authors of them perish:”—

And when, still more, he so glowingly depicts the good Magistrate as knowing, that “there is no safety where there is no strength, no strength without *Union*, no union without justice, no justice where faith and truth, accomplishing public and private contracts, is wanting:”—

We might almost imagine that his prophetic spirit had caught a glimpse in the far distant future of the final consummation of his idolized republican theories on our own happy shores. We might almost imagine, that his faith-illumined eyes were permitted to pierce through the mists of a century, and to behold “sweet fields beyond the swelling floods,” where liberty should be something more than a name, and a constitutional Republic something more than a beatific vision. Oh, could he but have lived a hundred years later, how would he have gloried in the establishment of a system after which his heart had so long

panted, and towards which all his words and deeds had so long pointed !

Those words and those deeds, however, were not lost. Good words and deeds are never lost, even on earth. Their authors may be cast down ; they may be despised and rejected of men ; they may seemingly accomplish nothing ; they may fail, as the world counts failure ; they may breathe out their lives in exile or in a dungeon, or pour out their blood in battle-fields or on a block ; they may even have been disheartened or intimidated or seduced into a recantation to their own lofty principles or a reiteration of their own noble teachings :—but the good words, the good deeds, remain, survive, imperishable : and years, or even ages afterwards, like the seed from the Egyptian catacombs, they shall be seen budding, blossoming, and bearing abundantly their own proper fruit.

“ This day (said the admirable Niebuhr, writing from the University of Kiel as a young man, in 1794), this day is the anniversary of Algernon Sidney’s death, one hundred and eleven years ago, and hence it is in my eyes a consecrated day, especially as I have just been studying his noble life again. May God preserve me from a death like his ; yet even with such a death, the virtue and holiness of his life would not be dearly purchased.” To have won such a tribute from such a source, might well be deemed glory enough to reward a whole life of suffering.

But Sidney’s memory did not have to wait so long for justice. Five years, indeed, had hardly elapsed from the day of his execution, when the brightest era of freedom known to the annals of England was ushered in,* — when the House of Stuart was driven from the throne, and the Prince of Orange brought over under a Declaration of Right, drafted by the same Lord Somers whom we have seen associated with Sidney in drafting a similar declaration a short time before his death, and which contained

* “ Indeed, I know not (said Charles James Fox) that history can furnish a more forcible lesson against despondency, than by recording, that within a short time from those dismal days in which men of the greatest constancy despaired, and had reason to do so, within five years from the death of Sidney, arose the brightest era of freedom known to the annals of our country.”

the germ of every good law and every just reform by which the liberties of Englishmen have been asserted and vindicated from that day to this. And one of the earliest acts of William and Mary, under that declaration, was "an act for annulling and making void the Attainder of Algernon Sidney, Esq."

But it was in our own Revolution of 1775, far more even than in the English Revolution of 1688, of which ours, indeed, was only the legitimate continuation and consummation, that Sidney's life, principles, discourses, and death, exerted their full influence and found their perfect illustration. And it is here, on this American soil, pre-eminently, and in our American hearts, that his name and memory deserve to be kept for ever fresh and fragrant. Here, where his "*adored republic*" has ceased to be a mere airy vision, for ever wooing the approach, and for ever eluding the embrace, of its votaries,—leading them along with fatal fascination over dizzy heights and through treacherous passes to the dungeon or the scaffold, or to an exile, worse, perhaps, than either; but where it stands before us a substantial fact, a real presence, a glorious existence, inviting all who may be nurtured, and all who may be attracted, within its sphere, to a free, full, equal participation of its unspeakable blessings,—here, I repeat, if nowhere else, there should never fail to be cherished a grateful and affectionate remembrance of one whose love for liberty, whose faith in a republic, whose confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government, no sorrows in life, no sufferings in death, could extinguish or abate, and whose discourses and example did so much to instruct, animate, and inspire our Revolutionary Fathers in the pursuit and attainment of the glorious institutions which we now enjoy.

For myself, I can hardly consider the name of Algernon Sidney as any thing other than an American name,—American in all its associations, and American in all its influences,—and not unworthy to be held up with the proudest and loftiest names of our own land, to the contemplation and admiration of every son and every daughter of our beloved Union.

I cannot conclude, my friends, without telling you in a single word; that the volumes which the patriot Quincy bequeathed to

his son, and which have formed the subject of this lecture, were unhappily destroyed by fire, with the whole library of which they formed a part, many years ago. But the son to whom they were left still lives. He is with us here this evening, full of years and of honors, exhibiting at once the energy of youth and the dignity of age; and I need no other assurance than the cordial greetings with which his presence has already been welcomed, that you will all agree with me in saying, that his long and brilliant career has furnished abundant testimony that his father's prayer has been answered, and that the Spirit of Liberty has indeed rested upon him!

THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COM- PROMISE.

REMARKS MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, FEBRUARY 23, 1854.

I CANNOT altogether refuse, fellow-citizens, to make some acknowledgment of these repeated and emphatic calls, although your Committee of Arrangements are aware that I expressly declined being responsible for any thing in the nature of a speech on this occasion. Indeed, the invitation to address you, and the fact that any meeting was to be held here this afternoon, were communicated to me at a moment when I had formed engagements which rendered it extremely uncertain whether I could be with you at all; and I have come at the last hour, with my friend Mr. Lawrence and other gentlemen who have enjoyed the honor of representing this city in Congress, to take a humble place in the rear-rank of your Vice-Presidents, and with neither purpose nor preparation to enter into the discussions of the occasion.

But, fellow-citizens, I can never be unprepared to express my cordial concurrence,—not, indeed, in every thing which may have fallen from the lips of those who have preceded me, for every man speaks here, I presume, for himself and upon his own responsibility,—nor yet, perhaps, in every phrase or paragraph of the resolutions which have been read,—but my cordial concurrence and sympathy in the general objects and purposes of this meeting. I can never, certainly, be unprepared to declare my earnest and unhesitating opposition to the repeal of a solemn stipulation which has prohibited slavery for ever within the limits of that vast imperial domain whose destiny is now about to be decided. When I am not ready at any hour, in any presence,

under any circumstances, to make this declaration, I shall at least take good care not to show my face in Faneuil Hall.

Fellow-citizens, in every view which I can take of this Nebraska Bill,—in its relations to the poor Indian, in its relations to slavery, in its relations to the national faith, the national honor, the national harmony, in every view alike,—I cannot but deplore its introduction, I cannot but deprecate its passage.

It seems to me calculated to stir up more of ill-blood between different sections of the Union, than almost any thing which has occurred since the foundation of the government. It has thrown us wantonly back upon the controversies and conflicts of 1850. It has raked recklessly open the smouldering ashes of those unextinguished, and, I fear, unextinguishable, fires. And its passage, if it is to pass, threatens to render all the struggles and sacrifices of that eventful epoch utterly vain, void, and of no effect.

And upon what grounds is such a measure justified? Why, I am amazed, Mr. President, as you certainly must be also, when I find it seriously advanced and maintained, that the adjustment of 1850 was understood or intended to repeal or supersede the old compromise of 1820.

It was not my fortune, as you well know, to find myself able to give a conscientious support to some of the measures of that adjustment. I cannot claim to be one of the great and patriotic men of 1850, I suppose. I have nothing to explain, retract, or regret on that score.

But I was in the way of hearing all that was said publicly, and much that was said privately, during that memorable controversy; and I have recently refreshed my memory by running my eye over the debates of the period; and nowhere, nowhere, have I been able to find the slightest trace or vestige of any thing either said, or done, or proposed to be done, which affords the least countenance or color whatever to such a doctrine. On the contrary, my unhesitating conviction is that the leading authors and advocates of the adjustment of 1850, were they living and in the Senate Chamber at this hour, would be foremost and firmest in repudiating and denouncing such a suggestion.

What, sir! A constructive repeal of a formal compact of more

than thirty years' standing! A solemn covenant overturned by an inference—superseded by what is called a principle—emanating, let me rather say extorted, from the settlement of a wholly different and independent issue! Who ever heard of such a proceeding, or of such a proposition as this?

Fellow-citizens, the great statesman of Kentucky, now in his grave, and whom I can never think of without fresh admiration for many of the noble qualities both of his head and his heart,—that great statesman had a wonderful bump of constructiveness. He built up that Omnibus with a masterly hand. He made a most capacious vehicle. But he never dreamed that he had provided a seat—either an inside or an outside seat—for such a passenger as this. And had such an intruder made its appearance at the time, depend upon it he would himself have ejected it with a strong hand. Had he not done so, the coach would have been hopelessly overturned, and even he himself would have been crushed beneath its fragments.

Why, Mr. President, this is a question for testimony,—for contemporaneous testimony,—and not for *ex post facto* construction. And where are the witnesses? Who rises in his place, or out of his place, to state, upon his own knowledge and responsibility, that the authors or the finishers of the adjustment of 1850 had any such measure as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in contemplation? A contract, we know, is to be construed according to the understanding and expectation of the parties at the time. What said the parties then? What say the survivors of them now?

There is at least one among the living, sir, whom I should like to hear upon this point. I mean our respected friend, the late President Fillmore. He was in the executive chair at the time, with those about him who knew most, and who did most, to carry through that adjustment. I should like to hear from him, as the highest authority in existence, whether in the immost recesses of those Cabinet councils one word was ever breathed which any ingenuity could have tortured into this constructive repeal of the Missouri Compromise. I do not believe there was ever a word.

One of the later members of that Cabinet, indeed, has already spoken substantially to this point. I mean our own distin-

guished Senator, Mr. Everett, who has borne the most satisfactory testimony in behalf of the dead, as well as of the living. And a most welcome rumor is at this moment coursing along the telegraphic wires, that another member of that Cabinet, the late accomplished Attorney-General, Mr. Crittenden, is about to testify to the same effect.

I know nothing of the source of this report, but I earnestly hope and trust that it may be verified. If that gallant and veteran statesman, the worthy compeer of Henry Clay, shall now throw himself boldly into the breach and plant himself upon the plighted faith of the nation, he will add fresh laurels to a brow already richly wreathed, and will reflect a new lustre upon the chivalry of old Kentucky.

But, fellow-citizens, whatever others may do or say, our course is plain: and I rejoice that there is neither halting nor hesitation in pursuing it. I rejoice to perceive, from all the circumstances of this and of other occasions, that, whatever may have been our differences heretofore upon other topics, a firm, earnest, and united remonstrance against a measure so full at once of evil omen and of real wrong as this, is about to go up to the Capitol of the Nation from this time-honored Temple of Freedom.

THE DEATH OF JOHN DAVIS.

REMARKS MADE AT THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY, BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1854.

I PRAY leave, Mr. Vice-President, to present to the Society a resolution or two, for the purpose of placing formally upon the records of this meeting the views which have been already expressed on all sides of the hall. They relate, I need not say, to our lamented President, whose death has been so fitly and feelingly announced to us in the Report of the Council.

It has been my good fortune to know Governor Davis long and well. It is twenty years this very month, since I entered his military family (as it is sometimes called) as his senior aide-de-camp, upon his first election to the office of Governor of Massachusetts. From that time to this, hardly a year has elapsed in which I have not been associated with him in some sphere or other of the public service. I have known him, for years together, in the intimacies of a congressional mess, where all that is peculiar in private character is sure to make itself known. And it has been my privilege, too, to serve at his side in the Senate Chamber of the United States, during a brief, but crowded and momentous, period in the history of our national legislation. I desire, under these circumstances, sir, to bear my humble testimony to the many excellent and noble qualities, both of head and of heart, which distinguished him everywhere alike. No better or worthier Senator, in my humble judgment, was ever sent to the Capitol from Massachusetts, or from any other State, than John Davis; none more intelligent, more industrious, more faithful, more useful, more pure, disinterested, and patriotic.

His physical health and vigor were, it is true, not always equal to the demands which were made upon him. He had, too, a

natural repugnance to every thing in the nature of ostentation or personal display. But he had a word ably and fitly and eloquently spoken for every occasion where it was called for; and he had, what is better than a whole volume of words, a quick eye, a listening ear, an attentive and thoroughly informed mind, and a punctual personal presence, for the daily and practical proceedings of Congress. No man took a more active interest, and no man exerted a more valuable influence, in regard to the real business of the country. Though born and bred in the interior of the State, and educated to the profession of the Bar, his mind seemed to have a natural facility for grappling with the difficult questions of trade and currency and tariffs, which belong more peculiarly to those who have their homes upon the seaboard, and who are personally engaged in commercial affairs. Upon questions of this sort, his opinion was often appealed to, almost as law. More than one occasion might be cited where that opinion was deferred to implicitly, as an all-sufficient authority to govern the action of the Senate, even by those least inclined and least accustomed to waive any views of their own. The labor of the country, and the commerce and navigation of the country, owe him a debt which could not easily have been paid, had he lived; and which now, alas! can only be the subject of empty and formal recognition.

Above all, sir, he was a just and virtuous man, whose daily life was without spot or blemish, and whose example may be commended, without qualification, to the imitation of both young and old. As such, his name belongs to the treasures of our State and nation, and his memory can never fail to be cherished by all who appreciate the value of virtuous and Christian statesmen.

I ought to apologize, Mr. Vice-President, for having added a syllable to the able and admirable tributes to which we have just listened, in the reports of my friend Judge Kinnicutt, and of our devoted Librarian: and I will only trespass further upon your time by submitting the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That we have learned with unfeigned sensibility and sorrow the sudden death of our distinguished and excellent President, and that this Society will ever cherish his memory with the warmest regard and respect.

Resolved, That the President's chair, in the Society's hall at Worcester, be shrouded with black until the next annual meeting; and that the Council be requested to take measures for adding a portrait of Governor Davis to the Society's gallery.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Council for the admirable memoir of our lamented President which they have presented in their Report, and that they be instructed to prepare it for the press in a form in which it may have general circulation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the widow and family of Governor Davis, with an assurance of the sincere sympathy of the Society in their afflicting bereavement.

AN INCREASED CIRCULATION OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN TRACT
SOCIETY, BOSTON, MAY 31, 1854.

I AM quite sensible, Mr. President, that there are many others before me and around me at this moment, far better entitled to be heard, and far better able to speak, than myself, upon such an anniversary as this, and upon such a subject as the Resolution which has just been placed in my hand. I am not here, however, as a volunteer, but only in deference to the repeated solicitations of your Committee of Arrangements, who have found some difficulty, as they have informed me, in finding a layman to take part in these proceedings. I claim the benefit of this consideration, sir, in the very few remarks which I shall venture to offer. I claim, as I shall need, a full measure of that indulgence, which is always accorded to one who has been pressed into the service, — I will not say unwillingly, — but certainly without any prompting of his own.

Let me not, however, be understood to imply, Mr. President, that any apology is needed for the appearance of a layman, or even for my own individual appearance, on this occasion. Heaven forbid that the day should ever come, when New-England laymen shall consider the moral and religious interests of their country as any thing alien to their own affairs, or any thing outside the appropriate sphere of their own duties. I have great confidence, sir, in the American clergy. A purer or an abler body of men does not exist in any profession or in any region the world over. Their voice should always be respectfully heard, and attentively listened to, upon every question on which it

may be uttered; and that man assumes a fearful responsibility who sets himself at work to break down or impair their rightful influence over the public mind. They are the legitimate leaders, moreover, in such an institution as this, and I gladly range myself beneath their banner, and follow their lead, in the cause which we are assembled this evening to consider.

But I cannot admit that the clergy have any exclusive concern or any exclusive obligation in reference to this cause. I hold that every citizen of the Union has an interest in the enterprise in which this Society is engaged, and an interest which he ought to feel it a privilege and a pride to recognize and to assert.

Sir, I wish it were in my power, by any language within my command, to give adequate utterance to the impressions which I have conceived as to the importance of the precise operations of this institution to the prosperity and welfare of our country. I do not forget that religion is not primarily an affair of country or of masses. It is an individual matter, a personal matter, which must be brought home, sooner or later, to the individual heart, and mind, and conscience of each one of us. It is a matter primarily and principally pertaining to the salvation of souls in another world, and not to the advancement of material prosperity or political security in this world; and souls, I am aware, are not to be saved by any aggregate or by any average merits. But there is a secondary value to religious and moral culture, in its influence upon the welfare of society, and upon the stability of States, which ought not to be, and cannot be, overlooked by any reflecting patriot. And it is of this influence that laymen may not only be permitted to speak, but ought not to be pardoned for not speaking, plainly and earnestly.

We have indeed, sir, as the reverend gentleman who has preceded me has well said, a vast country, which is in process of being filled up and occupied by all sorts and conditions of men. Who that has ever looked at that monster map, which your worthy Secretary has exhibited on both sides the Atlantic, and which he has made the subject of so many instructive and admirable lectures,— who that has ever followed him in tracing the outlines of our territorial possessions, can fail to have been impressed with the immense and almost immeasurable extent of

the field upon which the ultimate destinies of our country are to be developed? Who has failed to feel, that, much as we may boast ourselves of the growth and grandeur of these old Atlantic cities and Atlantic States, they are but specks upon the surface, — but “small seminal principles, rather than formed bodies,” — compared with those mighty commonwealths which are about to spring into existence beyond the mountains?

Thither are seen flocking “multitudes such as the populous North poured never from her frozen loins to pass Rhene or the Danaw.” There are seen gathering men of every nation, and kindred, and language, and tribe, under the sun, to meet and mingle, and make up one mighty people. As we behold them thronging and swarming along our land-courses and water-courses, to their common destination, and as we look forward a few years to the result, we seem almost to hear again the words of the prophet of old: “Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.” For, sir, that great valley of the West is to be, and now is, the valley of decision for our American future. There is to be the great struggle between the powers of Light and of Darkness. There the contest is to be waged and to be decided, whether our land shall be a land of infidelity, or of Christianity; of superstition, or of pure religion; of licentiousness, and lawlessness, and sensualism, and sin, or of morality and virtue, based, as they can alone be based, upon the truths and teachings of the Bible.

And what question is there within the whole range of human controversy which compares for a moment with this question in its importance? How do all the strifes and contentions of parties, and of nations, sink into insignificance beside it! Look at either hemisphere, and behold the mighty matters which are rocking them to their foundation! The people of Europe are setting themselves in battle array, mustering fleets and armies such as the world never witnessed, and preparing to pour out their blood and treasure like water. For what, sir? To maintain what they call the balance of power, and to arrest what they consider the aggressive strides of a colossal empire aiming at universal dominion. And our American eyes and ears are strained to the utmost to catch the first signs and sounds of

success on either side. I would not underrate the interest or importance of the issue. But what to us or what to the world, what in its ultimate influence upon human welfare, is a question as to the material, commercial, or territorial preponderance of Eastern or of Western Empires, in the other hemisphere, compared with the question, what power is to predominate, what dominion is to prevail, what moral and spiritual Empire is to be established on this wide-spread American Continent, and whether the States which are to grow up in that great valley of decision, are, or are not, hereafter to be ranked among the "Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ"?

Our own hemisphere, too, has at this instant its deplorable and fearful subjects of controversy and strife. But even the great issue which is again agitating our country so intensely, and which has just rendered our own city so tumultuous and full of stirs,—deeply important and exciting as it is,—how does it dwindle and shrink when contrasted with a question like this! Ah, Mr. President, if some North-western Ordinance, or some Missouri Compromise, or some Wilmot Proviso, could have been, or could now be, seasonably contrived and adopted, by which infidelity and immorality and the worse than African bondage of sin and Satan could be effectually excluded from the vast Territories of our Union,—by which those Territories might be secured for ever for the sole occupation and possession of those freemen whom the truth makes free, and as the exclusive abode of that liberty which the great Apostle had in his mind when he declared "that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;"—could such a measure be contrived and enforced, how little there would be left for us to vex and disquiet ourselves about in the schemes of ambitious and unprincipled politicians for their own selfish and sectional ends! For, sir, in the spread of a true Christianity, and in the prevalence of a pure Gospel light and Gospel love, we should have an ample guaranty, and the only one which we ever seem likely to obtain, that, in the fulness of God's own time, every bond shall be broken, every yoke loosed, and that all men shall be as free and equal in each other's eyes, as they are now in the eyes of their common Father.

And now, Mr. President, this, as I understand it, is the precise

work in which this Society, and others of a kindred character, are doing their respective and proportionate parts. To plant a Sunday school wherever there is a population,—that is the object of a noble institution whose Anniversary is to be celebrated to-morrow. To place a Bible in the hands of every one who has an eye to read or a heart to understand it,—that is the function of another and not less noble institution, whose Anniversary has been already commemorated. Your own province is a wider and more varied one. It is yours to supply that unspeakable want of our reading millions, a cheap, popular, attractive, purified, Christian literature. It is yours to filter, if I may so speak, the streams of that great fountain of bitter waters, as well as sweet,—*the Press*,—and then to pour them out in never-ceasing fulness and freshness over the land, bidding every one that thirsteth, come and drink, without money and without price.

And nobly has your Society, in connection with the Parent Institution at New York, which has been so ably represented here this evening,—nobly has it fulfilled the work which it has undertaken, with its Pictorial Primers, its beautiful Almanacs, its exquisite Child's Paper, its charming "Songs for the Little Ones," its Monthly Messengers, and its stories and memoirs and biographies of the Christian men, and of the Christian women too, of other days; bringing the highest attractions of genius and of art to the embellishment of a class of publications which have been too long rendered repulsive by the very coarseness and meanness of their mechanical execution; and then placing them in the hands of faithful and persevering carriers and colporteurs, who penetrate into every corner of the land, press forward on the track of the most adventurous emigration, seek out the solitary and remote, and leave no place or family or person unvisited, in their unwearied round of devoted service.

Sir, it is in this way, and in this way alone, in my humble judgment, that the moral and spiritual necessities of this vast country of ours are to be seasonably provided for and permanently supplied. It is in this way alone, in my humble judgment, that the corrupting influences of a cheap licentious literature are to be checked and counteracted. It is only from such instrumentalities and such agencies as yours that we may

hope for that general diffusion and that permanent prevalence of morality, of virtue, of religious faith, and of the fear of God in our land, which may render it possible that our free republican institutions can be maintained. I say *possible*, for if there be any thing written, as with a sunbeam, on the page of our manifest destiny,—a manifest destiny, which, to this extent, I fully and firmly believe,—it is this: that, without the influences of religion, there can be no reliance for morality or virtue; and that, without morality and virtue, there can be no reliance for Republican Liberty.

I rejoice, then, Mr. President, in all the evidences of your prosperity and success, as exhibited in the report which has been read by my reverend friend, Dr. Kirk. I rejoice to learn that your resources for the present year are larger than ever before, and that there is every reason to hope that your labors will be more abundant and your successes more signal; and I could not easily have forgiven myself, either as a Christian or a patriot, if I may pretend to either title, had I declined to accede to the request of your committee, and to offer you my humble but hearty God-speed in all your efforts for the future.

BOSTON MECHANICS AND BOSTON PATRIOTS.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE
MECHANIC ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 11, 1854.

I THANK you sincerely, Mr. President, for the privilege of being present on this occasion, and for the pleasure of sitting down with the mechanics of Boston, and with their wives and daughters, at this most agreeable entertainment. I thank you, too, for the opportunity of listening to your own instructive and excellent address; and I thank you still more for the kind and complimentary manner in which my name has just been presented to the company. Sir, I am always proud to be recognized and designated as an honorary member of this Association, and the more so when I recall the circumstances under which that distinction was conferred upon me. It was in no hour of political triumph, or of personal success. On the contrary, it happened to be just after a protracted and memorable contest for a second term of the Speakership at Washington had resulted in my defeat,—it was then, that your certificate of honorary membership reached me. And, certainly, if I had needed any consolation for a most welcome escape from the confinement of that arduous and laborious post, it was abundantly administered. I would not be thought to depreciate other honors, of which I have had more than my share: — I would by no means disparage the title of an M.C., which the unmerited favor of my fellow-citizens allowed me to enjoy for a period of ten or eleven years, and in which so many others, wortier than myself, are still rejoicing. Still less would I underrate the dignity of an M.A., which it was once my good fortune to receive from a neighboring University, under the hand and seal of

the venerable Ex-President at my side (Mr. Quincy). But I can truly say, that neither of these additions, separately, ever gave me half the real pleasure which I derived from the two combined, when the mechanics of Boston — the bone and muscle of my native city, the heirs, not merely to the professions, but to the principles, and some of them to the blood, of such men as Paul Revere — pronounced me not unworthy to be added to the chosen few upon their honorary roll; and thus entitled me to the M. C. M. A. of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

But more than enough of these personalities. We are assembled here to-day, at what must be considered as eminently a Boston festival. It is emphatically a city festival, and such a one as can only can be witnessed in a great city. Our brethren in the country have festivals of their own, peculiar to themselves, at which the cultivators of the soil meet together to rejoice over the rewards of their labor and their skill, and to display the rich triumphs of agriculture or of horticulture. We have seen not a few of such festivals, of the highest interest and attraction, in our immediate neighborhood within a few weeks past. Our own beautiful Common, indeed, has recently been made the scene of a brilliant display of fruits and flowers. But we all know that they were borrowed flowers, and fruits not our own. They came from the gardens and orchards which adorn the charming environs of our city.

I need not tell you that the narrow limits of our peninsula afford no space for the cultivation of the soil,—no space for any thing, indeed, but paved streets; and, by the blessing of God, we do not intend that any thing shall be seen growing in those streets, not even a blade of grass, notwithstanding the kind wishes to that effect which may be expressed by our friends and admirers in other parts of the Union. No, sir, the workingmen who are congregated in such masses on the few hundred acres which Boston covers, must find their employment in a different department of industry. Commerce gives occupation to some of them, but the great composing and characterizing element of city labor is ever the mechanie element. What, indeed, is a great

city itself, but the grandest and noblest display of mechanic art? Why, Mr. President, I overheard somebody inquiring, a few hours ago, whether there was any exhibition connected with this festival? Any exhibition, sir? What other exhibition could be desired, than that which our city itself supplies? The houses in which we dwell, with the furniture which renders them comfortable and elegant; the shops and stores of our merchants; the ships and steamboats upon our wharves, with all their tackle and enginery; our music-halls and lecture-halls and market-houses and opera-houses; and better than all, the churches in which we meet to worship God, with their massive towers or lofty spires,—these, after all, make up the best Mechanic's Fair, always open, without money and without price; and these display the true character and best results of mechanic labor and skill, far more adequately and completely than all the curious and countless fabrics which can be crowded into a crystal palace, either at home or abroad. Yes, sir, we may accept the reproach which the old poet awarded us when he said, "Man made the town;" and hardly anywhere can the power and skill and genius of man be more readily and distinctly recognized than in the thoroughfares of a great town or city, on the outer and inner walls of its buildings, and along the borders of its piers and docks. Nowhere, certainly, it seems to me, could more striking evidence be found of the progress of mechanic art among ourselves, than in our own streets and along our own wharves at this moment. I need not point you to the magnificent warehouses which have recently risen on the water's edge; or to the splendid shops which have been opened in the more central parts of the city,—the ladies, I am sure, need not be reminded of them; or to the sumptuous edifice just dedicated to the drama; or to the noble clippers which have been lately launched for the commerce of other countries as well as our own. These, sir, may be said to be the Exhibition of the year 1854; and who desires to see a grander one?

But there is something of sadness connected with these great movements of our modern mechanic art. What changes are they not working in the face of our beloved city! I am not an old man quite yet; but I confess it sometimes seems to me almost as difficult to realize that this is the Boston of my boyhood, as it was

for Rip Van Winkle, in the inimitable tale of the inimitable Irving, to recognize his home, when he returned from that memorable visit to Sleepy Hollow. The old landmarks have been disappearing so rapidly, under the magic influence of commercial enterprise and mechanic art, that hardly any thing of the old town seems left. Here, indeed, is old *Faneuil Hall*. God grant that it may last for ever,—its walls and foundations propped up and underpinned, as often as need be, by the best skill which the patriotic arms of Boston Mechanics can bring to it,—a Cradle which shall stand stronger and stronger the oftener it is rocked in the cause of American Liberty! And there, a few rods off, is the old gable-end warehouse, with the date of 1680 still legible on its front, which I think used to be a feather store, and which one might have hoped that nothing harder or heavier than a feather would ever be permitted to press upon; but which, under the weight of other burdens, is but too evidently tottering to its fall. And there is the old Province House, a year or two older still,—no longer sentinelled, as of yore, by British red-coats, but fairly barricaded by a couple of red brick stores,—where Ordway's Minstrels, I believe, discourse Ethiopian melodies, in halls which once echoed to the stately tread of royal governors, or the hardly less stately minuets of royal governors' ladies. And there, too, is the old State House, where James Otis made his immortal argument against Writs of Assistance, and where Samuel Adams confronted one of those very royal governors, on that memorable occasion so brilliantly described by Bancroft, when he told him that if he could remove one regiment he could remove both, and that nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by the regular troops would satisfy the people of Boston. Those regiments were long known by the name of *Sam Adams's regiments*. And, finally, sir, there is the old home of John Hancock, where he, doubtless, practised and perfected that unmistakable and matchless signature of his, which was the only signature under which the Declaration of Independence was originally promulgated to the world, and which was enough, of itself, to give assurance that there would be no repudiation of that immortal instrument.

These, Mr. President, and perhaps a few other precious monuments of the past,—the Old South, and Brattle Street, with the

cannon ball in its front wall, and Christ Church, with the chime of bells in its steeple,—these are almost all that is left of the old town of Boston; and I wish I could believe that some even of these few were destined to stand much longer unchanged. I cannot help wishing, especially, that some plan might be seasonably devised by which that old Hancock house, the only remaining specimen of the domestic architecture of the olden time, might be saved for our children and our children's children to look at, and be set apart for some congenial public purpose by the city, or by the State, or by some worthy association like your own. But if this is not to be,—if the work of renovation is still to go on, until every thing is changed, until all the old buildings shall have fallen, and the places that knew them shall know them no more,—then, sir, I trust that we shall all be ready to do something, from time to time, to perpetuate the historical associations of our city in some other suitable and durable form.

Boston, Mr. President, is eminently an historical city. I think it no presumption to say that it is *the* historical city of our land. Other cities may outshine us in the dazzling prospects of the future, or in the splendid realities of the present. But what other city has so many glorious reminiscences of the past? Dating back to the year 1630, it has stood through two centuries and a quarter, pre-eminently conspicuous for the great men and the great deeds which have illustrated its history. It has been a city set on a hill,—yes, sir, on three hills,—and it has never been hid. From the Liberty Tree to the Green Dragon, from the Neck to Copp's Hill, there is scarcely a street without its story, or a lane, or an alley, in which you cannot trace the footsteps of the fathers. Here have been pious and brave-hearted colonists, illustrious statesmen, heroic defenders of liberty, philanthropic merchants, patriotic mechanics, whose words and deeds have resounded through the world. And now, if these men, with all their words and deeds, are not to be forgotten, it will not do to trust only to the cold pages of history, or to the feeble voice of tradition, to preserve their remembrance. Their names, their forms, must be kept fresh in the daily mind and full in the daily sight of our children, if we would have those children grow up to an appreciation of the institutions they founded, and to a readiness and a resolution to maintain them.

It is in this view that I have been delighted to see so many of the old names inscribed upon our streets, our squares, our school-houses, and our granite blocks. It is in this view that I have witnessed with so much satisfaction the recent re-opening of some of our old graveyards to the sun, and the efforts of our "Old Mortality" (Mr. Thomas Bridgman) to rescue their inscriptions from the effacing finger of time. And it is in this view, more particularly, that I rejoice at the success of that suggestion which I had the good fortune to make at your opening lecture last winter, and which has been so nobly seconded and carried out by the citizens of Boston, under the lead of your own Association. When that statue of Franklin shall have been completed by the accomplished artist to whom it has been entrusted (Mr. Richard Greenough), himself a Boston boy; when it shall have been once set up on its pedestal, agreeably to the exquisite design which has been adopted,—it will present to our daily view the greatest of the native sons of our city; and it will tell, also, by what steps he rose to be the greatest,—the son of a mechanic, himself a mechanic, by industry and energy and perseverance and temperance and frugality, lifting himself to the highest grade in the scale of human honor, and lifting his country to the highest pinnacle of national glory, and leaving the world in doubt, when he died, whether he had rendered the greatest services as a philosopher or a patriot.

But, Mr. President, the work of commemoration must not end here. We shall have a statue of Franklin. We have already a statue of one greater even than him,—the incomparable Washington. A statue of the lamented Story, for Mount Auburn, from the chisel of his son, is understood to be on its way across the Atlantic. A statue of Daniel Webster, from the studio of Powers, is soon to follow it. And I have the best reason to believe that a statue of General Warren, by Dexter, has already been contracted for. This, sir, is pretty well for a beginning. But, after all, it is only a beginning. Great names are still behind. The best materials are still sleeping in our quarries. Our own American sculptors are second to none in the world, and they are destined to gain more glory by the portraiture of American freemen, than they have ever yet acquired even by

their charming conceptions of Roman Shepherds or of Greek Slaves. They have shown already that they know how to "give more than female beauty to a stone,"—they will win fresh laurels in giving Franklin's wisdom or "Webster's eloquence to marble lips."

Great names, I repeat, are still behind,—the Adamses, and Otis, and that Quiney of 1774, of whom we have just heard so touching a tale,—and I hope that no ten years, certainly that no generation, will pass away, without adding at least one more to the living marbles or the breathing bronzes which shall commend the great examples of the past to the imitation and admiration of the future. Let this be done, and Boston may indeed be changed by the magic of mechanic art in its outward face and form; her old three hills may be levelled to the sea, and not one stone left upon another of her ancient edifices; but the old spirit will survive,—the spirit of love to man, and love to God, and love to country, which animated our fathers,—the spirit of law and liberty and union,—this will survive; and patriot merchants and patriot mechanics will rise up again in every age to defend and adorn a city which has known how to honor and perpetuate the memory of its builders and benefactors.

And now, sir, in concluding these remarks, which I fear have already detained you too long, I am reminded that there have been other changes in our city, within the past year, than those of her mere material structures; that there have been other breaches besides those which mechanic art, or any art, can repair. Your own roll, both active and honorary, bears witness to the recent departure from among us of more than one of those whom you have delighted to honor.

The memory of your excellent and lamented President (Mr. Chickering) has already received its appropriate and feeling tribute. I can add nothing to that. But I will venture to recall to your remembrance another venerated name. You have alluded, in the sentiment which called me up, to an humble service which I rendered some years ago, as the organ of the Repre-

sentatives of the Union, at the laying of the corner-stone of the National Monument to Washington. I cannot but remember that the latest efforts in this quarter of the country to raise funds for the completion of that monument, were made by one whose long and honorable life has been brought to a close within the past twelve months.

I cannot forget the earnest and affectionate interest with which that noble-hearted old American gentleman devoted the last days, and I had almost said the last hours, of his life, to arranging the details and the machinery for an appeal to the people of Massachusetts, in behalf of that still-unfinished structure. He had seen Washington in his boyhood, and had felt the inspiration of his majestic presence; he had known him in his manhood, and had spent a day with him by particular invitation at Mount Vernon, a day never to be forgotten in any man's life; his whole heart seemed to be imbued with the warmest admiration and affection for his character and services; and it seemed as if he could not go down to his grave in peace until he had done something to aid in perpetuating the memory of his virtues and his valor. I need not say that I allude to the late Hon. Thomas Handasyd Perkins. He, too, was a Boston boy, and one of the noblest specimens of humanity to which our city has ever given birth;—leading the way for half a century in every generous enterprise, and setting one of the earliest examples of those munificent charities which have given our city a name and a praise throughout the earth. He was one of your own honorary members, Mr. President, and I have felt that I could do nothing more appropriate to this occasion,—the first public festive occasion in Faneuil Hall which has occurred since his death,—and nothing more agreeable to the feelings of this Association, or to my own, than to propose to you, as I now do,—

The memory of THOMAS HANDASYD PERKINS.

THE

HISTORIC GLORIES OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

A SPEECH AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1854.

I NEED not assure you, Mr. President, that I am deeply sensible to this kind notice and this cordial reception. It is with real pleasure that I have found myself able — somewhat unexpectedly at the last moment — to be present on this occasion, to participate in these anniversary festivities as one of your invited guests, and to listen to the comprehensive and powerful discourse of one in whose fame Massachusetts can claim at least an equal share with New York, and who has just presented so brilliant a title to be recognized afresh as the historian of the whole country.

I feel myself greatly honored, too, in being commissioned as one of the delegates of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, to bear her birthday greetings and congratulations to her sister Society of New York. Your elder sister by a few years, as she is, and by right of seniority the very head of the whole family of American historical associations, — she rejoices in every evidence of your superior advantages and ampler resources, and I should do great injustice to those who have sent me, as well as to those by whom I am accompanied, if I did not assure you of the sincere and earnest interest which we all take in the signal manifestation of your prosperity and progress which this occasion has afforded. If I may be pardoned for borrowing an expressive orientalism, and for playing upon it for an instant after I have borrowed it, I would venture to wish that your Association might not only flourish like the chosen palm-tree of the plain, but that

it might never fail to furnish, to all who repose beneath its shade, an abundant supply of *dates*. For, sir, much as we may sentimentalize about the historic muse, some of my friends at this end of the table, who have courted her ladyship most successfully, will bear witness that she does not feed upon air, but that, on the contrary, she has a voracious appetite for precisely this variety of fruit, and cannot live without it,—hard and dry and husky, as it is generally considered by other people.

Sir, the Historical Societies of the different States of the Union—and I am glad to remember that there are now so few States without one—are engaged in a common labor of love and loyalty in gathering up materials for the history of our beloved country. But each one of them has a peculiar province of interest and of effort in illustrating the history of its own State. And how worthy and how wide a field is thus opened to the labors of your own Society! New York—the truly imperial State of New York—a nation in itself—with a population equal to that of the whole Union in the days of our revolutionary struggle—great in territorial extent—surpassingly rich in every variety of material and of moral resources—unequalled in its external advantages and in its internal improvement of those advantages—greatest of all, perhaps, in its commercial emporium, by every token and by all acknowledgment entitled to the crown, as the Queen City of the Western Hemisphere! What State in the Union is there which combines so many elements of growth and of grandeur? What State, anywhere, has been so marked and quoted by nature as the abode of enterprise and the seat of empire?

If a stranger from abroad desires to see the beauties or the wonders of American scenery, where else does he betake himself—as my friend, Mr. Bancroft, has just suggested—but along the charming banks of your Hudson, or through the exquisite passes of your Lake George, or up the romantic ravines of your Trenton, or over the lofty peaks of your Catskill, or upon the sublime and matchless brink of your Niagara? If he comes in search of fountains of health, where can he find them so salubrious and invigorating as at your Saratoga, or your Sharon? If he is eager to behold the giant causeways of the New World—

those massive chains of intercommunication which have married together the lakes and the ocean, even where hills and mountains would seem to have stood ready to forbid the bans—or the hardly inferior triumphs of that earlier art, which has “rolled obedient rivers through the land:”—where can he behold them on a more gigantic scale, than in your railroads and canals? And, if he is curious to observe the progress which civilization and refinement, and wealth and luxury, and architecture and science and literature, have made among us, where can he witness an ampler or more brilliant display of them all, than in the saloons and libraries, in the shops and warehouses, in the stately edifices and splendid avenues, of this magnificent metropolis?

Nor, Mr. President, is New York without the noblest monuments and the most precious memories of the past. The memorable scenes which have illustrated your soil, and the distinguished men who have been actors in those scenes, come thronging so thickly to one's remembrance as he reflects on your past history, that I know not how to discriminate or what to touch upon. Why, sir, we have a few things to be proud of, in this way, in our own old Massachusetts. Notwithstanding the disparagement which your eloquent orator has just thrown upon rocks in general, as of modern origin, I think I may say that we have a Rock which no one will disparage, which has been trodden by the noblest company of men and women that ever braved the perils of a wintry sea, or stemmed the currents of an adverse fortune. We have a Hall, too, which has echoed to as noble voices as ever pleaded the cause of human rights. We have a Hill, also, and a Plain, not unknown to fame—represented at this table, I am glad to say, by one of my excellent colleagues (Rev. George E. Ellis)—where the first blood for independence was poured out like water from some of the purest veins of our land. We have names, too, both in our later and our earlier history, which we would not willingly admit to be second to any which can be found on the historic roll. But no inordinate appreciation of our own treasures has rendered us insensible, I trust, to the proud associations and memories which are the priceless inheritance of our sister States. We rejoice to remember that they all have something to be proud of,—some principle which they were

first in asserting, some idea which they were foremost in advancing, some proposal which they were earliest in advocating, some great American event of which their soil was the chosen scene, some great American character to which their institutions gave birth.

Yes, sir, each one of the old Thirteen at least—and not a few of the new Eighteen, also—can point this day to some one or more of the memorable names or deeds or associations of our history, and say: “This is our own; this is our contribution to the glories of America; this institution was the work of our fathers, or this soul was ripened beneath our sky.” Virginia, the mother of us all, with her Jamestown and her Yorktown, the Alpha and the Omega, the small beginning and the glorious close, of our colonial career,—and with her transcendent and incomparable Washington,—I wish I could find a title worthy of that name;—Rhode Island and Maryland, with their Roger Williams and their Calverts, contending nobly together for the earliest assertion of religious toleration;—Connecticut, with her Charter Oak;—Pennsylvania, with her pure-hearted and philanthropic old Broad-brim Proprietor, and with her Hall of Independence, and her grave of Franklin;—New Jersey, with her Trenton and Morristown;—North Carolina, with her Mecklenburg and her Nathaniel Macon;—South Carolina, with her high-souled Huguenots, and her Marions and Sumpfers;—Georgia, with her benevolent and chivalrous Oglethorpe:—Why, sir, one might run over the whole catalogue of the States, even to the youngest and latest of them, without finding one that is not associated with some name, some story, some event, of a nature not merely to quicken the pulse and gratify the pride of her own people, but to attract the sympathy and kindle the patriotism of every true-hearted American citizen. These stars of our political system, sir, like those of the firmament above us, differ indeed from one another, but only in glory.

“Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem debet esse sororum.”

But second to no one of them, certainly, in all that constitutes the interest and the pride of history, stands NEW YORK,—with

her gallant English explorer, Henry Hudson, whose fate was even sadder than that of the lamented navigator of the same land, whom your own Grinnell has so nobly, but alas! so vainly, sought to succor;—with her sturdy old Dutch settlers and Dutch governors, whose virtues and valor, as well as their peculiarities and oddities, have been immortalized by your own delightful Irving;—and with her later heroes and patriots, of civil and of military renown, her Livingstons and Clintons, her Philip Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton, her Kents and Gallatins, her John Jay and Rufus King,—if, indeed, Massachusetts can allow you to appropriate the fame of Rufus King. We need not quarrel, however, about that, sir,—for his fame is wide enough for us both. May his memory ever be a bond of friendship and love between us! And, if it ever fails to be, I doubt not that Maine, which furnished his birth-place, will be quite ready to step in and settle the difference.

Who can forget, too, that it was upon your soil, at Albany, just a hundred years ago, that Benjamin Franklin submitted the first formal proposition for a union of the colonies? Who can forget that it was upon your soil, at Saratoga, that the first decisive victory over the British forces was achieved,—that victory which gave the earliest emphatic assurance to the world, that the liberties of America would, in the end, be triumphantly vindicated? Or, who can forget, that it was upon your own soil, in this very city, that the Constitution of the United States—the grand consummation of all the toils, and trials, and sacrifices, and sufferings of patriots and pilgrims alike—was first organized;—and that the very air we breathe has vibrated to the voice of Washington, as he repeated the oath to support that Constitution, from the lips of your own Chancellor Livingston?

No wonder, sir, that your Society is so eagerly and intently engaged in illustrating the history of your own State, when you have such a history, so noble and so varied, to illustrate.

But, Mr. President, let me not draw to a close without remarking that none of us should be unmindful that there is another work going on, in this our day and generation, beside that of writing the history of our fathers,—and that is, *the acting of our own history*. We cannot live, sir, upon the glories of the past.

Historic memories, however precious or however inspiring, will not sustain our institutions or preserve our liberties.

There is a future history to be composed, to which every State, and every citizen of every State, at this hour, and at every hour, is contributing materials. And the generous rivalry of our societies, and of their respective States, as to which shall furnish the most brilliant record of the past, must not be permitted to render us regardless of a yet nobler rivalry, in which it becomes us all even more ardently and more ambitiously to engage.

I know not of a grander spectacle which the world could furnish, than that of the multiplied States of this mighty Union contending with each other, in a friendly and fraternal competition, which should add the brightest page to the future history of our common country, which should perform the most signal acts of philanthropy or patriotism, which should exhibit the best example of free institutions well and wisely administered, which should present to the imitation of mankind the purest and most perfect picture of well-regulated liberty, which should furnish the most complete illustration of the success of that great Republican Experiment, of which our land has been providentially selected as the stage.

Ah, sir, if the one and thirty proud Commonwealths which are now ranged beneath a single banner, from ocean to ocean, could be roused up to such an emulation as this,—if instead of being seen striving for some miserable political mastery, or some selfish, sectional ascendancy,—if instead of nourishing and cherishing a spirit of mutual jealousy and hate, while struggling to aggrandize themselves, whether territorially or commercially, at each other's expense, or to each other's injury,—if they could be seen laboring always, side by side, to improve their own condition and character, to elevate their own standard of purity and virtue, to abolish their own abuses, to reform their own institutions, peculiar or otherwise, and to show forth within themselves the best fruits of civilization, Christianity, and freedom,—what a history would there be to be written hereafter for the instruction and encouragement of mankind! Who would not envy the writer whose privilege it should be to set forth such a record?

Surely, sir, he would realize something of the inspiration of the Psalmist: "His heart would be inditing a good matter, and his tongue would be the pen of a ready writer." It would be no subject for any cold and sneering skeptic, however glowing his style, or polished his periods. No Gibbon could tell the story of such a rise and progress. Such a mind may deal better with "the decline and fall" of nations. Methinks, Mr. President, it would be a theme to inspire fresh faith in him by whom it was treated, and in all by whom it was read,—faith in the capability of man for self-government, faith in human progress and in Divine providence, faith in the ultimate prevalence of that Gospel of Christ, which is, after all, the only sure instrument either of social or of political reform.

But let us, at least, not fail to remember on such an occasion as this, that whatever be the history which we, in our turn, are to present to the world, and which we are now acting in the sight of men and of angels,—that whatever be the scenes which the daily daguerrotypes of a thousand presses are catching up and collecting for its materials,—such a history is to be written:—and, when written, it is to exert an influence upon the world, for good or for evil, for encouragement or for warning, such as no other uninspired history has ever yet exerted. Yes, Mr. President, it is not too much to say that American history, the history of these United States, and the history of these separate States, is to be the fountain to mankind of such a hope—or of such a despair—as they have never yet conceived of.

Not for any mere glorification of men or of States: not to magnify the importance of individuals, or to trace the antiquity of families: not to gratify the vanity of monarchs, or ministers, or yet of masses, is our history to be written:—but to exhibit the true and actual workings of the great machinery of free government, and to show how well, and to what results, the people are capable of managing it. This is to be the great lesson of our annals. This is the momentous problem, whose solution we are to unfold,—and the world can look for that solution nowhere else than here.

You have all observed, I am sure, that the accomplished Lieutenant Maury has been gathering up the old log-books of the

merchant ships and whalers, and comparing them together to make wind charts and current charts, for rendering your ocean voyages more speedy and more safe. Just so will it be with the log-books of our great Republic, and of the lesser republics which are sailing beneath the same flag. From them is hereafter to be made up the Sailing-Chart of Freedom, which is to point out the safe channel or the fatal reef to every nation which shall enter on the same great voyage of liberty. God grant that on no corner or margin of that chart may ever appear the sad record: "Here, upon this sunken ledge, or there upon those open breakers, or yonder, in some fatal fog, by the desertion of some cowardly crew, or the rashness of some reckless helmsman, our great NEW ERA struck, foundered, and went to pieces"—to the exultation of despots, and to the perpetual consternation and despair of the lovers of freedom throughout the world. Let that chart rather, I pray Heaven, bear down to a thousand generations the plain and unmistakable track of an ever smoother and more prosperous progress, giving hope and trust and confidence and assurance to all who shall launch out upon the same sea, that a safe and glorious voyage is before them, a safe and glorious haven within reach.

Thus far, certainly, Mr. President, there has been no lack of speed in our own course. We are advancing rapidly enough, no man will deny, to no second place among the nations of the earth. What other country beneath the sun has ever exhibited so vast an extension of its territory, its population, its power, within the same period of its existence? I saw an official announcement, a few days since, that one of the astronomers at our National Observatory, in looking at the *thirteenth* asteroid of that fragmentary system which was once thought to be composed of only four or five inferior planets, found suddenly a strange visitor within the field of his telescope, which proved to be the *thirty-first* asteroid of that same mysterious system. It was a fact not a little emblematic of our own national history.

While the historic observer of America has been turning his glass and fixing his gaze upon our Old Thirteen, he has suddenly seen the system increasing and multiplying beneath his view, until the thirty-first star has already appeared in the same

marvellous constellation. The war with Mexico,—of which the gallant hero (General Scott) is your fellow-citizen, whose absence at this board has just been so much regretted,—in adding this thirty-first star to our flag, has opened to us the vast mineral treasures of the Pacific coast:—and as Congress was bestowing upon the veteran victor the commemorative medal which he so well deserved, but which was so meagre a memorial of his merits, we could not but recall the noble lines of a great English poet:—

“In living medals see our wars enrolled,
And vanquished realms supply recording gold!”

But this is but of yesterday. If you would realize the rapidity of our country's progress, we must go a little farther back. We must go back to the beginning of that very half-century over which the existence of your Society has now extended. Fifty years ago! What was our country then?—what is it now? Look on that picture and on this! Ohio but just admitted, with a single representative in the national councils. Louisiana just annexed, most of it a bare, untenanted, unexplored wilderness. Not a steamboat on the Hudson, or anywhere else except in the brain of some scheming Fitch or hair-brained Fulton. Not a railroad or a telegraph within twenty years of being dreamed of. The cotton crop still in its infancy. New York hardly yet one of the great States; for you will remember that Virginia and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were the three great States of the revolutionary and constitutional periods. By the constitutional apportionment, Virginia had ten representatives, and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania eight each, while New York was allowed but six. Sir, we must look on this picture of our country, and then upon that presented in the statistics of the census just completed, if we would appreciate in any degree the railroad rapidity, I had almost said the lightning velocity, of our national career.

And where, where is it all to end? That, sir, is to be written hereafter. But let us not forget, that, in part at least, it is to be decided now. It requires no ghost to tell us, no second-sight or spiritual communication to assure us, that if we are true to

ourselves, true to the principles and examples of our fathers, and true to the institutions which they founded, our country may go forward, with the blessing of God, to higher and higher degrees of prosperity and power in safety and in peace; its destiny ever written in the motto of its greatest state,—*Excelsior*. — EXCELSIOR! While if we are faithless to our trust,—if, lulled into a false security by long-continued and uninterrupted success, we suffer the public vigilance to be relaxed, and the public virtue to be corrupted,—or, if dizzied by the rapid whirl of our career, and yielding to the rash impulses of the hour, we permit our country to be dragged to the verge, and even plunged into the vortex, of domestic discord or foreign strife,—it may be even our own ignoble and ignominious distinction, in some volume of history to be written at no distant day,—that we helped to make shipwreck of the noblest bark that was ever launched on the tide of time.

Sir, I beg pardon for detaining you so long. Let me only sum up all that I have said, and all that I feel, in a concluding sentiment:—

THE STATE OF NEW YORK:—Upon her soil the first formal proposition of *Union* was made; upon her soil the first victory which gave assurance of *Liberty* was won; upon her soil the *Constitution* of the United States was originally organized. May history record that her example and her influence were always given to the support of *Union*, *Liberty*, and the *Constitution*!

DEDICATION OF THE WINTHROP SCHOOL.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE DEDICATION OF THE WINTHROP SCHOOLHOUSE, IN BOSTON,
24 FEBRUARY, 1855.

I CAME here, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, as my friend Mr. Bishop will bear witness, upon the express understanding that I was not to be responsible for any thing in the nature of a formal address. But I cannot refuse to comply with the call which has just been made upon me to add a few words to what has been already so well said. I must at least be permitted to thank the Committee of Arrangements for the opportunity of being present on this occasion. I thank them for the privilege of witnessing these interesting ceremonies, of listening to the charming voices of these happy children and these intelligent young ladies, and of participating in the congratulations which belong to such an hour.

I need not say that I have felt something more than a common interest in this scene. As a mere citizen of Boston, born upon her soil, educated in her public schools, and bound to her by a thousand ties of affection and gratitude which no time can sever, I should, indeed, have found abundant reason for gratification and for pride in seeing her engaged, in the person of her chief magistrate, in dedicating so spacious and noble an edifice to the cause of popular education. As a humble but sincere friend to free government and republican liberty, too, I could not have failed to rejoice at beholding another buttress added to the bulwarks which are to save them from overthrow and downfall. For, my friends, it cannot be too often repeated, trite and com-

mon-place as it may sound, that these free institutions of ours can rest securely on no other basis than that of intelligence and virtue; and that intelligence and virtue can be disseminated and inculcated by no other agencies than the school and the church. Our schoolhouses and churches,—these are the true towers and bulwarks of a republic, and the only standing army of freedom is that innumerable host of children who are in process of being trained up, in our sabbath schools and our week-day schools, in the fear of God, in the love of their neighbor, and in the elements of all useful knowledge and all sound learning. It may well be a subject for joy, then, to every patriotic heart,—and I hope mine is one,—to see our cities and towns vying with each other, not, like those of the old world, in the sumptuousness of their private mansions, or the magnificence of their government halls, but in the elegance and spaciousness and completeness of their common schoolhouses.

But, my friends, it would be affectation in me to conceal that I have another and peculiar interest in this occasion. I am sure that I need feel no delicacy in speaking of the distinguished person in whose honor this school has been primarily named. Six entire generations have now intervened between him and myself. More than two hundred years—a long time in your little calendar, my young friends—have passed away since he was laid beneath the sod in what is now King's Chapel Burying Ground, within a few feet of the City Hall, where a humble tomb-stone may be seen bearing the inscription “John Winthrop, 1649.” My relation to him, though direct, is thus almost too remote to subject any thing I may say of him to the imputation of being dictated by any mere partiality or family pride. His name, too, is an historical name, upon which the judgment of the world has long ago been irrevocably pronounced.

Coming over here in 1630, as the leader and Governor of the Massachusetts Company, with their charter in his hand, he was identified, perhaps beyond all other men, at once with the foundation of our Commonwealth and of our city. And there is not a page of our colonial records, or of our Town records, during the nineteen years of his living here, which does not bear testimony to his labors and his zeal for the public service. The very first

entry in the records of Boston, if I mistake not, was in the hand-writing, still extant, of John Winthrop. The first voluntary subscription for the support of Free Schools, in 1636, bore his name, as one of the three equal and largest contributors. The first statute for the establishment of a system of Education in New England, was passed under his auspices, as Governor of the Commonwealth. The neighboring Common, the pride of our city, the play-place of our children, the source of so much health and happiness to us all, was originally laid out while he was at the head of the old Town Government, and by a Committee of which he was Chairman. The evidences of his services and of his sacrifices might be multiplied on every side. He spent his whole strength and his whole substance in the service of the infant Colony, and died at last a poor man; poor in every thing but that good name which is above all price.

But it is not so much what he did, as what he was, that entitles him to the grateful remembrance of the sons and daughters of Boston and of Massachusetts. He was a man of the purest life, of the sternest integrity, of the loftiest moral and religious principle; and he has left an example of moderation and magnanimity, of virtue and piety, second to none which can be found in the annals of our country. His residence was near the site of the Old South Church,—his garden, I believe, including the land upon which that venerated edifice now stands,—and it would scarcely be too much to say, that the atmosphere within those hallowed walls, purified as it is by the weekly prayers and praises of a thousand worshippers, is hardly more pure than when it was the atmosphere of John Winthrop's mansion.

I know not how, Mr. Mayor, I can do any thing more appropriate to this occasion, or furnish any more striking illustration of the principles of him whose name has been inscribed upon these walls, than to read you a few brief sentences from one of his own letters. The letter is dated on the 16th of October, 1622, and was addressed to his eldest son, then a lad of sixteen years old, who was pursuing his studies at Trinity College, Dublin. It furnishes ample proof that the writer was not a man to be satisfied with any mere intellectual education, but that his first care was for the moral and religious instruction of the young.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED SON:—I do usually begin and end my letters with that which I would have the *alpha* and *omega* of all thy thoughts and endeavors, viz., the blessing of the Almighty to be upon thee,—not after the common valuation of God's blessings, like the warming of the Sun to a hale, stirring body,—but that blessing which faith finds in the sweet promises of God and his free favor, whereby the soul hath a place of joy and refuge in all storms of adversity. I beseech the Lord to open thine eyes, that thou mayest see the riches of His grace, which will abate the account of all earthly vanities; and if it please Him to give thee once a taste of the sweetness of the true wisdom, which is from above, it will season thy studies and give a new temper to thy soul. Remember, therefore, what the wisest saith, The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Lay this foundation and thou shalt be wise indeed."

Such was the career and such the character of Governor Winthrop, and I need add nothing more, I am persuaded, to show that his name is worthy of being given to your school. And now, my young friends, it is for you, in your turn, to decide whether the school shall be worthy of the name. No names, however distinguished; no buildings, however convenient or costly; no committees, however enlightened and vigilant; no instructors, however accomplished and devoted,—can make a good school, without the hearty co-operation and willing compliance and faithful study of the scholars. Let me conclude, then, by expressing the hope that you will not be unmindful of your opportunities, that you will not be unmindful of the example of him by whose name you are to be designated; and that by your diligence, your good conduct, your fidelity to your duties, your reverence for the laws of God and of man, and your observance of the lessons of your instructors, you may strive to render the Winthrop School as much a model school in its internal condition and discipline, as it certainly seems to be in its external structure and arrangement. And may the blessing of Heaven be upon your efforts!

THE DEATH OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

A SPEECH MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, 20 AUGUST, 1855.

I AM sensible, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, how little can be said, and how little can be listened to, with any satisfaction, at an hour of so much general sorrow as the present. But I could not resist the impulse to be here with you this morning;—and, being here, I trust I may be pardoned,—as one of those who have had the privilege of being associated with Mr. Lawrence in many public and private relations, as well as in immediate compliance with the request of those by whom this meeting has been arranged,—for adding a very few words to what has been already so well said.

The protracted illness of Mr. Lawrence has in some measure prepared us all for the blow which has at last fallen. But I cannot help feeling to-day, as I felt many weeks ago,—when it was first announced to us that he had been struck down by a sudden and serious illness,—that Boston has hardly another life of equal value to lose. I might say, *not another*. Yes, strange as it may seem, when we reflect that within the remembrance of yourself, Mr. President, and of others whom I see around me, he entered Boston a poor lad from the country, “bringing his bundle under his arm, with less than three dollars in his pocket, and that was his fortune”—I use the words of his late excellent and lamented brother—strange as it may seem, it is not too much to say now, that take him in all his relations,—commercial, political and social, together,—he had become, at the hour of his death, the most important person in our community.

His enterprise, his liberality, his wealth, his influence, his public and private example, his Christian character, all conspired to render him a peculiar and signal blessing to our city, and one

which could not have been taken away from us at any time,—and more especially, when so many years of usefulness might still have been hoped and expected for him,—without exciting the deepest emotions of sorrow. No, I do not misinterpret this throng of quivering lips and moistened eyes. We all experience to-day, sir, a sense of personal bereavement. We all feel that we have lost a friend; a friend never wanting to any occasion where good words, or good deeds, where a warm heart or an open hand, could be of service. Not the merchants and manufacturers only are called to mourn one of their best advisers and most valued associates. The moral, the religious, the charitable, the literary and scientific institutions of our city and State, the neighboring University, our own public schools, have lost one of their noblest benefactors. The whole country has lost a citizen of earnest, eminent, intelligent and comprehensive patriotism, who has rendered her no ordinary service in the national coun-cils at home,—I followed him there, sir, and know how difficult it was for anybody to fill his place,—who has represented her worthily and admirably as an Ambassador abroad,—and to whom she might still have looked in the thick-coming exigencies of the future, for filling the very highest places in her gift.

His name was a tower of strength to every good cause, and it was never given to a bad one. His noble bearing and genial presence seemed the very embodiment of an enlarged and enlightened public spirit. If some one of the gifted artists of our land should desire hereafter to personify, on the breathing canvas or in the living marble, the mingled dignity and energy, the blended benevolence, generosity, and enterprise which have characterized the good Boston merchant for so many generations past, I know not how he could ever do so more successfully than by portraying the very form which has just been laid low, and by moulding the very lineaments upon which death has now set its seal. I cannot think of him, as he was among us but yesterday, without recalling the beautiful words of Edmund Burke in refer-ence to his friend Sir George Saville:—“When an act of great and signal humanity was to be done, and done with all the weight and authority that belonged to it, this community could cast its eyes on none but him.”

Let us rejoice, fellow-citizens, even in this hour of affliction, that he was ours so long. Let us thank God, as we bend over his honored dust, for having given us such a man, and let us not murmur that in His own good time He has taken him back to Himself. Such a man can never be wholly lost to us. His example remains. His noble acts survive him. His memory will be among the cherished treasures of all our hearts. Of such as him we may say with the poet,—

“ The dead are like the stars by day,
 Withdrawn from mortal eye ;
But not extinct,—they hold their way
 In glory through the sky.”

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

AN ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF
BOSTON, 17 SEPTEMBER, 1855.

WE are here, Mr. Mayor, gentlemen of the City Council, and fellow-citizens, to lay the Corner Stone of a Building for the Public Library of the City of Boston. We have come to take the first formal step towards making permanent provision for an Institution, which we believe is to exert a most important and powerful influence upon the character of our community,— so long as our community shall have a character among men.

By a more than fortunate coincidence, we have been able to select for this purpose the 225th anniversary of the day, which has become associated, in New England History, with the original foundation of our City. On this day, just two centuries and a quarter ago, at a Court of Assistants of the Massachusetts Company, held at Charlestown (Governor Winthrop in the chair), it was “Ordered, That *Trimountaine* shall be called BOSTON.”

I know not how a nobler Commemoration of our Municipal Birthday could have been devised than that in which we are engaged, or one calculated to invest it with a more enduring charm in the hearts of future generations. Certainly, no Birthday Offering could easily have been arranged, more welcome to a venerated mother, or more worthy of grateful and affectionate children, than the Institution which is here to be established.

It is fit, my friends, that such a transaction, on such a day, should be marked by something of public and solemn ceremonial. It is fit, that the voice of Prayer should be lifted up at such an hour and in such a connection, and that songs of Praise should flow forth from the lips and from the hearts of these

graceful young ladies and these joyous pupils of the Schools. It is eminently fit, that the Conscript Fathers of the City should lend the sanction of their official presence to the scene, and that some word of remembrance, of congratulation, and of hope should not be wanting on the part of those, who have been honored with a commission to conduct so interesting a work.

I think myself happy, Mr. Mayor, in being privileged, as President of the Board, to speak that word, and in being allowed to associate myself, in ever so humble a manner, with this crowning act of the maturity of my native place.

And now, fellow-citizens, it is most agreeable to reflect that the Institution which we are engaged this day in establishing, is in such precise and beautiful conformity with the policy and the principles of those noble Colonists by whom Boston was founded. Too often, alas! in the progress of great cities, the most costly and conspicuous structures serve only, as they rise, to signalize some fresh departure from the simplicity and purity of the olden time. But we are here to erect no such monument of our own degeneracy. We are here to engraft no strange or uncongenial branch upon the old Puritan vine. We have come rather, in the fulness of time, to carry out to its legitimate consummation, a system which was the peculiar pride and glory of the New England settlers, and which they cherished and cultivated as the especial strength and safeguard of the civil and religious freedom which they planted upon these shores.

With a wisdom and a forecast, which seem, as we look back upon them, little less than the immediate promptings of a Divine Power, the fathers of Massachusetts and founders of Boston allowed scarcely an hour to elapse after their arrival, before making some incipient provision for the public instruction of their children. Within five years after Trimountaine was called Boston, the small beginnings of our common-school system may be distinctly traced upon our ancient records. And from that day to this, the institutions of free popular education have gone on from strength to strength,—have been extended and improved, year by year, under the liberal and fostering care of our public authorities,—until, during the single year last past, nearly 25,000 children have received, within our city limits, as

good an education as the wide world can afford, without cost or charge to themselves, but at the willingly incurred expense, all told, of little less than four hundred thousand dollars to the public treasury.*

By the munificent bequest of a native son of Boston,—whose name will be remembered among us as long as the Pyramids amid which that memorable Codicil was conceived, or the palaces of the Pharaohs on one of which it was written (John Lowell, Jr.),—a system of free lectures has been added, of late years, to our other means of popular instruction, and has abundantly justified the generous purposes of its lamented founder.

But education does not end with the schools;—nor is all education conducted within the school-room or the lecture-room. Even a College Degree is but the significant A. B. of a whole alphabet of learning still to be acquired. The great work of self-culture remains to be carried on long after masters and tutors and professors have finished their labors and exhausted their arts. And no small part of this work, I need hardly say, is to be carried on under the influence of good reading and by the aid of good books.

Who shall undertake to measure the importance or calculate the value of good reading, as an instrument in advancing the welfare and promoting the happiness of mankind! Even one good book, read by snatches, in the intervals of labor, or in the watches of the night,—what unspeakable comfort and aid has it not often imparted to the humblest, or, it may be, to the loftiest, mind and heart!

I speak not of the Bible,—which is an exception to all books, and which might almost be a substitute for all;—a library in itself, able alone to carry civilization and culture into every home where it is thoroughly and thankfully and thoughtfully read;—itself the Corner Stone of all Christian literature for ever!

But even among books of merely human composition and origin, and dealing with merely human and mortal relations

* The precise figures in the city auditor's report, then just published, were 24,827 pupils;—Expenditures, including new school houses, \$389,135.64.

and interests,—how many have there not been, and are there not still,—for a good book never dies,—of a power not only to afford amusement or instruction for an hour or a day, but to mould a whole character, and marshal a whole life! How many of the mightiest, as well as of the humbler, intellects of the world's history have borne testimony to the influence of “the precious life-blood of some master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.”

Need I recall to you the example of our own FRANKLIN, who tells us himself, in his charming little autobiography, that, while indulging his passionate fondness for reading, as a child of twelve years old, he found among the few books which his father could afford to own, “a work of De Foe's, entitled an ‘Essay on Projects,’ from which, perhaps, (says he) I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life?” Or, need I remind you how much of that clear, pure, transparent style, which distinguished him above almost all other American writers or even English writers, of his own day or of any day, he attributed to the use which he had made of “an odd volume of the ‘Spectator’ which fell into his hands” by the merest accident?

Such were the instruments by which the great Bostonian pursued that system of self-culture which prepared him for his wonderful career as a philosopher and a patriot:—books, odd volumes, sometimes found by chance on the meagre shelves of the family book-case,—sometimes falling into his hands by less natural and accountable accidents,—sometimes borrowed from his fellow-apprentices and read by stealth while they were sleeping. “How often (says he) has it happened to me to pass the night in reading by my bedside, when the book had been lent and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted!” And you all remember the practical testimony which he gave to his own sense of the value of reading, by setting on foot the very first Social Circulating Library known to the annals of the world.

But I may not take up more of the time of this occasion in rhapsodies upon reading, or in illustrating or exemplifying the value of good books. I have said more than enough already to

justify the remark, that in establishing this Free Public Library, we are but carrying forward another stage, and that a great stage, towards its ultimate consummation and perfection, that noble system of popular education which our fathers founded. It has originated in no mere design to furnish a resort for professed scholars, where they may pursue their studies, or prosecute their researches, historical or classical, scientific or literary,—important as such an object might be. It is to be eminently a library for the people,—for the whole people.

Doubtless, in the gradual accumulation of such a library as we hope to see here,—or as we hope others at least will see here,—when this spacious area shall be filled with books, and when, perhaps, the building now about to be erected shall have been extended to the utmost limits of this ample lot,—doubtless, in the gradual accumulation of such a library as future generations will witness and enjoy here,—no books will be excluded because they may not seem to be of immediate, general, or popular use or interest. No books, certainly, will ever be rejected in this land of universal education and intelligence, as being beyond the comprehension or capacity of the people. That comprehension will be subjected to no narrow gauge, nor that capacity measured by any reduced or stinted standard. Those who shall have charge from time to time of making its collections, will not be likely to forget that we are no dwindled or degenerate offspring of a race, which John Milton so nobly and so justly characterized, when he said,—“Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors;—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; aente to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.”

Here, doubtless, in due time, will be found works of the deepest philosophy and science; and, until the name of *Bowditch* shall be lost to our remembrance, it will hardly be suggested that others beside professed scholars may not be able to turn those volumes to the best account, and even to add new ones of their own. Here, without question, in due time, will be found books in every language and tongue which is read or spoken beneath

the sun; and, while the living example of an *Elijah Burritt* is still before us, no one will doubt that others beside what are called the educated classes may be eager to decipher their mysteries, and may find no characters too difficult for their mastery. The least popular books of the collection may still find their best readers coming forth from the forge or the forecastle.

But as a general rule, and for the present at least, our professed scholars and students will look to the libraries of our Universities and Athenaeums and Academies of Science, for the volumes which may aid them in their special investigations and pursuits.

The Library whose corner stone we are now about to lay, in its primary and principal design, is to furnish entertainment and instruction for the whole people. Central in its situation, the dwellers in all quarters of the city may approach it with almost equal facility. Standing on the margin of our beautiful Common, it will reflect and reproduce some of the peculiar and truly republican features of that charming play-place of our children, and pleasure-ground of us all,—where we see, at this moment, the choicest seats and most inviting shade ranged along the trodden paths, and by the side of the broad and beaten tracks:—and whose crystal fountains—though now and then they may leap to the skies and sparkle in the sun and waste themselves in glittering spray, to furnish a holiday spectacle—find always their better use and their daily beauty in ministering to the refreshment of the wayfaring and the weary.

And this, fellow-citizens, is to be our intellectual and literary Common,—beneath whose roof and within whose aleoves fountains of living waters shall be ever open, and upon whose tables shall be always spread a banquet of wholesome and nutritious food for every mind, with a cover and a cordial welcome for every comer, and where no guest, whatever his garment, so it clothe an honest man, shall be excluded or disdained. “Free to all, with no other restrictions than are necessary for the preservation of the books”—these are the noble terms of its greatest benefactor.*

It may never vie, indeed, with the sumptuous Libraries of the

* Letter of Joshua Bates, 1 October, 1852.

Old World, in the magnitude or magnificence of their structure, or in the costliness and rarity of their contents. We have aimed at no imposing façades, or splendid colonnades. But it is confidently believed, that, by the skill of our ingenious architect (Mr. C. H. Kirby), few buildings will be found to equal it in practical appropriateness and convenience; and that, through the discriminating care of the distinguished trustees of the library, — our Everettts, and Ticknors, and Shurtleffs, who, like the Irvingts, and Astorts, and Cogswells of a sister city, are devoting themselves so assiduously to this particular province, — no collection of books will ultimately surpass it in its adaptation to the improvement and instruction of a free people.

Here, especially, will be collected without delay, whatever may throw light on the great practical arts which have characterized our age and country, and whatever may assist our ingenious mechanics and inventors, — second to none throughout the world, — in their attempts still further to simplify the magic processes, and to perfect the marvellous implements and engines, by which difficulties and distances may be annihilated.

Here, too, it is to be hoped, will be found, from time to time, whatever our people may be able to point to, as the product of their own intelligence, their own genius, their own institutions. Here will be seen the whole body of American literature, as it shall gradually unfold and develop itself under the influence of American liberty. No book or pamphlet, certainly, which shall emanate from a Boston mind or a Boston pen, will be long wanting to its shelves. For here, as one after another of her sons or of her daughters shall employ the talent which her schools or her social advantages shall have enabled them to improve, they will themselves be seen hastening to lay the earliest fruits upon the maternal altar. In the admirable language of one of our early benefactors, — “Every son of Boston justly regards the city as an illustrious parent,”* — and here that parent may peculiarly be pictured as opening her lap to receive gifts from her grateful children, — at once the pledges of their love and the proofs of their worthiness.

And now, fellow-citizens, we should be ungrateful were we to

* Letter of Jonathan Phillips, 14 April, 1853.

forget, on this occasion, those among the living, and those among the dead, to whom we are indebted for the establishment and endowment of this institution. The building, indeed, upon whose walls we are standing, is intended to be, and is, wholly a city building. It owes its projection and its progress to the enlightened and liberal counsels of the successive city governments, who have made the necessary appropriations for the purchase of the site and for the erection of the edifice. It owes much to your immediate predecessor (Hon. Benjamin Seaver), and it owes still more to yourself, Mr. Mayor, and to your associates in the present City Council. I am persuaded, gentlemen of the two branches, that if the enterprising contractor (Mr. Nathan Drake), and the faithful laborers in his employ, shall fulfil the promise of these first beginnings, you will have no cause to regret what you have done. I am persuaded, that you will find few items on the list of your annual expenditures,—be your terms of service longer or shorter,—upon which you will look back with greater satisfaction or with greater pride,—nor any item for which the whole people of Boston, in all time to come, will be ready to acknowledge themselves more deeply in your debt.

But we have other and individual benefactors to be remembered in connection with this work. And, first of all, it becomes us to name with the highest distinction, and with the most grateful regard and respect, that eminent and excellent merchant and banker, whom, though long resident in London, we are always proud to recognize and to claim as a native son of Massachusetts,—Josua Byres,—whose munificent donation of *Fifty Thousand Dollars*, with its wise and well-considered conditions, put an end to all further doubt that this institution would have an immediate, prosperous, and permanent existence.

Amid all the cares and riches and honors by which he is surrounded in the distinguished position which his integrity and enterprise have so worthily won for him in the metropolis of Old England, — he has never forgotten his humble beginnings, his early friends, or his native soil. Let him be assured, that the metropolis of New England does not forget him on this occasion, nor will ever fail to hold his name and character in fresh and

grateful remembrance. We send him our greetings this day from these firm foundations of an institution which owes so much to his unprompted and unstinted generosity, and we waft the best wishes of a hundred thousand hearts across the Atlantic for his continued prosperity and welfare.

In fit connection with this central figure in the group of our benefactors, we next recall a name associated in successive generations with not a few of our most valued seminaries of education and of science, and now worthily worn by one born and bred and still residing among us,—one whose excellent words I have just quoted, and who is present with us at this moment, to receive our cordial and grateful acknowledgments,—JONATHAN PHILLIPS;—may he long be spared to witness the results of his large and timely bounty!

And there are others with us here on this occasion, whose early and liberal gifts of money or of books cannot be forgotten.

I need not name a late Mayor of our city (Hon. John P. Bigelow), who so handsomely diverted the amount which had been raised for a well-merited memorial of his own faithful services, to the purpose of conferring a fresh benefit on those who had thus sought to honor him.

I need not name the distinguished and eloquent orator and statesman (Hon. Edward Everett), who was seen, about the same time, in fulfilment of a previous and cherished purpose, gathering up the accumulated treasures of his long public life, and laying them at the feet of those in whose behalf he had already so successfully and so brilliantly employed them.

Others, too, might be referred to, among the living, and some of them among the present, who have made large and valuable additions to our collection, or who have rendered services to our infant library, more valuable than any volumes; and more than one might be named, had they not forbidden me to name them, who, in the double capacity of commissioner and trustee, or in the threefold capacity of commissioner, trustee, and donor, have identified themselves with the whole progress and prosperity of the institution.

Nor can I omit to allude to that ardent and enterprising foreigner (Mons. Vattemare), whose offerings were the earliest of

all, and whose enthusiastic zeal in the cause of intellectual and literary exchanges among the nations of the earth, have recently called forth the commendations of a *Guizot* and a *Dupin* at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris.

Nor shall "the last, best gift" be forgotten. Honor to the liberal lady,* — not alone of her sex in remembering us,— who, on the very eve of this occasion, has given so welcome a pledge that the mothers and daughters of Boston are not insensible to the value of such an institution!

But the living must not alone be remembered on such an occasion as this. I cannot forget the generous gift of that intelligent and enlightened publisher, whose name had so long been the best guaranty of a good book, and whom few of us can miss from the scenes of his useful and honorable occupations, without a keen sense of personal and of public loss,— *JAMES BROWN*.

I cannot forget, either, the even earlier contribution of that kind-hearted and venerable merchant, *SAMUEL APPLETON*, whose countless benefactions to our community will render his memory fragrant to a thousand generations.

Still less may I omit to allude to the recent most liberal and noble bequest of the lamented *ABBOTT LAWRENCE*, — a bequest which we would all have prayed Heaven still longer to postpone. His life was better to us than any legacy,— for his heart, untouched to the last even by the cruel disease which pervaded and paralyzed every other organ, was in every good cause, and his hand was ever ready to sustain what his heart approved.

These all, and still other honored names, fellow-citizens, will be found inscribed on the memorials which we are about to deposit beneath this massive stone. They are not, however, about to be buried out of our remembrance. They will be registered "where every day we may turn the leaf to read them." They will be inscribed on the hearts of all true Bostonians, and our children and our children's children will repeat them as the names of the earliest friends and benefactors of an institution, which is destined, in all time to come, to be the source of so much true satisfaction, and the subject of so much just pride.

I have reminded you, fellow-citizens, that we had fortunately

* *Mrs. S. Inman Kast Shepard.*

been able to appropriate to this occasion the anniversary of the foundation of our city. But I cannot but remember that it is the anniversary of another great and memorable event in more recent American History.

“ Done in Convention, by the unanimous consent of the States present, the Seventeenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States of America the twelfth. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President.*”

Such is the final clause, and such the illustrious attestation, of the Constitution of the United States,—whose formation is thus for ever identified with the day on which we are assembled.

I hail the omen of a coincidence which thus binds together, by the associations of a common anniversary, the birthday of our city and the birthday of the Federal Constitution. Let us renew our pledges of fidelity to them both. Let us accept the full import and cherish the whole significance of that coincidence, and embrace our entire country in the good wishes of this occasion. And while we lay these foundations in the hope and in the confidence that they will never be overturned nor shaken, let us hope and trust, also, that they will not survive either the city in whose service and by whose authority they are laid, or the liberty of which that city was the cradle, or the Union which is the best and only sure guaranty of that liberty. May these walls never witness a decayed Boston, a prostrate Freedom, or a divided Nation!

It only remains for me, Mr. Mayor, in the name of my brother commissioners,—to whose faithful and valuable co-operation in executing thus far the trust committed to us, I hope I may be permitted thus briefly to bear witness,—to invite you to proceed to the ceremony for which we are assembled, and to deliver to you this trowel, which has been prepared for the purpose, and which is to be preserved as a memorial of the occasion. It is, as you perceive, sir, of no precious material or elaborate workman-

ship, but we are satisfied that it will derive a more than common interest and value from the service in which you are about to employ it.

And, in the language of our city motto, "Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis,"— May God be with us, as he was with our fathers!

NOTE.—Further details of the occasion on which this Address was delivered, and of the history of the Institution which it inaugurated, will be found in "Proceedings on the Occasion of laying the Corner Stone of the Public Library of the City of Boston," published by order of the City Council by Moore & Crosby, City Printers, 1855.

THE

FUSION OF PARTIES IN MASSACHU- SETTS.

A LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE WHIG EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 15 OCTOBER, 1855.

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,— An engagement of long standing, to preside at the Annual Meeting of the Boston Provident Association, puts it entirely out of my power to be at Faneuil Hall on Wednesday evening next. But I cheerfully avail myself of the opportunity which your invitation affords me, to say something in regard to the objects for which the Whigs of Boston are about to assemble.

It would be mere affectation in any one to deny that there is much in the present condition of political affairs in Massachusetts to embarrass and perplex those who desire nothing but to do their duty to the Commonwealth and to the country.

But there is something of compensation in the reflection, that it is eminently a moment when every man is free to give expression to his own independent and honest opinions.

I intend, with your leave, to express mine, on this occasion, without fear or favor.

It was my fortune to become early associated with the Whig party of the State and Nation, and I have had my full share in all its successes and in all its reverses, during its entire existence. I have nothing to regret in my connection with it. But I have no desire to prolong the existence of the Whig party, or of any other party, for mere party's sake. There is nothing, nothing whatever, present or prospective, in the gift of any party, which I covet. Nor would I sacrifice one jot or tittle of conscientious conviction for the highest honors which any party has to bestow. And could I perceive that any great interest was to be promoted,

or any great principle to be vindicated, or any great cause of human justice or human freedom to be advanced, by breaking up the Whig party, I would be second to no man in my efforts to bring about that result.

I have no slavish devotion to party lines or party names. Who cares whether the organization under which we act be entitled Whig or Republican? Why, it can hardly be forgotten that most of us were Republicans before we were Whigs. *National Republicans*, — that was the old name of the Whig party. I trust that there is not more meant than meets the ear, in the proposal to omit the first half of that old name. I trust that we shall go for the whole or none, and that we shall insist on being nothing less than *National Republicans* in fact, whatever we may suffer ourselves to be entitled.

I can see no advantage, however, in changing names, unless there is to be some substantial change of policy or principle. The mere addition of another *alias* confers no honor upon individuals or parties, and does nothing to increase the confidence with which they are regarded by the community.

What substantial change, then, of principle or of policy is the Whig party of Massachusetts called on to adopt, or what change are they ready to adopt, even if they are called on?

Now, I am not about to aver that the course of the Whig party has been always the very wisest, discreetest, and best, which could possibly have been pursued. The time has been, — more than once perhaps, — when I could have desired some material modification of that course. But take it for all in all, — in the general direction it has pursued, and in the general results it has accomplished, — what party has existed in our day and generation, which has been more pure, more patriotic, more faithful to the best interests of the country and the true principles of the Constitution? What party has ever included on its rolls and within its ranks, a larger number of the most enlightened and devoted friends and defenders of our republic and its institutions? I know of none.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, in the first place, a Constitutional Party, — which regards the Union of the States, and the Constitution, which is the formal condition and

bond of that Union, as things — above all other things — to be respected and maintained. I understand it to be a party which, while it may perceive some provisions of that Constitution which it might wish to have been other than they are, yet recognizes and accepts the whole, every article of it, as of binding force and obligation, — and that, not according to any arbitrary individual understanding, but according to solemn judicial interpretation, — which justifies no reservation, equivocation, or evasion in the official oath to support that Constitution, but demands the exact and scrupulous fulfilment of that oath by all who are privileged to take it on their lips.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts in the second place, a party of *Law* and *Order*, — which seeks reforms by no riotous or revolutionary processes, — which regards the great right of revolution as having been, once for all, asserted, and the great work of revolution, once for all, accomplished, by those who have gone before us ; and which looks henceforward, for the redress of occasional grievances, to the peaceful and legitimate operation of the republican institutions which they founded ; which holds all nullification and disunion in utter abhorrence, and disclaims all sympathy and connection with those who would burn Constitutions or batter down court-houses.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, in the third place, a party which consents to no bargain, and tolerates no traffic, as a means of securing office ; which abominates all political trading and huckstering, whether for the promotion of measures or of men ; and which looks with common aversion upon the congenial corruption which purchased a coalition triumph in the Legislature of Massachusetts, or a Nebraska triumph in the Congress of the United States.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, in the fourth place, a party which looks to the advancement of our national prosperity and welfare, by a liberal administration of the public lands, by a discriminating adjustment and an honest and equal collection of the duties upon imports, and by seasonable and sufficient appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, in the fifth

place, a party which has adopted and pursued the true WASHINGTON policy of observing good faith and justice towards all nations, and of cultivating peace and harmony with all: which would avoid all permanent antipathies and passionate attachments for other countries, and which, contenting itself with the vastness of our own territories, is opposed to every lawless scheme of foreign encroachment and aggrandizement.

I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, in the sixth place, a party which demands the maintenance of equal representation and of an independent Judiciary in our own Commonwealth, and which resists all tampering with our State Constitution for the purpose of breaking down the barriers of justice, or of transferring the legislative power of the State from the many to the few.

And, finally, I understand by the Whig party of Massachusetts, a party which deplores the existence of domestic slavery within the limits of the American Union or anywhere else on the face of the globe; which while it abstains from all unconstitutional and illegal interference with it whatever, would omit no legal or constitutional effort to arrest and prevent its extension; which would rejoice to co-operate in any practicable method for its gradual and ultimate extinction, and to bear its share in any pecuniary sacrifices it might involve; which stands ready to resist every encroachment and aggression upon Northern rights; and which especially condemns and protests against the recent repudiation of the Missouri restriction and the re-opening to slavery a territory consecrated to freedom.

This is what I understand the Whig party of Massachusetts to have been, and still to be. And what is there in the present condition of public affairs which calls upon us to abandon such a party, and to enlist under the reeniting flag of a new one?

As to the poor pretence that the Whig party is dead, it has been dealt with sufficiently by others. It is the old story of the profligate prince who stole the crown from the pillow of his royal parent to place it prematurely on his own brow, and of whom it was so well said, that his wish was the only father to the thought. It was the more recent pretext of the late Emperor of Russia, who discovered not long ago a desperately sick and dying patient

in poor Turkey, and who seemed to imagine that nothing was left to be done but to send for the surgeons and make arrangements for a *post-mortem* dissection. It happened, in the end, that his own death preceded that of the sick man.

Why, it was only two or three years ago that not a few of our own papers were found proclaiming that it was the Democratic party which was dead, and that beyond all power of resuscitation. While now, the very same papers are imploring us all to unite in one grand fusion phalanx, for fear Democracy should again be seen sweeping the country. The Democracy—I will do them the justice to say—never listen to these idle rumors about their danger of dying, and we might well borrow a leaf out of their book.

What then, is there, I repeat, in the present condition of the country, which should induce us to abandon the Whig party?

It was out of my power, owing to circumstances altogether beyond my control, to be present at the late Whig convention at Worcester. I am responsible for nothing that was done or omitted to be done—for nothing that was said or left unsaid—on that occasion. No one did me the honor to consult me as to any of the resolutions or nominations which were proposed there. The newspapers of the next morning afforded me my earliest information of the proceedings. I had signified only one thing, beyond what was contained in my brief public note, to those who were going there, and that was, that under no circumstances was my own name to be used for any candidacy whatever.

I am thus able to look at their proceedings with a purely disinterested and independent spirit. And looking at them in this spirit, I see nothing, nothing whatever, to prevent my continued and cordial co-operation with the Whig party, and my support of their candidates.

Certainly, I might have desired a more distinct utterance upon some points, and perhaps I could have been content with a less distinct utterance upon other points. Most certainly, I am not ready to concur with any expressions of disparagement or contempt which the heat of debate may have elicited from any body for those old friends of ours who have parted from us somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly. I regret the loss of every man of

them; and I heartily wish they were all back again among us to help us in our future struggles. There are many of them with whom I have agreed better about some things, than I have with those that have staid behind. For many of them I have the warmest personal regard, and though we may now seem to be pursuing different and diverging paths, I earnestly hope and trust we shall come out, one of these days, at the same Grand Junction, and be found travelling together again along the same old national highway.

But who are these that tell us, that because this convention did not iterate and re-iterate all its old declarations upon every article of its political faith, that therefore they are not to be trusted? How does it lie in the mouth of any member of the Fusion party to put forth such an idea, when they themselves have left their whole creed blank, except upon the single issue of anti-slavery? Yes, they have set the extraordinary example of making up what they call a Republican platform, out of one narrow, sectional, anti-slavery plank, and standing upon that they turn round to reproach the Whig convention for not rehearsing, at full length, their whole thirty-nine articles!

Have not the Whig party the same privilege with themselves to adopt a policy of silence and reserve? Has not their own example taught us that the cheap way of forming a united party is to select some one subject for agreement, and leave all other subjects open for difference?

And is there not one subject which appeals to us at this moment beyond all others — even beyond the Kansas and Nebraska question — for our earnest and undivided efforts? I mean the condition of our own State of Massachusetts, and its rescue from a corruption and a misgovernment which have had no parallel since the State itself had an existence.

When have such scenes ever been witnessed in our ancient Commonwealth, as we all beheld there last winter? When was such legislation ever before registered upon our Statute-book? No wonder the State House has been found to require such an elaborate new *underpinning*. No wonder the corner stone, laid by Samuel Adams and Paul Revere, was so loosened that the inscription plate fell out. Could those time-honored walls have found a

tongue, they would have protested, from the apex of the dome down to the bottom course of the foundation, against the scenes of which they were the unworthy and unwilling witnesses.

For myself, I do not hesitate to agree with the late Whig convention, that the greatest evils which the people of Massachusetts are at this moment called on to redress and remedy, are those within their own immediate limits. To redeem this ancient Commonwealth from the disgrace with which she has been covered, to lift her up from the mire into which corrupt and huckstering politicians have plunged her, to erase from her records at least one act in direct and wanton violation of her constitutional obligations, and to replace her on that lofty eminence of purity and patriotism on which she so long stood, — this is the first duty of every true Massachusetts man.

I cannot think this is to be done by the re-election of one-half of the candidates of the very persons who have assisted in her degradation. I cannot think it is to be done by the success of those who have openly proclaimed that no conformity is to be required upon this point, who have wholly omitted all allusion to it in their platform, and who have selected an entirely different and remote issue as the paramount and only issue for their consideration. Talk of omissions at this convention or that! What omission is so glaring and so monstrous as that which has ignored the whole condition and policy of our State government, at a moment when these alone are the direct subject of our struggle, — when there is really no other “practical and living issue” before us.

I freely confess that I need no other inducement than this for adhering to the party with which I have so long been associated ; a party which has been ever faithful to the honor and welfare of Massachusetts, and under whose auspices she first won that proud and pre-eminent title, at home and abroad, — already forfeited, I fear, — of “the Model State” of the American Union.

If that title is ever to be regained, it will be under something less speckled and motley than a Fusion flag. If the good old bark is once more to be the pride of the seas, or the blessing of the Bay, she must put in for repairs to something safer and better than a sectional, floating dock.

But we are urged to abandon our old colors, and rush wildly into the promiscuous ranks of a one-idea party, in order to promote some grand result connected with human liberty. Let us look at the new party for a single moment in this particular light, and see what claims it has to our confidence.

Beyond all doubt, a great and grievous wrong was perpetrated by the passage of the Nebraska Bill. I united with others in protesting against it at the outset, and I have no words of palliation or apology for it now. It was an act of a character to put "toys of desperation" into all our brains, to tempt us for the moment to break from all our old relations and to plunge into any policy which might hold out ever so delusive a hope of redress. But a sober second thought may lead us to inquire, What more can the Whigs of Massachusetts do on that subject than they have done already? Their representatives opposed it at every stage of its progress by argument and by vote, while the very men who are now clamoring most loudly for their aid and alliance manifested their appreciation of such fidelity by lying in wait to undermine and overthrow them at the earliest moment.

And how happens it, by the way, that Mr. Wilson and his compatriots have reserved their zeal for "the paramount issue" to so late a day? They tell us that the Whig resolutions of last year were superlatively excellent, and they seem never tired of rehearsing them with ecstasy at all their own meetings now. Why did they not recognize their goodness a little earlier? Why did they not give them an honest support at the time they were passed, and help to re-elect those who had been true to them? Why was not my old friend Julius Rockwell,—who is now fit to be their Governor,—fit then to be their Senator? He had just returned home from a faithful support of every Northern right,—and yet, instead of rallying to support him, they united to supplant him and strike him down in the dark, and with him all the other Whig representatives who had stood firmly at his side. That was the greatest blow to the honest cause of freedom it has ever received in this Commonwealth, and we know where it came from. We see by whom it was dealt, and for what end. You would not have heard a word in favor of this Fusion project from that source, if certain men had been still out of office. Did a vote

against the Fugitive Law, or against the Nebraska Bill, did the most uncompromising fidelity to "the paramount issue," ever satisfy them, while their own ambition was ungratified? But now that they are fairly, or unfairly, seated in the Senate or the House, they are quite willing to fortify themselves in their position by drawing around them the very gentlemen whom they have ousted, and some of these gentlemen are polite enough to fall in at the word of command.

And this brings me to my principal objection to the new party, and that is, its eminent adaptation to defeat the very ends at which it professedly aims. I am one of those who believe that the ultraism and recklessness of some of these old Free-soil leaders, who are now calling on the whole people to sustain them in the offices which they have gained by every degree of indirection and indecency, have been the occasion of not a few of those very aggressions which they are so vociferous in condemning, and are destined to be the occasion of still new ones, if they are to be encouraged and strengthened in their fanatical career. No class of men in the country, either Northern or Southern, have, in my judgment, been more responsible for many of the measures which they have been loudest in denouncing, than your regular Northern agitators, who have at last alarmed the South into an idea of the absolute necessity of strengthening herself for the protection of her domestic institutions. Sometimes, we know, the South has received the most direct and positive aid from this source. Nobody doubts that Texas was brought into the Union through the instrumentality of New York Free-soilers, at least one of whom may be found at this moment among the leading Republican candidates in that State.

But even the Nebraska Bill owed not a little of its success, in my opinion, to the fatuity of some of these ultra men. The violence to which they resorted, here and elsewhere, but particularly here, in resisting the Fugitive-slave Law, produced the impression that the North intended to keep no faith on any point. And when at length this Nebraska Bill was introduced, a handful of them precipitated themselves into the front ranks of the opposition, in a way to drive off the only persons who could have prevented its consummation. Half-a-dozen of them, under the style of Inde-

pendent Democrats, got up a flaming manifesto in such hot haste that it was said to have been dated on Sunday, and put it forth, cock-a-hoop, half-signed, to the utter discomfiture of all who hoped to prevent the bill from passing. They usurped a lead which belonged to others, and gave an odor of abolition to the whole movement. From the moment I read that ill-advised paper, I despaired of seeing that Southern opposition to the measure, which, under other circumstances, I fully and firmly believe we should have obtained. My worthy friend, Mr. Eliot, of New Bedford, called this protest, in a late speech, "the first unmasking of the plot." No: it was the first unmasking of our own batteries, and that before they were manned or ready for action; and upon those who adopted this rash policy, not a little of the responsibility for the result must justly fall. We read, in ancient history, of a young Spartan officer who was punished for rushing prematurely and unarmed upon the enemy, even although he gained a victory. What shall be said of those who perilled and lost this momentous stake by their unwise and reckless precipitancy?

It is not enough considered that the real retarders of any movement are often found among those who are claiming to be its leaders. Has it not been so in the case of Temperance? Has not excessive zeal and blind one-idea-ism led at last to the enactment of laws which have created a general re-action, and put back the cause of temperance, we know not how far? Just so has it been, and will it be again, with these ultraists in the cause of freedom. For one, I never witness one of their violent spasmodic agitations about slavery at the North, without looking to see it followed forthwith by some fresh triumph at the South. Our Northern fusion phalanxes, indeed, in the present instance, seem to be taking up the line of march after the mischief is accomplished, as I once saw some of our militia companies (before the days of such prompt disciplinarians as General Edmonds and Colonel Chickering), turning out after a riot had been successfully carried through, and parading near the scene as if in celebration of the success of the mob. We had a grand rising about Texas, I remember, after it was irreparably annexed, and now we are to have a grand rally about the repeal of the Missouri restriction, after it is hopelessly accomplished. And while we are thus

engaged, the South will be looking about them for some fresh chances of fortifying their institutions. Our ultraists will have succeeded in nothing but in alarming them afresh into a feeling that some new defences must be secured. They will have alienated and disgusted all the moderate and reasonable men among them and among ourselves ; and, with the aid of the Democracy, some fresh annexation of new territory, or some other repeal, if any thing remains to be repealed, of the restrictions upon old territory, will be successfully attempted. Geographical parties will have been arrayed against each other, and thus, the action and reaction of ultraism at both ends of the Union will go on to the end of the chapter, involving us in a never-ceasing series of mischievous and deplorable measures.

And to this end we are called on to forget the past, to disregard all experience, and to rush into the formation of what has been elegantly denominated a grand “ Back-bone Party.” No: the vertebral column must support a sounder brain, before I can desire to see it assuming any thing of additional strength or solidity. Better let it remain as fragmentary and fleshless as that of some fossil reptile of the coal measures, if it is only to be employed as an instrument for disjointing the carefully compacted framework of our national body politic, or if it is for ever to serve as a bone of contention among those who ought to be able to live together in unity and concord.

One thing I have resolved on in my own political career, and that is, never to give countenance or support to any policy or any party which tends in my conscientious conviction towards disorganization or disunion. Three or four years of retirement from public office have served to wean me from all inordinate affection for official station, if I ever had any, and I bring to the consideration of the present state of parties the most absolute indifference to any mere personal results. But I am not indifferent, I never can be indifferent, to the honor and welfare of my native State, or of the great and glorious country of which it forms a part.

Others may find their “ paramount issues ” in whatever secondary or subordinate questions they may see fit to select. I held nothing, nothing within the range of political action, to be paramount to the honor of Massachusetts, and the integrity of the

American Union, under the Constitutions which severally secure liberty for them both.

Let me only, in conclusion, apologize for the length of this letter by saying, that I do not propose to address my fellow-citizens in any other form, and that this must serve instead of any speech or speeches which I may have been expected to make.

I am, respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

FARNHAM PLUMMER, Esq., *Chairman of the Whig Executive Committee.*

AGRICULTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE BANQUET OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
BOSTON, 26 OCTOBER, 1855.

I KNOW of few things, Mr. President, better calculated to take the courage out of a man, than to find himself rising on such an occasion and in such a presence as this, with the full knowledge that he has been advertised, in a hundred bills and broadsides, for a fortnight beforehand, as being relied on to furnish one of the formal addresses for this crowning banquet.

For one, I cannot help feeling that the brute beasts, who are on exhibition with us, have had something of an unfair advantage over their human yoke-fellows in this respect. They have been permitted to come comparatively unconscious into the field. They have been privileged to exhibit their points and show their paces without any solicitude as to the expectation which they may disappoint or gratify. The most *ruminating* animals among them all have never spent a moment, I venture to say, in considering what sort of a figure they should cut, or what sort of an utterance they should find. They have chewed their cud in undisturbed complacency, even while these uncounted thousands of spectators have been crowding in to gaze upon their qualities. They have, certainly, stood in awe of no reporters. They have powdered no periods,—unless, indeed, it be that welcome period which shall put an end to their strange confinement, and send them quietly back to their pleasant pastures or their comfortable stalls. Envious condition of insensibility and immunity! Theirs is a sort of Know-nothing party, which I could be well content to join, even though it should consign me to “a *lodge* in some vast wilderness!” “Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

Sir, this is, indeed, a wholly unaccustomed spectacle for this precise locality. So many yokes on Boston Neck, which, in 1775, if I remember right, could not bear even one yoke patiently! It is a novel sight within the limits of any large and populous city, —these flocks and herds and droves of cattle by which we are encompassed! One is well-nigh constrained to exclaim, in the words of the old ruler of Israel, “What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?” But the question, unlike that which was addressed to the rebellious Hebrews, is happily susceptible of a most innocent and agreeable answer, and one which need involve us in no apprehension of either divine or human displeasure.

This great congress of animals, convened from all quarters of the Union, are here on no errand of insubordination or disorganization. They have come in no partisan or sectional spirit. They have neither assembled to make a platform, nor to nominate a president. No paramount issues disturb their serenity. They have come for the simple purpose of reminding us of the pre-eminent importance of agriculture among the arts of life, and of the common interests and objects which should unite and animate the farmers of our whole country, from Maine to California. They have come as the chosen representatives of a thousand hills and valleys, to furnish us with a visible type and illustration of the surpassing magnitude of that mighty branch of American Industry, of which they are something more than mere honorary members, and to impress upon us all a deeper sense of the claims which it has upon our most careful consideration and attention.

And beyond all doubt, Mr. President, the agriculture of the United States has long ago reached a condition in which nothing less than the collected wisdom of the whole country is required, to devise the best means for securing its future prosperity and welfare. So far, indeed, as mere farming is concerned,—so far as relates only to the modes and processes by which the productivity of the soil may be increased, and the soil itself saved from deterioration, I do not feel sure that much more is to be accomplished by a National Association than by State or county societies. Even in this view, however, I would by no means undervalue the importance of an organization by which so wide a

comparison of opinion and of experience may be facilitated, and so much of comprehensive information obtained.

But what I cannot but think the peculiarly important province of a National Agricultural Association, is, to present to the contemplation of the country, and of the farmers and of the statesmen of the country, from time to time, some accurate and adequate conceptions of the condition and of the wants of American agriculture ; to hold up to the view of the people and of the government a just picture of its magnitude as a whole : to develop and display the mutual relations and dependencies of its different industrial and geographical departments : to unfold its relations to other arts and to other countries : and, above all, to give seasonable warning of any dangers, either from overaction or from underaction, which may threaten the prosperity and welfare of those who are engaged in it.

It is never to be forgotten, sir, that, while so many other nations are bestowing attention upon agriculture in order to prevent their population from starving, our own attention to it thus far is more needed, — I might almost say, is only needed, — to prevent the waste of our soil, and the waste of our substance, and the waste of our labor, in producing more than we can either eat or sell, or even give away. And we may do well to remember seasonably the wise monitions of the immortal dramatist, when he tells us that “ they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.”

The Agriculture of the United States ! How much is included in the full significance and import of that phrase ! What gigantic harvests ! What an army of husbandmen ! What a host of housewives and handmaids ! What multitudinous swarms of animals ! What mountainous heaps of corn and cotton ! What myriads of implements ! What a measureless breadth of acres !

It is not often that mere arithmetical figures produce any impression or sensation of sublimity. But what can be grander than some of the items in the statistical tables which set forth the agricultural agencies, capacities, and crops of the United States !

Why, sir, two years ago, there were estimated to be within our limits, more than twenty millions of horned cattle, more than

twenty millions of sheep, and more than thirty millions of swine. By the same returns, there were said to have been raised in a single year, one hundred and six million bushels of potatoes, one hundred and ten million bushels of wheat, one hundred and sixty million bushels of oats, sixteen hundred million pounds of cotton, fifteen million tons of hay, and six hundred million bushels of Indian corn! Follow the order of the day, sir, and make a *fusion* of all these, and what a picture of exuberant fertility do they not present!

But these figures are many of them far below the estimates of the present season. I have somewhere seen our wheat crop for 1855, set down at not less than one hundred and seventy-five million, and our maize or Indian corn, at from eight hundred to one thousand million of bushels! What mighty aggregates are these, and how do they speak to us of the growing greatness and importance of American agriculture,—not to ourselves only, but to the whole family of man! How distinctly do they point out to us our destined part in the great economy of human existence! How emphatically do they proclaim our mission to pour out the rich gifts of our prolific soil over every land,—

— the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

Certainly, sir, it is quite time for some national association, or some National Board of Agriculture, to take such figures and such facts under their especial charge, and to consider under what arrangements of internal and external exchanges,—by what enlarged facilities of intercommunication, or multiplied divisions of labor,—by what additional supply of mouths and markets,—these enormous harvests may find an adequate consumption at a remunerating price, so that our plenty may never become our disease, nor our land present the picture of the industrious farmer buried up beneath his own luxurios heaps. Foreign wars will not last for ever, we trust. European crops will not always be deficient. Peace and plenty will soon be seen renewing their horns and diffusing their priceless blessings over the other hemisphere as now over this. All that is temporary and exceptional in the present demand for the products of agriculture will have

passed away. And then we shall more than ever feel the want of some better assurance of prosperity for the farmers than any which rests upon the evils and misfortunes of other people.

Sir, I hail the existence and steady progress of this Society as a pledge that the interests of the great body of American farmers shall hereafter be a chosen and cherished theme for the consultation of wise and experienced men in all parts of the Union, and that our American crops shall henceforth be the subject of some careful ascertainment, and of some systematic disposition and treatment,—

“A mighty *maize*, but not without a plan.”

Among the many welcome reflections which the establishment of such an association suggests to us, none is more welcome than that it is the fulfilment of one of the most cherished wishes of the Father of his Country. That great and good and eminently wise man — whose character is itself the noblest product which America has ever given to the world, and whose name and fame grow brighter and brighter, and dearer and dearer to us, with the lapse of years — had few things more warmly at heart than the establishment of precisely such an institution.

I cannot but wish that his own loved and lovely seat on the Potomac may one day or other become your permanent headquarters, and your experimental farm. The ladies of Virginia, I perceive, are appealing to their sisters throughout the Union, to aid them in purchasing it; and I would be the last to interfere with any plan of our better halves. But by whomsoever it may be purchased, Mount Vernon must be consecrated to nothing less than a national use, free from all sectional, free from all partisan, taint. And what use is there which so completely fulfils all these requisitions, and which is in such perfect harmony with the career and the character and the known wishes of Washington, and with the genius of the place where his ashes repose, as that which I have suggested? Methinks your Directors would catch something of fresh animation and inspiration for the patriotic work which they have undertaken, if they were gathered from time to time beneath that hallowed roof, and could hold their deliberations around that old chimney-piece, covered with the emblems of agri-

cultural industry, which you have so appropriately selected as the embellishment of your official letter paper. There, at any rate, in that venerated mansion, and in the breast of its august proprietor, the idea of your association originated.

In one of those well-remembered letters of his to Sir John Sinclair, who has been called "the Father of British Agriculture, and the Father of British Statistics," — in one of those letters of which a fac-simile edition is the richest ornament of so many farmers' libraries, and of which I had the happiness to present a copy to the son of Sir John, the venerable Archdeacon of Middlesex (England), on his late visit to America, — Washington says: —

"It will be some time, I fear, before an Agricultural Society, with Congressional aids, will be established in this country. We must walk, as other countries have done, before we can run. Smaller societies must prepare the way for greater; but, with the lights before us, I hope we shall not be so slow as older nations have been."

Well, sir, the smaller societies have, indeed, prepared the way, and it is time for the greater to enter into their labors. You have called me up in connection with one of them, — "the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture," of which my excellent friend at my side (Hon. J. C. Gray) is President. That society, founded in 1792, has done much, and is still doing much. Its stock is hardly second to any in your pens this day. Its pre-miuinus are, at this moment, stimulating the invention of the whole country to furnish us with even a better *mowing machine* than those which have already been the admiration and wonder of the crystal palaces of both England and France. And I believe we shall have a better. I would be the last to rob this old Society of any of its rightful laurels. But I am afraid I cannot insist on its being called the oldest State Society in the country.

The first American Society of all was undoubtedly the Philadelphia Society, which has just been so well represented by my friend, Mr. McMichael, and of which our own Timothy Pickering was the original Secretary. And it is a most agreeable coincidence that this earliest American association, for the promotion of this greatest American interest, had the same birth-place with

both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

This was a city or county society. But, in examining the minutes of this time-honored institution (as printed in 1854, and kindly sent to me by a Philadelphia friend), I found somewhat unexpected evidence that a much earlier State society was formed than that of Massachusetts.

The Philadelphia Record of Dec. 5, 1785, sets forth, that a letter was received "from the Hon. William Drayton, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the *South Carolina Society of Agriculture*, inclosing a few copies of their address and rules, and soliciting a correspondence with this Society." This letter was dated Nov. 2, 1785, and leaves no doubt, therefore, that South Carolina had established a State Agricultural Society at least seven years before Massachusetts. It is certainly a striking circumstance, that the year of its establishment was the very year in which the first five bales of cotton ever exported from America, were entered at Liverpool, and were actually seized at the Custom House, I believe, on the ground that no such thing as cotton had ever been grown, or could ever be grown in America! Indigo was then the staple export of Carolina, of which hardly a plant is now found upon her soil, and of which not a pound is exported. Truly, sir, there have been revolutions in the vegetable kingdom, within a century past, hardly less wonderful than those of the civil and political world.

Allow me, Mr. President, in allusion to some of these facts, to propose to you as a sentiment for this occasion:—

PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND MASSACHUSETTS — The pioneers in the great cause of American agricultural improvement, with WASHINGTON as its especial patron — May common memories of the past, and common interests of the present, and common hopes of the future, ever bind them together in the same glorious brotherhood.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE WHIG CONVENTION OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN THE TREMONT
TEMPLE, BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856.

I THANK you, fellow-citizens and fellow-Whigs of Massachusetts, for the honor of presiding over this convention. Had I felt at liberty to consult only my own convenience, or even to yield to the pressure of any ordinary engagements,—still more, had I been capable of being controlled by any mere considerations of personal policy,—I should not have been within the reach of such a distinction. I should have been elsewhere to-day. But there are times when it hardly becomes a good citizen to shrink from any position to which he may be called by those with whom he agrees in regard to public affairs. There are times when no man who has honest, deliberate, and decided views in reference to the condition of his country, should hold back from declaring them distinctly and boldly. There are times, and this is eminently one of those times, when, as the great Roman orator said, it should be written on every man's forehead, what he thinks of the republic.

You have called me to the chair, indeed, gentlemen, as one whose opinions are not altogether unknown. Though I have thus far adhered to my intention of giving no absolute committals or irrevocable pledges, and though I do not mean to be so bound by any party ties as to prevent me from acting at any time according to my sincere individual convictions, I have yet more than once indicated the general views and the particular preferences which I entertain, in regard to the approaching election, in terms which could not have been misunderstood.

You will hardly excuse me, however, from complying with the custom of these conventions, by availing myself of this position,

and of this opportunity, to give a somewhat fuller and more formal expression of opinion in relation to the momentous issues now before the people of the United States.

We have come together as Massachusetts Whigs, who have not yet seen our way clear to the merging of our old organization in that of any of the other parties, old or new, which have attracted so many of those with whom we have formerly been associated. We have come together under the same old flag which has borne the battle and the breeze for a quarter of a century past, and which during so long a portion of that period has floated in triumph over our beloved Commonwealth. We lift it up afresh to-day, with the bright particular star of our own State on one side, and with nothing less than all the stars of the Union on the other, and rally as proudly beneath its folds, now that it seems to be committed to the keeping of hardly more than a respectable color-guard, as when it was the cherished ensign of an army of seventy thousand voters. We have assembled in a full consciousness of our own comparative weakness, and not without renewed emotions of regret, that the noble old party which so long secured a prosperous and honorable administration to our State, and which so long furnished a bright succession of patriotic and powerful leaders to the councils of the nation, should have been deprived of its supremacy and shorn of its strength, at a moment when more than ever before its services were needed both to the Commonwealth and the whole country.

But we come together, gentlemen, I am sure, in no spirit of animosity or bitterness towards anybody. We come for no purposes of petty proscription or revenge. We come neither to read anybody out of our ranks who is disposed to remain there, nor yet to calumniate or censure any one who has already left us.

For myself, I desire, in what I may have to say this morning, to speak both of the past and of the present in a tone of entire moderation and forbearance. The condition of our country is too serious to be treated of in violent or intemperate language. Mutual criminations and invectives have already been the cause of one full half of all the evils under which we are suffering, and they are doing nothing, nothing whatever, towards relieving us

from the pressure of the other half. It would be as easy for me, perhaps, as it is for others, to pander to the ultraisms and extravagances of the hour, and I might gain a fresh popularity in some quarters by doing so. But if discord is to catch and kindle throughout the land, if the disorders which are now limited and local are to spread and swell until they shall have attained to the full height and fearful proportions of civil war, I pray Heaven that I, for one, may have given no just occasion for such a stricture as that of Dr. Johnson upon Junius,—“ Finding sedition in the ascendant, he has been able to advance it; finding the nation combustible, he has been able to inflame it.” Rather let my ability to say any thing, or my courage to do any thing, be for ever questioned or denied, than that I should manifest either courage or ability at the expense of the national peace or the national Union.

No, gentlemen, if I can pour no oil upon the waters, I will, at least, add no fuel to the flames; and I do not intend, if I can help it, that a single harsh word or reproachful imputation shall escape my lips to-day, in relation either to any of the candidates before the country, or to any of those by whom they are respectively supported. I see on all sides those whom I respect, those whom I love, those with whom I have so long been proud to be associated in public life, and with whom I am still proud to be associated in private life,—ranging themselves under banners widely differing from each other, and not less widely differing from that to which, whether in prosperous or adverse fortune, I still cling. They are following, I know, their own well-considered and conscientious convictions of duty, and far be it from any of us to impeach their motives or question their sincerity. Not even the unjust and ungenerous censures which have so often been cast on my own adherence, now and heretofore, to the dictates of my deliberate judgment, shall tempt me to indulge in any thing of retaliation or retort. The day will assuredly come, when we shall be found acting together again with some of them,—perhaps with all of them;—and while I recognize the policy of the old maxim, that we should deal even with our friends as with those who may one day be our enemies, I like still better the higher and nobler principle of dealing

with our enemies, as with those who may one day become our friends.

And now, gentlemen, let me turn for a few moments, and in this spirit, to the immediate questions we are assembled to consider. For the first time since its formation, the Whig party of the State and nation is called upon to take the field, if it takes the field at all, not so much as an independent phalanx, to advance any distinct objects, and promote the success of any distinct candidates of its own,—it acknowledges itself too feeble to attempt that,—but as an auxiliary force, to advance the cause and sustain the candidates of that one of the three other parties of the country which shall most nearly approve itself to our best judgment. We are here for no purposes of ratification or of coalition, in any just sense of those terms,—nor, indeed, in any sense. But if I may be allowed to borrow an illustration from scenes suggested to me by a morning's sail from Nahant, I would liken our party at this moment to one of those loaded cars which are so often seen dragged from one side to the other of some inland steamer, to turn the scale at a critical moment of its navigation, and to give it a better chance of passing safely through some intricate channel, or along some perilous shore. We may not be able to furnish a hand of our own for the helm; we may not even be able to supply any great amount of propelling power to the keel;—but we may throw our weight in a direction to keep the ship of state more steadily and safely on its course, and to prevent it from dashing upon the breakers, or even from sliding upon the banks. The great want of that gallant bark at this moment is *well-adjusted ballast*, and if we shall do something towards supplying that want, we shall have deserved well of our country.

And what is the question which ought to present itself first and foremost to our careful and conscientious consideration in the discharge of this humble but most important service?

It is not in my judgment, gentlemen, a question of party *platforms*. No honest man can have watched the course of politics for half-a-dozen years without realizing that the resolutions of conventions are slippery things for anybody to stand upon, and treacherous things for the people to trust to. We all know,

for we all have seen, how phrases may be artfully cooked up so as to convey a great deal more, or a great deal less, than they are really intended to mean, and so as to be one thing at Cincinnati or Philadelphia, and another thing at Boston, Charleston, or New Orleans. The great art of modern political platform-making seems to be the art of suppression, equivocation, and "paltering in a double sense;" as if language had really been invented only to conceal the meaning of those who employ it. And no man has uttered a juster sentiment than that eminent leader of the Temperance cause, Mr. Delavan of Albany, in his admirable speech in favor of Mr. Fillmore, when he declared that it was *the man*, and not the platform, that he felt bound to regard.

But the question, in my judgment, is not one of men, or of candidates, merely. There is not one of the candidates now before the country of whom I would utter an unkind or disparaging word, and I rejoice that out of all the confusion and collision of the times has come at least one good result,—that of compelling all parties to nominate for the great offices of the Republic, men of unexceptionable private character, and of more than ordinary ability and endowments. If Mr. Buchanan has thought it necessary to transform himself into a platform, for the purposes of the campaign, I doubt not he will be seen turning back again into a man, and an able and worthy man, after it is over. For Mr. Fremont I entertain nothing but respect and esteem. Our seats were next to each other during his brief term in the Senate of the United States, and I was a witness to his intelligent and faithful service. Our homes in Washington were within a biscuit's throw of each other for a much longer period, and I can bear the most cordial testimony to the attractions and accomplishments of more than one of those beneath his roof. His scientific attainments and explorations have reflected the highest credit on his country as well as on himself,—though I do confess that a certain Royal *Geographical* Medal, which was so worthily bestowed upon him, has a somewhat ominous ring in my ears just now, in connection with the peculiar composition and character of the party of which he is the chosen Representative. I had rather have geographical accomplishments displayed in any other sphere whatever, than in running out the boundary lines of political parties.

For the gentleman associated with Col. Fremont, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, I cannot restrain a still warmer expression of personal regard and friendship. I have known him as a messmate for four or five years in succession. We have consulted together and acted together during many of the most exciting scenes of our Congressional service, and if I ever differed from him, upon any occasion, it was with an unfeigned mistrust of my own judgment. We voted alike, I believe, on almost every question relating to the Compromises of 1850, including the question of the Ten Million Texas Boundary Bill; and I am glad to perceive that certain gentlemen, not a thousand miles off, have so far relaxed their views, as to find themselves able to sustain the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency in a course of proceeding, for which they thought no condemnation of myself too severe. Gentlemen, I can truly say, that if any mere personal attachments were to govern my course at the coming election, no name has been presented to the people which would weigh more with me than that of my friend, William L. Dayton, of New Jersey.

But the issues of the coming election to my mind, fellow-Whigs, rise far, far above all consideration of persons as well as of platforms. What is to be the influence, the immediate influence and the permanent influence, upon this whole great country of ours, and upon all the interests of that country, and upon all the relations by which it is held together as one country, under one Constitution and with one destiny,—what, I repeat, is to be the direct or the ultimate and upshot influence, upon our whole country, of the triumph of one or the other of the political parties which are now arrayed against each other for the conflict? This is the question most worthy, and I had almost said, alone worthy of the attention of any one who calls himself an American patriot. I include, most certainly I include, the condition of Kansas and the unhappy struggle which is now going on there, as a part, and a most important part, of this question; but not as the whole of it,—never, never as the whole. The whole of my country must always be more to me than any part.

I cannot forget, moreover, that there are diseases in the political, as well as in the physical system, for which mere local

applications and mere topical treatment are utterly insufficient and often injurious, and where the only hope of a radical cure is in purifying and invigorating and building up anew the general health of the patient. Wise physicians in such cases prescribe what I believe they call an *alterative* medicine. And this deplorable Kansas malady will, in my opinion, prove to be precisely one of this class of disorders. It demands an *alterative*; and those who rely so much upon direct applications for the relief of the superficial symptoms, distressing as they are, will find themselves, I fear, grievously disappointed.

Now, gentlemen, if I contemplate, on the one side, the renewed success of the Democratic party at the approaching election,—identified, as it is, with what I must always consider as the unwarrantable as well as most impolitic overthrow of the Missouri Compromise, and with so many of the calamitous consequences which have resulted from that repeal,—identified as it is, moreover, in the person of its immediate candidate for the Presidency with the Ostend Conference, and with the unjustifiable foreign policy therein disclosed and avowed,—I can see before us no promise, and but little prospect, of either domestic or foreign peace. There is no *alterative* here. On the contrary, such a result presents to my mind nothing but an indefinite continuance and prolongation of that wretched state of things which has distressed the heart of every true patriot for the last six or seven months,—fears without and fightings within, the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, fresh conflicts upon our own soil springing from the squatter-sovereignty doctrines which have been so disastrously inaugurated in Kansas, and fresh panics of war with foreign powers, disturbing our trade and finances, and to be followed, perhaps, by the dread catastrophe itself.

I do not forget the adroitness with which Mr. Marey has conducted so much of the foreign correspondence of the government, during the past year or two. I give the Democratic party all due credit for the ability with which it has sometimes extricated the country from the dangers of war, and for its determined effort to maintain unimpaired the integrity of the Union. But I cannot fail to remember, also, how often that party has rashly and recklessly created those very emergencies, both at home and

abroad, which it has been so prompt and patriotic in meeting; and I cannot find it in my conscience to join hands with those who exhibit so constant a proclivity to bring about the very dangers, domestic and foreign, which they afterwards call upon us to aid them in averting. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

If I turn, on the other hand, to a contemplation of the triumph of the Republican party, I perceive clouds and darkness, by no means less dense or threatening, resting upon the future of our domestic peace. It is no new thing for me, my friends, to resist the organization of a party on a basis which naturally and necessarily excludes from its ranks one-half of the States of the Union. It is now nine years since I was first called on to meet this question in a Whig convention under circumstances not to be forgotten. I have no desire to revive past controversies with anybody, but I have always rejoiced at the stand which was taken, and at the success which was achieved, on that occasion. I have always rejoiced that the Whigs of Massachusetts did not cut themselves off by a rash resolution from the opportunity of giving their votes for the gallant and generous TAYLOR,— notwithstanding that he was one of that “tyrannical oligarchy” which is now held up to such daily reproach and vituperation by those who might be better employed. I adhere unchangeably to the views and principles on which I acted at Springfield in 1847. I hold now, as I held then, that the day which witnesses the triumph of a party organized upon a single anti-slavery principle, will be a day of darker omen to our country, than any which has yet occurred in its calendar. It is easy, I know, to exaggerate that danger on one side, and it is equally easy to ridicule all idea of danger on the other. It is easy to cry, *wolf, wolf*, like the lad in the fable, until every one shall become heedless of such appeals; and it is equally easy to forget the fact which the same fable discloses, that the wolf may come in the end, after all such fears have been dispelled.

I am not one of those who think that the South ought not to submit, or will not submit, to the primary result of any fairly conducted popular election. I like the spirit of that excellent Whig, Edward Bates, of Missouri, who, in a recent speech in

favor of Mr. Fillmore, so emphatically repudiated the idea that Southern men would forthwith dissolve the Union in the event of Fremont's election. Nor does anybody believe that Mr. Fillmore himself intended to convey, by the warning words which he uttered somewhere along the route from New York to Buffalo, during that brilliant reception which so clearly betokened his popularity in the Empire State, the least sympathy with nullification, or the least countenance or encouragement to secession or disunion anywhere. He is for sustaining the Constitution of the country and the Union of the country, under all circumstances and under every administration,—whoever may be President. And so am I.

But I entirely concur with him in his obvious idea, that such a result would give great reason for apprehension as to the future stability of our national institutions. Let parties among the people and parties in Congress once be fairly divided and fully separated by mere sectional issues and mere geographical lines, and let the jealousies and animosities which necessarily belong to such a state of things continue to foment and fester and rankle for a term of four years, or even of one year,—and who can foresee the day when any other issues or any other lines would again become practicable, and when the polities of the country would be any thing else than a still-continuing, never-ending, and always inflamed and angry feud between the North and South, while a burning spirit of hate and an eager yearning for mutual injury and revenge would thoroughly supplant that reciprocal confidence, regard, and affection which ought to be, and so long have been, a stronger bond of union between the States than any laws or constitutions whatever. And is such a condition of the country proposed to us as a remedy of any thing? Why, if this be the only remedy for existing evils, we have indeed arrived at a point in our history like that with which Livy commenced his account of ancient Rome, when we can bear the remedy quite as little as we can bear the disease.

Nor, gentlemen, is it, in my judgment, the destiny of any party formed upon such a geographical basis to accomplish any thing permanent or valuable for improving the condition of the

colored race on this Continent, or even for preventing the diffusion of that race in a state of bondage over fields from which they are now excluded. This, I am sensible, is a matter of opinion and of speculation, involving quite too much of abstract discussion for an occasion like this. But I am unwilling to omit the opportunity of renewing the expression of my firm belief, that the agitations and extravagances of Anti-Slavery men and Anti-Slavery parties, and particularly of some of those in Massachusetts, have impeded and retarded the very cause in which they have been employed. Thus far, certainly, they have only served to invite, provoke, and stimulate those very Southern aggressions which they have from time to time so violently denounced.

We hear the leaders of the Republican party shouting at every turn, "Free soil, free speech, free men, and Fremont." And if they would stop here, there would be no cause for complaint. Every party has a right to manufacture its own cries, and there is no denying that this is a taking and a telling cry. But when any of them insist on imputing opposition to free soil, and hostility to free speech and free men, to every one who does not see fit to support their candidate for the Presidency, or to brand as doughfaces everybody who is not as *crusty* as themselves, they are guilty of an assumption which is as arrogant as it is unjust. Why, it is but a few years since the cry ran for "free soil, free speech, free men, and Van Buren," and it was as good then as it is now, except the alliteration. But where is Mr. Van Buren now? I would say nothing disrespectful of that venerable Ex-President, but his position is certainly a caution against confiding too much in mere party cries, and can hardly fail to suggest the old adage of "a great cry and very little wool."

We all know that there are Whigs here, and Whigs in other States, who are as ardent friends of free soil, and free speech, and free men, in any just application of those phrases, and who are as deeply sensible of the wrongs of Kansas, and as earnestly desirous for their redress by any constitutional and proper means, as any in the land, who yet neither see their way clear to vote for Mr. Fremont, nor have a particle of faith in the capacity of the Republican party to effect any thing for those

great ends,—even were they to succeed in obtaining possession of the Presidential chair on the 4th day of March next. Why, gentlemen, what can such a party do? With no certainty of another majority in the House, with a Senate unalterably opposed to them, and with the whole Southern mind embittered, exasperated, and inflamed to a white heat against them, what hope would there be of their accomplishing any thing, either for the relief of Kansas, or the good of the country? They might bring the government to a dead lock now and then, as they have lately done on the army bill; but if the Senate should see fit to follow the example which the House has now set, and to limit the action of the executive by provisos of a similar sort, Mr. Fremont might be rendered as powerless for good, as his friends have attempted to render Mr. Pierce powerless for evil.

What has a Republican House of Representatives accomplished during the last nine months? They have elected a Speaker, and doubled or trebled their own compensation, I know. But what have they accomplished for suffering, bleeding Kansas? And does any man doubt that if men of less extreme and extravagant views, men more conciliatory and practical in their purposes, had been in Congress, those odious and abhorrent Kansas laws would have been repealed before the session closed? I have not a particle of doubt that such would have been the case.

For myself, I do not believe it is written in the book of American destiny, that this government can be carried on prosperously, if it can be carried on at all, upon a principle of sectional hostility and hate, or by a party which either cherishes such a principle itself, or naturally excites and stimulates it in its opponents. I agree with Col. Benton, that there is too much sectional antagonism for the safety of the country. Sectional animosities and sectional hatred are the greatest evils of the times, and unless they are speedily allayed they will be the fountains of incalculable mischief to us and our posterity.

When I saw in the advertisement for the recent barbecue at Needham that the occasion was "to be graced with an ox, roasted whole," and when I thought of the fumes of passion and prejudice which would be mingled with the smoke of that unwonted

holocaust, I could not help recalling the beautiful proverb of the wise man of old:—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." In my honest judgment, fellow-Whigs, if these perplexing and perilous questions are ever to be settled wisely, justly, and peaceably, it will not be by the triumph of either of the principal parties to the strife. On one side we hear men declaring that if they cannot succeed by the ballot-box, they will resort to the bayonet; and on the other, that Mr. Fremont, if elected, will never be suffered to enter the White House. I have no fear that either of these extreme threats will be executed. But it is evident that neither of the parties who give utterance to such views, or who give occasion to such views being uttered, are in a condition to bring back to the country that reconciliation and repose which are essential to its prosperous and permanent existence. To give either side a triumph is to prolong and perpetuate discord. And I do not hesitate to say that I should have a better hope for justice being done in Kansas and everywhere else from the success of a grand popular movement, for which even now it is not too late, by which a President of moderate and conciliatory views, pledged to neither party nor to any precise policy, should be placed at the head of the government, than from any Republican success, however triumphant,—even were it to embrace all the branches of the government at a single swoop.

It is with these views, gentlemen of the convention, that I have expressed, and now reiterate, my decided preference for Mr. Fillmore. It is said that he has joined another party. I have not. That party has many excellent men in its ranks in all parts of the country, and in its leading aim to purify the ballot-box, and to guard against the corruptions and frauds of a defective naturalization system, it must have the concurrence of all good citizens. But let its organization and its object have heretofore been ever so objectionable, if it can now throw itself into the breach successfully, planting itself between contending sections, and putting an effectual stop to the strife which threatens such serious mischief to our land, it will have earned a title to the gratitude of a thousand generations. If its much-derided *dark lantern* should have done nothing worse than find

out as honest a man as Mr. Fillmore, old Diogenes himself would not have been ashamed of it. For Mr. Fillmore *is* a man of private and of public integrity, of approved experience, moderation, discretion, and firmness, never wanting in fidelity to his whole country or to any part of it, true always to the Constitution and the Union. The helm of state has felt his hand already in times of similar peril, and the gallant ship has answered to it and ridden out the gale. He is literally a "pilot that has weathered the storm." He has the confidence of good men at both ends of the Union, and is peculiarly in a position to calm and conciliate the feelings of all sections and of all parties, and I have entire confidence that Peace, Justice, and Freedom, would be safe under his administration.

These, fellow-Whigs of Massachusetts, are my views, the best which I am capable of forming. I seek not to force them upon others, but I cannot shrink from avowing them, and acting upon them myself. I have entered into no careful calculation of the chances of success, having never been accustomed to take my rule of political duty from either the estimates or the returns of popular elections. In my experience thus far, I have voted for a President of the United States once with only four States, and once with only my own State, and I am prepared, if need be, to try how it feels to vote without any State at all. But no such prospect is at present before us, and the declaration that Mr. Fillmore has no chance is one to which I cannot and do not at all subscribe. Every day convinces me that there is a growing feeling in his favor in all parts of the country, and an increasing conviction that his election would save us from a world of trouble.

At any rate, I shall act on no suggestions of despair, but hope on to the last that a spirit may still be aroused among the people which shall secure us the only result which can restore harmony and concord to the country. Others may seek the distinction of ministering to the passions and prejudices of the hour;—but I should esteem myself the happiest of men,—if I may appropriate with a slight alteration the language of John Adams to old King George, when he first appeared before him as an ambassador from independent America,—I should esteem

myself the happiest of men, if I could be instrumental in restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, *the old good nature and the old good humor*, between the different sections of this distracted and afflicted land. For out of such a restoration, I do believe, would come a better hope for all that is dear to us and to our posterity, and better, wiser, and juster views of even African slavery itself, at the South as well as at the North, than from all the criminations and contentions which are now shaking the capitol and the country to their foundations, and threatening to rend asunder the whole framework of American freedom.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN, IN BOSTON,
SEPTEMBER 17, 1856.

WE are assembled, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, to do honor to the memory of one, of whom it is little to say, that from the moment at which Boston first found a local habitation and a name on this hemisphere—just two hundred and twenty-six years ago to-day—down even to the present hour of her mature development and her meridian glory, she has given birth to no man of equal ability, of equal celebrity, or of equal claim upon the grateful remembrance and commemoration of his fellow-countrymen and of mankind.

We come, on this birthday of our ancient metropolis, to decorate her municipal grounds with the image of that one of her native sons, whose name has shed the greatest lustre upon her history: proposing it as the appropriate frontispiece and figure-head, if I may so speak, of her Executive and Legislative Halls for ever.

We come, at this high noon of a new and noble exhibition of the products of New England industry and invention, to inaugurate a work of Art, in which the latest and best efforts of American genius and American skill—for it is all American—are fitly and most felicitously embodied in the form and lineaments of the greatest American Mechanic and Philosopher.

We come, on this anniversary of the very day on which the Constitution of the United States was adopted and signed, to commemorate a Statesman and Patriot, who was second to no

one of his time in the services which he rendered to the cause of American Liberty and Independence, and whose privilege it was, at the advanced age of eighty years, to give his official sanction and signature to the hallowed instrument, by which alone that Liberty and Independence could have been organized, administered, and perpetuated.

I hail the presence of this vast concourse of the people,—assembled in all the multiplied capacities and relations known to our political or our social state, mechanic, mercantile and agricultural, literary, scientific and professional, moral, charitable and religious, civil, military and masonic; not forgetting that “legion of honor,” which has decorated itself once more, for this occasion, with the Medals which his considerate bounty provided for the scholastic triumphs of their boyhood, and which are justly prized by every one that wins and wears them beyond all the insignia which kings or emperors could bestow,—I hail the presence of this countless multitude both of citizens and of strangers, from which nothing is wanting of dignity or distinction, of brilliancy or of grace, which office, honor, age, youth, beauty could impart,—as the welcome and most impressive evidence, that the day and the occasion are adequately appreciated by all who are privileged to witness them.

“Thus strives a grateful country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!”

Our city and its environs have not, indeed, been left until now, fellow-citizens, wholly destitute of the decorations of sculpture. WASHINGTON—first always to be commemorated by every American community—has long stood majestically within the inner shrine of our State capitol, chiselled, as you know, by the celebrated Chantrey, from that pure white marble which is the fittest emblem of the spotless integrity and pre-eminent patriotism of a character, to which the history of mere humanity has hitherto furnished no parallel.

Bowditch, our American La Place, has been seen for many years, beneath the shades of Mount Auburn, portrayed with that air of profound thought and penetrating observation, which seems almost to give back to the effigy of bronze the power of piercing

the skies and measuring the mechanism of the heavens, which only death could take away from the ever-honored original.

Near him, in the beautiful chapel of the same charming cemetery, will soon be fitly gathered representative men of the four great periods of Massachusetts history:—John Winthrop, for whom others may find the appropriate epithet and rightful designation, with the first charter of Massachusetts in his hand;—James Otis, that “flame of fire” against writs of assistance and all the other earliest manifestations of British aggression;—John Adams, ready to “sink or swim” in the cause of “Independence now and independence for ever;”—and Joseph Story, interpreting and administering, with mingled energy and sweetness, the constitutional and judicial system of our mature existence. Glorious quaternion, illustrating and personifying a more glorious career! God grant that there may never be wanting a worthy successor to this brilliant series, and that the line of the great and good may be as unbroken in the future, as it has been in the past history of our beloved Commonwealth!

— Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus.

Within the last year, also, the generosity and the genius of our city and country have been nobly combined, in adorning our spacious and admirable Music Hall with a grand embodiment of that exquisite composer, who would almost seem to have been rendered deaf to the noises of earth, that he might catch the very music of the spheres, and transfer it to the score of his magnificent symphonies.*

Nor do we forget, on this occasion, that the familiar and cherished presence of the greatest of the adopted sons of Massachusetts is soon to greet us again on the Exchange, gladdening the sight of all who congregate there with the incomparable front of Daniel Webster.

At the touch of native art, too, the youthful form of the martyred Warren is even now breaking forth from the votive block, to remind us afresh “how good and glorious it is to die for one’s country.”

But for BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the greatest of our native-born

* The statue of Beethoven, by Crawford.

sons, and peculiarly the man of the people, has been reserved the eminently appropriate distinction of forming the subject of the first bronze, open-air statue, erected within the limits of the old peninsula of his birth, to ornament one of its most central thoroughfares, and to receive, and I had almost said to reciprocate, the daily salutations of all who pass through them.

Nor can any one fail to recognize, I think, a peculiar fitness in the place which has been selected for this statue.

Go back with me, fellow-citizens, for a moment, to a period just one hundred and forty-two years ago, and let us picture to ourselves the very spot on which we are assembled, as it was in that olden time. Boston was then a little town, of hardly more than ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. Her three hills, now scarcely distinguishable, were then her most conspicuous and characteristic feature, and I need hardly say that almost all the material objects which met the view of a Bostonian in this vicinity, at that day, must have been widely different from those which we are now privileged to look upon. No stately structures for city councils or for courts of justice were then standing upon this site. There was no Horticultural Hall in front, delighting the eye and making the mouth water with the exquisite flowers and luscious fruits of neighboring gardens and green-houses. There were no shops and stores, filled with the countless fabrics of foreign and domestic labor, facing and flanking it on every side. Yet all was not different. The fathers and founders of Boston and of Massachusetts—more than one, certainly, of the earliest ministers and earliest magistrates of the grand old Puritan colony—were slumbering then as they are slumbering now, in their undraped and humble graves at our side, in what was then little more than a village churchyard,—

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid;”

and yonder House of God, of about half its present proportions, was already casting its consecrated shadows over the mouldering turf which covered them. At the lower end of the sacred edifice, for the enlargement of which it was finally removed about the year 1748, there might have been seen a plain wooden building, of a story and a half in height, in which Ezekiel Cheever, of

immortal memory,—“the ancient and honorable Master of the Free School in Boston,”—had exercised his magisterial functions for more than five and thirty years. He, too, at the date of which I am speaking, was freshly resting from his labors, having died, at the age of ninety-four, about six years previously, and having fully justified the quaint remark of Cotton Mather, that he “left off teaching only when mortality took him off.” But the homely old schoolhouse was still here, under the charge of one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, and among the younger boys who were daily seen bounding forth from its irksome confinement at the allotted hour, to play on the very green on which we are now gathered, was ONE, who probably as little dreamed that he should ever be the subject of a commemoration or a statue, as the humblest of those five and twenty thousand children who are now receiving their education at the public expense within our city limits, and some of whom are at this moment so charmingly grouped around us!

Descended from a sturdy stock, which an original tithe-book,—recently discovered and sent over to his friend Mr. Everett, by one who finds so much delight himself, and furnishes so much delight to all the world, in dealing with the heroes and demigods of humanity (Thomas Carlyle),—descended from a sturdy stock of blacksmiths, which this curious and precious relic enables us to trace distinctly back to their anvils and their forge-hammers, and to catch a glimpse of “their black knuckles and their hob-nailed shoes,” more than two centuries ago, at the little village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, Old England,—born, himself, near the corner of our own Milk Street, only eight years before the scene I have just described, and baptized, with most significant punctuality, on the same day, in the Old South Meeting-house,—he was now, indeed, a bright, precocious youth, who could never remember a time when he could not read, and his pious father and mother were already cherishing a purpose “to devote him to the service of the church, as the tithe of their sons.” So he had been sent to the public grammar school (for Boston afforded but one, I believe, at that precise moment), to get his education:—but he continued there rather less than a single year, notwithstanding that “in that time (to use his own

words) he had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence he was to be placed in the third at the end of the year." He was evidently a *fast* boy,—in more senses of the word than one, perhaps,—and his progress was quite too rapid for his father's purse, who could not contemplate the expense of giving him a college education. Accordingly, "he was taken away from the grammar school, and sent to a school for writing and arithmetic kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell, where he learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but failed entirely in arithmetic."

And thus the little fellow disappeared from the play-ground on which we are now standing, and presently from all the opportunities of education which his native place supplied. Not long afterwards we trace him helping his father at soap-boiling and tallow-chandling at the sign of the Blue Ball (now the Golden Ball), at the corner of Union and Hanover Streets. Next we find him working his brother's printing press in Queen Street, now Court Street, and diversifying his labors as an apprentice with the most diligent and devoted efforts to increase his information and improve his mind. Now and then we detect him writing a ballad,—"a Light-House Tragedy," or a "Song about Blackbeard, the Pirate,"—and hawking it through the streets, by way of pastime or to turn a penny. Now and then we discover him trying his pen most successfully at an anonymous article for his brother's newspaper. Presently we see him, for a short time, at little more than sixteen years of age, the ostensible and responsible editor of that paper, and in the "New-England Courant," printed and sold in Queen Street, Boston, on the eleventh day of February, 1723, there appears, in fair, round capitals, the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,—never again to be undistinguished while he lived, nor ever to be unremembered in the history of New England, or of the world.

But circumstances in his domestic condition proved unpropitious to the further development of his destiny at home. His spirit was winged for a wider and bolder flight than discreet and prudent parents would be likely to encourage or to sanction. It was, certainly, altogether too soaring to be longer hampered by

fraternal leading strings, and it was soon found chafing at the wires of the domestic cage. Disgusted at last with the impediments which were thrown in his way, and yearning for an assertion of his personal independence, he slips the noose which binds him to his birth-place, and is suddenly found seeking his fortune, under every discouragement, three or four hundred miles away from home or kindred or acquaintance. A lad of only seventeen, Franklin had disappeared not only from the old Schoolhouse Green, but from Boston altogether. But not for ever. He has carried with him a native energy, integrity, perseverance, and self-reliance, which nothing could subdue or permanently repress. He has carried with him a double measure of the gristle and the grit which are the best ingredient and most productive yield of the ice and granite of New England. And now, fellow-citizens, commences a career, which for its varied and almost romantic incidents, for its uniform and brilliant success, and for its eminent public usefulness, can hardly be paralleled in the history of the human race. This is not the occasion for doing full justice to such a career. Even the barest and briefest allusion to the posts which were successively held, and the services to his country and to mankind which were successively rendered, by the GREAT BOSTONIAN, would require far more time than can be appropriately consumed in these inaugural exercises. The most rapid outline is all I dare attempt.

The life of Franklin presents him in four several and separate relations to society, in each one of which he did enough to have filled up the full measure of a more than ordinary life, and to have secured for himself an imperishable renown with posterity. As we run over that life ever so cursorily, we see him first as a MECHANIC, and the son of a Mechanic, aiding his father for a year or two in his humble toil, and then taking upon himself, as by a Providential instinct, that profession of a PRINTER, in which he delighted to class himself to the latest hour of his life. You all remember, I doubt not, that when in the year 1788, at the age of eighty-two years, he made that last Will and Testament, which Boston apprentices and Boston school-boys will never forget, nor ever remember without gratitude, he commenced it thus: "I Ben-

jamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, Printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania, do make and declare my last Will and Testament as follows." Before all other titles he placed that of his chosen craft, and deemed no designation of himself complete, in which that was not foremost. In the midst of his highest distinctions, and while associated with statesmen and courtiers at home or abroad, he was proud to be found turning aside to talk, not merely with the Baskervilles and Strahans who were so long his chosen friends, but with the humbler laborers at the press,— "entering into their schemes and suggesting or aiding improvements in their art." In the last year but one of his life, he writes to his sister, "I am too old to follow printing again myself, but loving the business, I have brought up my grandson Benjamin to it, and have built and furnished a printing-house for him, which he now manages under my own eye." He had an early and intense perception of the dignity and importance of that great engine for informing and influencing the public opinion of the world, and a prophetic foresight of the vast and varied power which a free press was to exert, for good or for evil, in his own land:— and he seemed peculiarly anxious that his personal relations to it should never be forgotten.

And they never will be forgotten. If Franklin had never been any thing else than a printer, if he had rendered no services to his country or to mankind but those which may fairly be classed under this department of his career, he would still have left a mark upon his age which could not have been mistaken or overlooked. It was as *a printer* that he set such an example to his fellow-mechanics of all ages, of industry, temperance, and frugality,— of truth, sincerity, and integrity. "The industry of that Franklin," said an eye-witness of his early habits (Dr. Baird), "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from Club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." And you all remember how the ale-drinking apprentices of London sneered at him as "the Water-American," and wondered how one who drank no *strong* beer, could be so much *stronger* than themselves. It was as *a printer*, that he instituted those Clubs for discussion and mutual improve-

ment, which elevated the character and importance of the working classes wherever they were introduced. It was as *a printer*, that he displayed such extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, in making for himself whatever articles he needed in his own profession, founding letters of lead, carving ornaments and cuts of wood, engraving vignettes upon copper, mixing his own printer's ink, and manufacturing his own plate press. It was as *a printer*, that he set on foot the first Subscription Circulating Library, "the mother of all in North America." It was as *a printer*, that he did so much to improve the character of the Newspaper Press of the American Colonies, asserting its liberty, discouraging its licentiousness, protesting against its being employed as an instrument of scandal, defamation, and detraction, and exhibiting it as the worthy and chosen vehicle of information, entertainment, and instruction. It was as *a printer*, that he commenced and continued that series of delightful essays, sometimes political, sometimes historical, sometimes moral, sometimes satirical or playful, which are hardly inferior in wit and wisdom to the best papers of Johnson or of Addison, of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's or the genial Canon of St. Paul's,—and which would have secured and established the permanent literary reputation of their author, had no other monument of his labors existed. It was as *a printer*, above all, that he prepared and published for so many years his immortal Almanac, under the name of Richard Saunders, with those inimitable proverbs, only second, some of them, to those of Solomon, of which so many millions of copies, in almost every language and tongue known beneath the sun, have been scattered broadcast throughout the world, for the entertainment and instruction of young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple. When will ever Poor Richard be forgotten! Or when will he ever be remembered without fresh admiration for the shrewd, sagacious common sense, which he poured forth with such charming good humor and in such exhaustless profusion!

Well may the Mechanics of Boston take the lead in every commemoration of Benjamin Franklin,—as they have done in that of which this day witnesses the completion,—for it was as a Boston Mechanic that he laid the foundations, strong and deep, of a character which no temptations or trials could ever shake,

and of a fame which will know no limits but those of civilization, and no termination but that of time !

But the ingenuity and invention of Franklin, while they stooped to supply not merely every want which he encountered in his own profession, but every want which he observed in his relations with others, could not be confined within any mere mechanical limits, but demanded nothing less than the whole circle of art and nature for their display. If nothing was too low for his care, neither was any thing too lofty for his contemplation : and as we run over his life, he stands before us in the character of a PHILOSOPHER, not less distinctly or less proudly than we have just seen him in the character of a printer.

It is with no little interest that we recall his own statement, that it was in his native Boston that his curiosity was first excited in regard to the nature of that wonderful element, from the investigation of which he was destined to derive his highest and most pervading celebrity. Here, in the year 1746, he received the earliest impressions upon the subject of electricity, and here, among the Bowdoins and Chaunceys and Coopers and Quinceys and Winthrops of that day, he found some of the earliest and latest sympathizers and co-operators in his scientific as well as in his political pursuits. The gradual steps by which he advanced in his electrical researches are for the historian and biographer ; the transcendent result is familiar to you all. When Franklin had completed that grand and unparalleled discovery, — arresting the very thunder-bolts on their flaming circuit through the sky, challenging them forth from their chariots of fire, and compelling them to a reluctant revelation of the nature of their mysterious, mighty energies, — he had reached a pinnacle of human glory which had not been approached by any man of his country or of his age. His fame was flashed from pole to pole over the whole habitable globe, and hardly a civilized region, over which a thunder-cloud ever pealed or rattled, was long left ignorant of the name of him who had disarmed it of its shafts and stripped it of its terrors.

The boldness and sublimity of the experiment, by which his theories were finally tested and confirmed, have never been surpassed, if they have ever been equalled, in the walks of science ;

and even the battle-fields of ancient or modern history may be explored in vain for a loftier exhibition of moral and physical heroism.

See him going forth into the fields, with no attendant or witness but his own son, lest a failure should bring discredit,—not upon himself, for no man cared less for any thing which might concern himself,—but upon the experiment he was about to try, and upon the theory which he knew must prove true in the end. See him calmly awaiting the gathering of the coming storm, and then lifting his little kite, with an iron point at the top of the stick, and a steel key at the end of the hempen string, to draw deliberately down upon his own head a full charge of the Artillery of Heaven! See him, disappointed at first, but never despairing or doubting, applying his own knuckle to the key,—knocking, as it were, at the very gates of the mighty Thunderer,—and eagerly standing to receive that bolt, from which so many of us, even now that he 'has provided so complete a shield, shrink away so often in terror! A similar experiment is to cost the life of a distinguished Russian philosopher at St. Petersburg only a few months afterwards. Shall Franklin's life be spared now? Well has Mr. Everett suggested that if that moment had been his last, "conscious of an immortal name, he must have felt that he could have been content." But the good providence of God, in which, as we shall see, Franklin always trusted, permitted the cloud to emit but a single spark. That spark was enough. His theory is confirmed and verified. Henceforth, in the latest words of the dying Arago, Electricity is Franklin's. "To him the world owes the knowledge which led to the Telegraph, the Electroplate, the Electrotype. Every fresh adaptation of electricity is a stone added to his monument. They are only improvements of his bequest. Electricity is Franklin's." His name has, indeed, become immortal, but, thanks be to God, his life is still preserved for the best interests of his country and for the welfare of the world.

But the fame of Franklin as a philosopher rests not alone on his discoveries in any single department of natural history, and the brilliancy of his electrical experiments must not be permitted to eclipse his many other services to science. Nothing, indeed, within the range of philosophical inquiry, seemed to be beyond

his eager and comprehensive grasp, and to the end of his long life he was yearly adding something to the stock of scientific knowledge. He delighted to employ himself in searching out the causes of the common operations of nature, as well as of its more striking and remarkable phenomena. The principles of evaporation, the origin of the saltiness of the sea and the formation of salt-mines, the habitual commencement of north-easterly storms at the south-east, the influence of oil in smoothing the waters and stilling the waves, and a hundred other subjects, at that time by no means familiar to the common understanding, were elaborately investigated and explained by him. Indeed, wherever he went, he was sure to find material for his inquisitive and penetrating mind. A badly heated room would furnish him with a motive for inventing a better stove, and a smoking chimney would give him no rest until he had studied the art of curing it. Did he visit Holland,—he is found learning from the boatmen that vessels propelled by an equal force move more slowly in shoal than in deep water, and forthwith he engages in patient experiments to verify and illustrate the lesson, for the benefit of those who may be employed in constructing canals. Did the bark in which he was crossing the ocean stop a day or two at Madeira,—he seizes the occasion to procure and write out a full account of its soil, climate, population, and productions. And while the ship is in full sail, behold him from day to day the laughing-stock of the sailors, who probably regarded him as only a whimsical land-lubber, while he sits upon the deck dipping his thermometer into successive tubs of water, baled out for the purpose,—or, perhaps, directly into the ocean,—to ascertain by the differences of temperature the range and extent of the Gulf Stream, and thus furnishing the basis of that Geography of the Seas, which has recently assumed so imposing a shape under the hands of the accomplished and enterprising Maury.

No wonder that the great English historian of that period, the philosophic Hume, wrote to Franklin as he was leaving England to return home in 1762: "I am sorry that you intend soon to leave our hemisphere. America has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, &c.; but you are the first philosopher, and, indeed, the first great man of letters for whom

we are beholden to her." And most justly did Sir Humphrey Davy say of him at a later day,—" He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity, by which philosophy is kept aloof from common applications; and he has sought rather to make her a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces." Indeed, his merits as a philosopher were early and everywhere recognized and acknowledged, and our BOSTON PRINTER was introduced and welcomed into Royal Societies, and Imperial Academies and Institutes, in almost every kingdom on the globe.

Nor were his scientific attainments recognized only by diplomas and titular distinctions. It is pleasant to remember that the great British powder magazines at Purfleet, and the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, were both protected from the danger of lightning by rods arranged under Franklin's immediate direction; while some years later (1784), the King of France placed him at the head of a commission, consisting of five members from the Royal Academy of Sciences, and four members from the Faculty of Medicine, to investigate the subject of animal magnetism, then first introduced to the notice of the world by the celebrated Mesmer.

In running over the marvellous career of Benjamin Franklin, we hail him next, in the third place, as a STATESMAN and PATRIOT, second to no one of his time in the variety and success of his efforts to build up the institutions of our country, both State and national, and in promoting and establishing her Union and her Independence.

Franklin made his first formal appearance on the political stage, at the age of thirty years, in the humble capacity of clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, in the year 1736. But his thoughts being now turned to public affairs, he at once commenced instituting reforms wherever an opportunity presented itself. Nothing which could contribute to the welfare of the community in which he lived, was too seemingly insignificant for his attention. The regulation of the city watch, the paving and sweeping and lighting of the streets, the organization of fire companies, the foundation of schools and academies,

successively occupied his earliest care. His fitness for every sort of public employment soon becoming manifest, he was spared from no service within the gift either of the executive or of the people. In the single year 1750, while he was just commencing his philosophical pursuits, he was called upon to discharge the duties of a justice of the peace (no sinecure in that day), by the governor; of a common-councilman, and then an alderman, by the corporation of Philadelphia; and of a burgess, to represent them in the State Assembly, by his fellow-citizens at large. The next year finds him delegated as a commissioner to treat with the Indians. The next year, he is appointed joint postmaster general of the colonies. The following year,—the ever memorable year of 1754,—he is one of a congress of commissioners from all the colonies at Albany, to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations concerning the means of defending the country from a threatened invasion by France. And then and there, in that capacity, our Boston printer first projected and proposed a Union of all the colonies under one government,—the original suggestion of that glorious UNION which was afterwards adopted as a defence against the tyrannical oppression of Great Britain, and which is still our best and only defence, not only against Great Britain and all the rest of the world, but against each other, and against ourselves, too. God grant that this Union may be no less durable than the solid bronze of which the statue of its earliest proposer and constant advocate is composed,—defying alike the corrosions of time, the shock of strife, and the convulsions of every evil element!

The next year, 1755, we see him procuring wagons for General Braddock, who had utterly failed to procure them by any other agency, and advancing for the service upwards of a thousand pounds sterling out of his own pocket. And then, too, it was, that with a sagacity so remarkable, he distinctly predicted the precise ambuscade which resulted in the disastrous defeat of that ill-starred expedition. Before the close of the same year, we find him marching himself, at the head of a body of troops, to protect the frontier,—not waiting, I presume, to be formally commissioned as commander, since it is not until the succeeding year, 1756,—just one hundred years ago,—that we see him

regularly sworn in as colonel, and learn that several glasses of his electrical apparatus were shaken down and broken, by the volleys fired under his windows, as a salute, after the first review of his regiment.

Passing over the six or seven next years, which belong to another department of his career, we find him in 1763, sole post-master general of British North America, and spending five or six months in travelling through the northern colonies in an old-fashioned gig, for the purpose of inspecting and arranging the post-offices. Soon afterwards we see him taking a leading part in stopping the tide of insurrection and quieting the commotions arising out of the inhuman massacre of the Indians in Lancaster County,—appealing to the people in an eloquent and masterly pamphlet, organizing a military association, and by his personal exertions and influence strengthening the arm of government and upholding the supremacy of the laws. And now, in 1764, we welcome him, assuming the chair, as speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, to sign a bold petition to the king against the proprietary government, which he had drafted and defended on the floor, but to which the previous speaker had shrunk from affixing his signature.

Passing over another interval of a little more than ten years, (to be the subject of separate allusion under another view of his services), we meet him next, on his own soil, in 1775, as a delegate from Pennsylvania to the second Continental Congress. He serves simultaneously as chairman of the committee of safety appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly. “In the morning at six o’clock” (says he of this period, and he was then sixty-nine years of age), “I am at the committee of safety, which committee holds till near nine, when I am at Congress, and that sits till after four in the afternoon.” In the Continental Congress, we find him successively proposing a plan of confederation; assuming the entire management of the American post-office; at the head of the commissioners for Indian affairs; a leading member of the committee of secret correspondence, and of almost every other committee, whether for secret or for open negotiations; a delegate to the American camp at Cambridge, to consult with Washington and the continental army for the relief of his

native town ; a delegate to Canada, to concert measures of sympathy and succor ; and finally, one of the illustrious Committee of Five, with Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams, and Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence. That Declaration is reported and adopted, and Franklin signs it in his order with an untrembling hand. He would seem, however, to have fully realized the momentous character of the act, when he humorously replied to our own John Hancock, — who had said, “There must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together ;” — “Yes, we must, indeed, all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.” He was as ready to brave the strokes of arbitrary power, as he had been those of the lightning of Heaven, — to snatch the sceptre from tyrants as the thunderbolt from the clouds ; and he might almost seem to have adopted, as the motto at once of his scientific and political life, those noble lines of a cotemporary poet, —

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share !
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm which howls along the sky !”

And now he presides over the convention which frames the Constitution of Pennsylvania ; and, after another interval of about eight years and a half (to be accounted for presently), we see him presiding over the State itself, whose Constitution he had thus aided in forming. Now, too, at the age of eighty, the Nestor of America, as he was well styled by the National Assembly of France, he is found among the delegates to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and there we may hear him making two brief but most characteristic and remarkable speeches. One of them I reserve for the conclusion of this discourse. The other was delivered on the twenty-eighth day of June, 1787, when he submitted that memorable motion, seconded by Roger Sherman, and said by at least one member of the convention to have been rejected only because they had no funds for meeting the expense, but which, at any rate, found only three or four voices to sustain it, — that “henceforth prayers,

imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

"I have lived, sir (said he most nobly), a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth,—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest."

Glorious words! Precious testimony! Admirable example! The wisest and most venerable of all that wise and venerable assembly, full of the largest and richest and most varied experience; full, too, of the fruits of the most profound scientific and philosophical research,—even he that had "divided a way for the lightnings," "sending them that they might go, and say unto him, Here we are,"—publicly acknowledging the utter insufficiency of all human wisdom, and calling upon his associates to unite with him in "humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate their understandings!"

Who shall say, that if inequalities, or injustices, or imperfections of any sort, exist in the great work of that convention, which even now may threaten its overthrow,—which even now may involve us in the danger of being "divided by our little partial local interests" and of encountering the fate of "the builders of Babel,"—who shall say that the adoption of Franklin's resolution might not have averted such a result? And who shall doubt that, if, in the future administration of that cherished instrument, all human wisdom shall again be found signally at fault, as it is found at this hour, the humble prostration of a

whole people, governors and governed, in prayer to God, for that most neglected of all subjects of prayer — the preservation of our country and its Constitution, its Union and its liberty, — might not be a more effectual safeguard, than all the brawlings and bickerings and wrestlings and wranglings of self-relying and self-magnifying politicians?

We could all have wished, my friends, that Franklin had been a more earnest student of the Gospel of Christ; but the devout reliance upon a superintending Providence, attested by frequent prayer, which characterized him from his youth upwards, and which never failed him in private or in public life, — his intimacy with Whitefield and with the “Good Bishop” of St. Asaph, — his earnest religious advice to his daughter, and his strenuous remonstrance against the infidel publications of Paine, — furnish ample evidence of a reverence for sacred things and solemn observances, which might well put to shame the indifference of not a few of those who may be most disposed to cavil about his views of Christianity.

But there is another phase to this many-sided and mighty mind, and the Great Bostonian stands before us, in the fourth place, as a DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND AMBASSADOR in foreign lands; a character in which he rendered services of inestimable value to the separate colonies and to the whole country, and secured a renown quite independent of that which he had achieved as a Mechanic, a Philosopher, or a Statesman, and by no means inferior to either.

Franklin spent no less than twenty-six years of his mature life in other lands, all but two of them in public employment. He was more than five years in London, between 1757 and 1763, as agent of Pennsylvania to attend to that petition to the king, which he had been appointed speaker to sign. His fame as a philosopher and a writer had even then preceded him. He had already been made a member of the Royal Society, and had received the medal of Sir Godfrey Copley. His mission at this time, however, gave but little scope for brilliant service, although it has been said on good authority that the British expedition against Canada, with its memorable results in the victory of Wolfe and the conquest of Quebec, may be chiefly ascribed to his earnest recommendation of that particular policy to the British ministry of the day.

His second and more important visit to London, in a public capacity, extended from the close of the year 1764, to May, 1775. He went at first, as before, only as agent for Pennsylvania, but soon received commissions as agent for Georgia, for New Jersey, and for our own Massachusetts Assembly. Arriving at the very era of the stamp act, his whole residence in England, of more than ten years' continuance, was crowded with incidents of the most interesting and exciting character. If no other memorial existed of Franklin's wisdom, courage, and patriotism, than the single record of his extraordinary examination before the House of Commons, at the beginning of the year 1766, the statue which we are about to inaugurate would have an ample justification to every American eye and in every American heart.

If any one desires to obtain a vivid impression of the surpassing qualities of this wonderful man,—of his fulness of information, of his firmness of purpose, of his wit, prudence, and indomitable presence of mind, of his true dignity and patriotic devotedness of character,—let him read this examination as contained in his published works. It has often seemed to me incredible that such replies could have been, as we know they were, in so great a degree unpremeditated. There is a dramatic power, a condensed energy, a mingled force and felicity of expression, with an unhesitating mastery of resources, in Franklin's share of this famous dialogue, which would alone have secured him no second place among the remarkable men of his age. This was the scene of his glory and his pride. But he was no stranger to the other side of the picture. He knew how to be humbled as well as how to be exalted, how to be silent as well as how to answer. And that subsequent scene in the privy council chamber, on the eleventh of January, 1774, when he stood as the “butt of invective ribaldry for near an hour,” and bore without flinching, in his capacity of agent of Massachusetts, a treatment so indecent and ignominious, will be remembered by every true-hearted American, to the latest generation, as a triumph no less proud and glorious.

Another year attests the estimation in which he is held by the greatest figure of that memorable period of English history, when the peerless peer—the incomparable Chatham—not only intro-

duced him personally into the House of Lords, to listen to his burning words on a motion to withdraw the troops from the town of Boston, but soon afterwards, on being reproached with taking counsel of Franklin, "made no scruple to declare that if he were the first minister of the country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to, and so injuriously reflected on ; one, whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons ; who was an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

But by far the greatest of Franklin's services in foreign employment remain still to be recounted. It is not too much to say, that the early success of our revolutionary struggle was mainly attributable to the generous and magnanimous aid afforded us by France, — represented here, on this occasion, I am glad to perceive, by her highest diplomatic functionary, the Count de Sartriges. Let us never forget the magnitude of our indebtedness to France for that noble intervention, and let the remembrance of it serve to temper the animosities and soften the asperities which may at any time spring up in our intercourse with her people or her rulers, — inclining us ever to maintain the kindest and most amicable relations with both. But let us never fail to remember that for the French alliance, with all its advantages and aids, our country was indebted, more than to any or all other causes, to the character, the influence, and the efforts of Benjamin Franklin. His celebrity as a philosopher, a man of letters, a statesman, and a bold defender of his country's rights and liberties, prepared the way for his success. The intelligence, information, and lofty independence he had displayed during his recent examination before the British Commons, and the unflinching firmness with which he had borne the abuse which had been heaped upon him at the bar of the British council, had excited the warmest admiration and sympathy on the other side of the channel. Every thing in his age, appearance, and reputation conspired to render him an object of interest, attention, and enthusiastic regard. It might be said of his arrival at Paris, as Cicero said of the arrival of Archias at

some of the cities of ancient Greece, “ *Sie ejus adventus celebrabatur, ut famam ingenii exspectatio hominis, exspectationem ipsius adventus admiratioque superaret.*”

Nothing could be more striking than the account which an eminent French historian has given of this advent:—“ By the effect which Franklin produced in France, we might say that he fulfilled his mission, not with a court, but with a free people. . . . Men imagined they saw in him a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic of which he was the representative and the legislator. . . . His virtues and his renown negotiated for him; and before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin.”

Undoubtedly at that era, and in that capital, Franklin was the great American name. The mild but steady lustre of Washington's surpassing character had not yet broken forth full-orbed on the admiration of the European world, as it was destined to do no long time afterwards. With that character at this day we admit no comparison. But our Boston printer was the very first of whom it might then have been said, in language since applied to others, that his name alone made our country respectable throughout the world; and when he signed the treaty of alliance with France, on the sixth of February, 1778, he had accomplished a work which will ever entitle him to be counted as the negotiator of the most important, as well as of the very first, treaty to which this country has ever been a party. This treaty of alliance was, indeed, the immediate and most effective instrument of that other and still more memorable treaty, which he was privileged also to sign at Paris, four or five years afterwards, in company with his illustrious associates, John Adams and John Jay,—the treaty of peace and independence with Great Britain, by which the war of the Revolution was at length happily and gloriously terminated, and by which the United States of America were at last admitted to an equal place in the great brotherhood of nations.

Many more treaties received his attention and his signature, with those of his illustrious associates, during the same period;

—one of amity and commerce with France, one with Sweden, and one with Prussia, in which latter he succeeded in procuring admission for that noble stipulation against privateering,—which, whether it be expedient or inexpedient for the particular circumstances of our country at the present moment, must commend itself as a matter of principle and justice to the whole Christian world. The late congress of peace at Paris has substantially revived and adopted this article on the very spot on which it was drafted and defended by Franklin eighty years ago,—uniting it, too, with that great American doctrine, that free ships shall make free goods, which found in Franklin, on the same occasion, one of its earliest and ablest advocates.

And these were the acts of a man more than three-score-and-ten years old, wearied with service and racked with disease, and praying to be suffered to return home and recover his strength, before he should go hence and be no more seen,—but whose retirement Congress was unwilling to allow! In his early youth, however, he had adopted the maxim, “never to ask, never to refuse, and never to resign” any office for which others might think him fit, and he bravely persevered till all was accomplished. May I not safely say, fellow-citizens, that had Benjamin Franklin left no record of his public service, but that which contains the story of his career as a foreign agent and minister, whether of separate colonies or of the whole country, after he had already completed the allotted term of human existence, he would still have richly merited a statue in the squares of his native city, and a niche in the hearts of all her people, as one of the great American negotiators and diplomatists of our revolutionary age?

And now, my friends, over and above the four distinct and separate phases of his life and history, which I have thus imperfectly delineated, but which are to find a worthier and more permanent portrayal on the four panels of the pedestal before you,—over and above them all, at once the crowning glory of his career and the keystone to its admirable unity, blending and binding together all the fragmentary services which he rendered in widely different spheres of duty into one symmetrical and noble life,—over and above them all, like some gilded and

glorious dome over columns and arches and porticoes of varied but massive and magnificent architecture, rises the character of Franklin for *benevolence*; that benevolence which pervaded his whole existence, animating every step of its progress, and entitling him to the pre-eminent distinction of a true PHILANTHROPIST.

Happening by the purest accident, let me rather say, by some Providential direction, to have read in his earliest youth an essay written by another celebrated son of Boston—Cotton Mather—upon “the good that is to be devised and designed by those who desire to answer the great end of life,” he dedicated himself at once to “a perpetual endeavor to do good in the world.” He read in that little volume such golden sentences as these:—“It is possible that the wisdom of a poor man may start a proposal that may serve a city, save a nation.” “A mean mechanic,—who can tell what an engine of good he may be, if humbly and wisely applied unto it!” “The remembrance of having been the man that first moved a good law, were better than a statue erected for one’s memory.” These and many other passages of that precious little volume sunk deep into his mind, and gave the turn to the whole current of his career. Writing to “his honored mother” at the age of forty-three, he says, “For my own part, at present, I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy, through mercy, a tolerable share of health. I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself, now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, ‘He lived usefully,’ than ‘He died rich.’” Writing to the son of Cotton Mather, within a few years of his own death (1781), and after he had achieved a world-wide celebrity as a philosopher, a statesman, and a patriot, he nobly says, in reference to the “Essays to do good.”—“I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.”

And certainly, if any man of his age, or of almost any other age, ever earned the reputation of a doer of good, and of having

lived usefully, it was Benjamin Franklin. No life was ever more eminently and practically a useful life than his. Capable of the greatest things, he condescended to the humblest. He never sat down to make himself famous. He never secluded himself from the common walks and duties of society in order to accomplish a great reputation, much less to accumulate a great fortune. He wrote no elaborate histories, or learned treatises, or stately tomes. Short essays or tracts, thrown off at a heat to answer an immediate end,—letters to his associates in science or polities,—letters to his family and friends,—these make up the great bulk of his literary productions; and, under the admirable editorship of Mr. Sparks, nine noble volumes do they fill,—abounding in evidences of a wisdom, sagacity, ingenuity, diligence, freshness of thought, fulness of information, comprehensiveness of reach, and devotedness of purpose, such as are rarely to be found associated in any single man. Wherever he found any thing to be done, he did it; any thing to be investigated, he investigated it; any thing to be invented or discovered, he forthwith tried to invent or discover it, and almost always succeeded. He did every thing as if his whole attention in life had been given to that one thing. And thus while he did enough in literature to be classed among the great writers of his day; enough in invention and science to secure him the reputation of a great philosopher; enough in domestic polities to win the title of a great statesman; enough in foreign negotiations to merit the designation of a great diplomatist; he found time to do enough, also, in works of general utility, humanity, and benevolence, to insure him a perpetual memory as a great Philanthropist.

No form of personal suffering or social evil escaped his attention, or appealed in vain for such relief or remedy as his prudence could suggest or his purse supply. From that day of his early youth, when, a wanderer from his home and friends in a strange place, he was seen sharing his roll with a poor woman and child, to the last act of his public life, when he signed that well-known memorial to Congress, as President of the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania, a spirit of earnest and practical benevolence runs like a golden thread along his whole career.

Would to Heaven that he could have looked earlier at that great evil which he looked at last, and that the practical resources and marvellous sagacity of his mighty intellect could have been brought seasonably to bear upon the solution of a problem, now almost too intricate for any human faculties! Would to Heaven that he could have tasked his invention for a mode of drawing the fires safely from that portentous cloud,—in his day, indeed, hardly bigger than a man's hand,—but which is now blackening the whole sky, and threatening to rend asunder that noble fabric of union, of which he himself proposed the earliest model!

To his native place, which is now about to honor him afresh, Franklin never failed to manifest the warmest regard and affection. Never forgetting that “he owed his first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there,” he made a provision by his Will which must render him a sort of patron saint to Boston school-boys to the latest generation. Never forgetting the difficulties under which he had struggled as a Boston apprentice, he has left ample testimony of his desire to relieve Boston apprentices from similar trials in all time to come. At all periods of his life, he evinced the liveliest interest in the welfare of his birth-place, and the kindest feelings for its citizens, and the day is certain to arrive, though we of this generation may not live to witness it, when his native city and his native State will owe some of their noblest improvements and most magnificent public works, to a fund which he established with that ultimate design. Here, in yonder Granary grave-yard, his father and mother were buried, and here he placed a stone, in filial regard to their memory, with an inscription commemorative of their goodness. The kindness and honors of other cities could not altogether wean him from such associations. As he approached the close of his long and eventful career, his heart seemed to turn with a fresh yearning to the grave of his parents, the scenes of his childhood, and the friends of his early years. Writing to Dr. Cooper, on the fifteenth of May, 1781, he says, “I often form pleasing imaginations of the pleasure I should enjoy as a private person among my friends and compatriots in my native Boston. God only knows whether this pleasure is

reserved for me." Writing to his sister on the fourth of November, 1787, he says, "It was my intention to decline serving another year as president, that I might be at liberty to take a trip to Boston in the spring; but I submit to the unanimous voice of my country, which has again placed me in the chair." Writing to the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, on the thirty-first of May, 1788, he says, "It would certainly, as you observe, be a very great pleasure to me, if I could once again visit my native town, and walk over the grounds I used to frequent when a boy, and where I enjoyed many of the innocent pleasures of youth, which would be so brought to my remembrance, and where I might find some of my old acquaintance to converse with. . . . But I enjoy the company and conversation of its inhabitants, when any of them are so good as to visit me; for, besides their general good sense, which I value, the Boston manner, turn of phrase, and even tone of voice, and accent in pronunciation, all please, and seem to refresh and revive me." But the most striking testimony of his attachment to the scenes of his birth is found in the letter to Dr. Samuel Mather, on the twelfth of May, 1784, from which I have already quoted, where he says, "I long much to see again my native place, and to lay my bones there. I left it in 1723; I visited it in 1733, 1743, 1753, and 1763. In 1773 I was in England; in 1775 I had a sight of it, but could not enter, it being in possession of the enemy. I did hope to have been there in 1783, but could not obtain my dismission from this employment here; and now I fear I shall never have that happiness."

And he never did again enjoy that happiness. A few years more of pain and suffering,—sustained with an undaunted courage, and relieved by a persevering and unwearied attention to every private and every public claim,—a few years more of pain and suffering terminated his career, and the seventeenth day of April, 1790, found him resting at last from the labors of a life of eighty-four years and three months, in the city of his adoption, where his ashes still repose. Let his memory ever be a bond of affection between his birth-place and his burial-place, both of which he loved so well, and of both of which he was so eminent a benefactor; and may their only rivalry or emulation be, which shall show itself, in all time to come, by acts of enlightened phi-

lanthropy and of enlarged and comprehensive patriotism, most loyal to the memory, and most faithful to the example and the precept, of one who did enough to reflect imperishable glory on a hundred cities!

Fellow-citizens of Boston, the third half century has just expired since this remarkable person first appeared within our limits. The seventeenth day of January last completed the full term of one hundred and fifty years, since, having drawn his first breath beneath the humble roof which not a few of those around me can still remember, he was borne to the neighboring sanetuary to receive the baptismal blessing at the hands of the pious Pemberton, or, it may have been, of the venerable Willard. More than sixty-six years have elapsed since his death.

He has not—I need not say he has not—been unremembered or unhonored during this long interval. The street which bears his name—with the graceful urn in its centre, and the old subscription library at its side—was a worthy tribute to his memory for the day in which it was laid out. The massive stone which has replaced the crumbling tablet over the grave of his father and mother, is a memorial which he himself would have valued more than any thing which could have been done for his own commemoration. The numerous libraries, lyceums, institutes, and societies of every sort, in all quarters of the country, which have adopted his name as their most cherished designation, are witnesses to his worth, whose testimony would have been peculiarly prized by him. He has been honored, more than all, by the just distinctions which have everywhere been accorded to not a few of those who have inherited his love of science with his blood,—one of whom, at least, we had confidently hoped to welcome among us on this occasion, as the acknowledged heir and living representative of his philosophical fame. I need hardly name the learned and accomplished Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey,—ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE,—the great-grandson of Franklin,—under whose devoted and admirable direction the mysteries of the Gulf Stream have been freshly and profoundly analyzed, and so many of the intricate bays and harbors of our gigantic coast have been accurately and

exquisitely mapped out for the guidance of our pilots, and for the convenience and safety of our mercantile and naval marine. Nor should it be forgotten, on this occasion, that within a year or two past, a beautiful shaft of polished granite, with a brief but most appropriate and comprehensive inscription, has found a conspicuous place at Mount Auburn, erected, as a tribute of regard and reverence for Franklin's memory, by a self-made man of kindred spirit, still living in our vicinity,—the venerable Thomas Dowse,—whose magnificent library is destined to enrich the Historical Hall at our side.

But something more was demanded by the unanimous sentiment of his birth-place. Something more was called for by the general voice of his country. Something more was due to the claims of historic justice. The deliberate opinion of the world has now been formed upon him. Personal partialities and personal prejudices, which so often make or mar a recent reputation or a living fame, have long ago passed away, with all who cherished them. The great posthumous tribunal of two whole generations of men—less fallible than that to which antiquity appealed—has sat in solemn judgment upon his character and career. The calm, dispassionate Muse of history—not overlooking errors which he himself was ever foremost in regretting, nor ascribing to him any fabulous exemption from frailties and infirmities which he was never backward in acknowledging—has pronounced her unequivocal and irrevocable award: not only assigning him no second place among the greatest and worthiest who have adorned the annals of New England, but enrolling him for ever among the illustrious benefactors of mankind. And we are here this day, to accept, confirm, and ratify that award, for ourselves and our posterity, by a substantial and enduring token, which shall no longer be withheld from your view. Let it be unveiled! Let the stars and stripes no longer conceal the form of one who was always faithful to his country's flag, and who did so much to promote the glorious cause in which it was first unfurled!

[The drapery was here removed, and the statue displayed to view amid the shouts of the surrounding multitude. When the applause had sufficiently subsided, Mr. Winthrop continued as follows:—]

And now behold him, by the magic power of native genius, once more restored to our sight! Behold him in the enjoyment of his cherished wish,—“revisiting his native town and the grounds he used to frequent when a boy”! Behold him, reappearing on the old schoolhouse green, which was the play-place of his early days,—henceforth to fulfil, in some degree, to the eye of every passer-by, the charming vision of the Faëry Queen,—

“A spacious court they see,
Both plain and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meet a FRANKLIN fair and free.”

Behold him, with the fur collar and linings which were the habitual badge of the master printers of the olden times, and which many an ancient portrait exhibits as the chosen decorations of not a few of the old philosophers, too,—Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler,—who held, like him, familiar commerce with the skies! Behold him, with the scalloped pockets and looped buttons and long Quaker-like vest and breeches, in which he stood arraigned and reviled before the council of one monarch, and in which he proudly signed the treaty of alliance with another! Behold him, with the “fine crab-tree walking-stick,” which he bequeathed to “his friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington,”—saying so justly, that “if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it”!

Behold the man, to whom Washington himself wrote, for the consolation of his declining strength,—a consolation more precious than all the compliments and distinctions which were ever showered upon him by philosophers or princes,—“If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection, by your sincere friend, GEORGE WASHINGTON!”

Other honors may grow cheap, other laurels may fade and wither, other eulogiums may be forgotten, the solid bronze before

us may moulder and crumble, but the man of whom it may be said that he enjoyed the sincere friendship, and secured the respect, veneration, and affection of Washington, has won a title to the world's remembrance which the lapse of ages will only strengthen and brighten.

Behold him, "the sage of antiquity coming back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns,"—the wise old man of his own *apologue* of 1757, discoursing to the multitude of frugality and industry, of temperance and toleration! Behold Poor Richard,—pointing the way to wealth and dealing out his proverbs of wit and wisdom,—that wisdom "which crieth at the gates" and "standeth by the way in the places of the paths,"—that wisdom "which dwells with prudence, and finds out knowledge of witty inventions!" Behold him, with that calm, mild, benevolent countenance, never clouded by anger or wrinkled by ill humor, but which beamed ever, as at this instant, with a love for his fellow-beings and "a perpetual desire to be a doer of good" to them all.

Behold him, children of the schools, boys and girls of Boston, bending to bestow the reward of merit upon each one of you that shall strive to improve the inestimable advantages of our noble free schools! Behold him, mechanics and mechanics' apprentices, holding out to you an example of diligence, economy, and virtue, and personifying the triumphant success which may await those who follow it! Behold him, ye that are humblest and poorest in present condition or in future prospect,—lift up your heads and look at the image of a man who rose from nothing, who owed nothing to parentage or patronage, who enjoyed no advantages of early education which are not open — a hundred-fold open — to yourselves, who performed the most menial offices in the business in which his early life was employed, but who lived to stand before kings, and died to leave a name which the world will never forget. Lift up your heads and your hearts with them, and learn a lesson of confidence and courage which shall never again suffer you to despair,—not merely of securing the means of an honest and honorable support for yourselves, but even of doing something worthy of being done for your country and for mankind! Behold him, ye that are highest and most honorable in the world's

regard, judges and senators, governors and presidents, and emulate each other in copying something of the firmness and fidelity, something of the patient endurance and persevering zeal and comprehensive patriotism and imperturbable kind feeling and good nature, of one who was never dizzied by elevation, or debauched by flattery, or soured by disappointment, or daunted by opposition, or corrupted by ambition, and who knew how to stand humbly and happily alike on the lowest round of obscurity, and on the loftiest pinnacle of fame!

Behold him, and listen to him, one and all, citizens, freemen, patriots, friends of liberty and of law, lovers of the Constitution and the Union, as he recalls the services which he gladly performed, and the sacrifices which he generously made, in company with his great associates, in procuring for you those glorious institutions which you are now so richly enjoying! Listen to him, especially, as he repeats through my humble lips, and from the very autograph original which his own aged hand had prepared for the occasion,—listen to him as he pronounces those words of conciliation and true wisdom, to which he first gave utterance sixty-nine years ago this very day, in the convention which was just finishing its labors in framing the Constitution of the United States:—

“Mr. President, I confess that I do not entirely approve this Constitution; but, sir, I am not sure that I shall never approve it. I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. . . . In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such. . . . I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better Constitution. . . . The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. . . . On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of this convention, who may still have objections to it, would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.”

Upon this speech, followed by a distinct motion to that effect, Hamilton and Madison, and Rufus King and Roger Sherman, and the Morrises of Pennsylvania, and the Pinckneys of South Carolina, and the rest of that august assembly, with Washington at their head, on the seventeenth day of September, 1787, subscribed their names to the Constitution under which we live. And Mr. Madison tells us, that whilst the last members were signing it, Dr. Franklin, looking towards the president's chair, at the back of which an image of the sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art a rising from a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often in the course of the session, and of the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

Yes, venerated sage, privileged to live on

"Till old experience did attain
To something like prophetic strain,"—

yes, that was, indeed, a rising sun, "coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course." And a glorious course he has run, enlightening and illuminating, not our own land only, but every land on the wide surface of the earth,— "and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." God, in his infinite mercy, grant that by no failure of his blessing or of our prayers, of his grace or of our gratitude, of his protection or of our patriotism, that sun may be seen, while it has yet hardly entered on its meridian pathway, shooting madly from its sphere and hastening to go down in blackness or in blood, leaving the world in darkness and freedom in despair! And may the visible presence of the GREAT BOSTONIAN, restored once more to our sight, by something more than a fortunate coincidence, in this hour of our country's peril, serve not merely to ornament our streets, or to commemorate his services, or even to signalize our own gratitude,— but to impress afresh, day by day, and hour by hour, upon the hearts of every man and woman and child who shall gaze upon it, a deeper sense of the value of that

Liberty, that Independence, that Union, and that Constitution, for all of which he was so early, so constant, and so successful a laborer !

Fellow-citizens, the statue which has now received your reiterated acclamations owes its origin to the mechanics of Boston, and especially to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. Or, if any fortunate word of another may be remembered as having suggested it, that word was uttered in their service, and by one who is proud to be counted among the honorary members of their fraternity. The merchants and business men of our city, members of the learned professions, and great numbers of all classes of the community, came nobly to their aid, and in various sums, large and small, contributed to the cost of the work. Honor and thanks to them all !

But honor and thanks this day, especially, to the gifted native artist,—Richard S. Greenough,—who has so admirably conceived the character, and so exquisitely wrought out the design, committed to him !

Honor, too, to Mr. Ames, and the skilful mechanics of the foundry at Chicopee, by whom it has been so successfully and brilliantly cast ! Nor let the Sanborns and Carews be forgotten, by whom the massive granite has been hewn, and the native verd antique so beautifully shaped and polished.

It only remains for me, fellow-citizens, as chairman of the sub-committee under whose immediate direction the statue has been designed and executed,—a service in the discharge of which I acknowledge an especial obligation to the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Mechanic Association, and to Mr. John H. Thorndike and Mr. John Cowdin among its active members ;—to those eminent mechanics, inventors, and designers, Blanchard, Tufts, Smith, and Hooper ;—to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences ; to Mr. Prescott, the historian ; to Mr. Henry Greenough, the architect, to whom we are indebted for the design of the pedestal ;—to Mr. Thomas G. Appleton and Mr. Epes Sargent, cherished friends of art and of artists, one of them absent to-day, but not forgotten ; to Edward Everett and Jared Sparks,

whose names are so honorably and indissolubly associated with the noblest illustration of both Franklin and Washington ; to David Sears, among the living, and to Abbott Lawrence, among the lamented dead, whose liberal and enlightened patronage of every good work will be always fresh in the remembrance of every true Bostonian ; — it only remains for me, as the organ of a committee thus composed and thus aided, to deliver up the finished work to my excellent friend, Mr. Frederic W. Lincoln, Jr., who, as Chairman of the General Committee, — after the ode of welcome, written by our Boston printer-poet, James T. Fields, shall have been sung by the children of the schools, — will designate the disposition of the statue which has been finally agreed upon in behalf of the subscribers.

Sir, to you, as President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and as Chairman, ex-officio, of the Committee of Fifty appointed under their auspices, — yourself, I am glad at this hour to remember, a direct and worthy descendant of that patriot mechanic of the revolution, PAUL REVERE — I now present the work which your association intrusted to our charge, — hoping that it may not be counted unworthy to commemorate the great forerunner and exemplar of those intelligent and patriotic Boston mechanics, who have been for so many years among the proudest ornaments and best defenders of our beloved city, and to whom we so confidently look, not merely to promote and build up its material interests, but to sustain and advance its moral, religious charitable, and civil institutions, in all time to come !

THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

A SPEECH MADE IN FANEUIL HALL, OCTOBER 24, 1856.

I AM glad to perceive, fellow-citizens, by the unmistakable signs of this occasion, that the Whigs of Boston and its vicinity are not yet tired of ratifying the nominations of that noble National Convention at Baltimore, held on the anniversary of the very day on which the Constitution of the United States was adopted and signed by its framers, and on which, too, by no casual coincidence, that never-to-be-forgotten Farewell Address was dated and promulgated by its immortal author. I am glad to perceive that the spirit which animated that Convention, and dictated those nominations, and which peculiarly belongs to that day, is still unextinguished in Faneuil Hall, and that, within this temple and on these altars,—wherever else it may have grown dim or gone out,—the old Whig fire will be watched and fed and fanned and kept bright and burning to the last, with something of the fidelity and devotion which tended and guarded the vestal flame of antiquity. I rejoice that there is so goodly a number of those here to-night who are not yet ready to exchange its pure and genial radiance for any baleful blue lights of Northern sectionalism, or for any delusive will-of-the-wisp from the Dismal Swamp. This is the third and last time of asking, I believe;—and we have as yet heard no just cause or impediment why the old Whig party—without any abandonment of its principles or its organization, and without any impressment or proscription of such as may prefer a different course—should not be united with a branch of the young American party in supporting for the Presidency as sound a Whig and as true an American as MILLARD FILLMORE.

And now, my friends, most willingly would I stop here. Most willingly would I have been excused from addressing you further on this occasion, or at all. Retired for the last four or five years from all political service and with not a wish to return to it;—taking a widely different view of public affairs, too, from so many of those with whom I have been associated in other years, and with whom I would gladly be associated again, and freely acknowledging that the complications and perplexities of the times afford ample room for all the doubts and disagreements which have driven so many honest minds on every side in so many different directions; recognizing, moreover, as I distinctly do, a growing uncongeniality and almost incompatibility between my health, tastes, and habits of life, and the contentions and strifes of the political arena; in all these views, I had honestly hoped to be exempted from any thing more than that unequivocal definition of my position, which I have long ago given, and which nothing has occurred to modify. I could not altogether resist, however, the solicitations of friends to make a few opening remarks this evening, before the distinguished gentleman from New York shall commence his address; and I dare say that, before I take my seat, others will be as glad as myself in knowing, that it is positively my last appearance anywhere, on any party stage, during the present campaign,—I should be willing to say for ever.

And, indeed, fellow-citizens, it is no such easy thing for one who thinks as I do, and feels as I do, in regard to the great contest in which we are engaged, to get up a speech which shall be altogether satisfactory either to others or to himself. I hope I am not too much given to the violation of the tenth commandment, either in any of its express or implied applications, but I will confess that I cannot help sometimes envying the orators of the Free Soil party the facility and obviousness of their appeals, and coveting the fertility and availability of their topics. I have even been almost tempted to flatter myself that I could be an orator, also, if I could find it in my conscientious convictions of propriety or patriotism to employ the materials which they employ in the way in which they employ them,—to serve up the same sort of dishes with the same amount and quality of *sauce*.

We all know by heart the recipe for a regular Free Soil speech in these days. One-third part Missouri Compromise Repeal, without one grain of allowance for the indisputable fact that it was proposed and supported by Northern men, and could not have been carried without their aid; one-third Kansas Outrages by Border Russians, without one scruple of doubt as to the wisdom of the Northern measures which, reasonably or unreasonably, have furnished so much of their pretext and provocation; and one-third disjointed facts, and misapplied figures, and great swelling words of vanity, to prove that the South is, upon the whole, the very poorest, meanest, least productive and most miserable part of creation, and therefore ought to be continually teased and taunted and reproached and reviled by everybody who feels himself to be better off. This, Mr. President, is the brief prescription for a mixture, which, seasoned to the taste, and administered foaming, is as certain to draw, and as sure to produce the desired inflammation, as a plaster of Burgundy pitch or Spanish flies is to raise a blister. Such a speech, in these days and in these parts, is applauded to the echo; while one who deals only in counsels of conciliation and moderation, for whom the personalities of party warfare have long ago become loathsome, and whose only aim is to throw a calm, considerate, cooling word into the cauldron of witch-broth,—I might as well use Shakspeare's term outright, and say “Hell-broth,”—which is seething and simmering on every stump and by every roadside, finds but little sympathy or encouragement, and might almost as well save his breath to cool his own pottage.

The truth is, my friends, and it is a sad truth, that we are all becoming gradually educated to the language of abuse,—educated to listen to it, to relish it, and to employ it. We come to these halls of deliberation and consultation with ears itching for strains of reproach and crimination. The old phrases of soberness and truth, the old forms of argument and appeal, have lost their power to attract or interest us. They are condemned as old-fogyish and out of fashion. We must have racy and rancorous personalities, inflated representations and turgid exaggerations of individual or sectional wrongs, stinging and venomous invectives upon some person, or some measure, or some institu-

tion,—in order to gratify our perverted tastes and prurient appetites. These are the deplorable results of a style of address, which, commencing not a great while ago, on a few anniversary platforms and in a few *quasi* pulpits, has gradually found its way into almost every public assembly, and has infected and poisoned the whole atmosphere of political discussion. I need not say, I trust, that I am not here to pander to such a lust for denunciation and defamation. I hope I shall never be found ministering to it. But at this moment, above all other moments in the history of our country, I turn from it with unspeakable disgust. Rather let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget all the little cunning it ever possessed, than that I should utter a sentence or a syllable to fan or feed that flame of mutual jealousy and malignant hatred which is spreading like a prairie fire over the land.

And I am glad that, on this point at least, I have not been wholly misunderstood or misrepresented of late, even by those from whom I most widely differ. I remember seeing not long ago, in a newspaper which I rarely meet with, but of which a copy was sent to me anonymously, a commentary on some letter or speech which I had recently published, in which, after some other and more caustic criticisms, my humble production was pronounced to be about as good as a dose of chloroform. I thank the writer of that article, whoever he was. There is no compliment which could have been paid me, which I should have prized more highly. Chloroform, sir! Why, it is the very thing of all others which is most needed at this moment for the political peace and safety of our country. If a little of it could only have been administered before certain blows were struck, which we all deplore and condemn; if a little of it could have been administered before certain words were spoken, which some of us cannot applaud or approve; if a little of it could have been administered when rash and reckless men were first precipitating us into these perilous controversies by the breaking up of old compacts and by the earlier resistance to more recent laws; if a great deal of it could have been scattered broadcast over that unfortunate territory of Kansas, before a blow had been struck or a rifle loaded on either side; if chloroform could

have been seasonably and successfully applied to such purposes as these, that mysterious anaesthetic agent would have established its character politically, as it has done already personally, as the most blessed anodyne which the pharmacy of the world has ever furnished. The preservation of the Union might thus have been associated with another *Jackson* beside him of Tennessee, and the peace and honor of our own Commonwealth with another *Morton* beside him of Taunton. It is now, indeed, too late for all this, and I fear we must say to Kansas at least, in the language, though by no means in the spirit, of Iago to the noble Moor of Venice:—

“Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med’cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow’dst yesterday.”

Yet even now, whatever is to be done for Kansas, is, in my judgment, to be sooner done and better done by appeals to reason than by resort to rifles,—by the restoration of harmony and concord throughout the country than by any continuance of angry agitation or any political triumph whatever. The election of Mr. Fremont, under present circumstances, would do nothing for that end, but would only serve to make “confusion worse confounded.” But, at any rate, it cannot be denied that there is still room for the application of chloroform elsewhere. If a little of it could even now be inhaled in Carolina and in Massachusetts,—if a few drops could be sprinkled over a certain Southern township, called “96,” I think, or even over a few pulpits and Professorial chairs nearer home, I am sure that the condition of the whole country would be all the better for it:—and for the latter part of the process, I know of nobody who would hold the sponge more hopefully than our worthy friend Dr. Luther V. Bell.

But enough of this badinage. I do not forget that the wisdom of poor mortality has sometimes declared that there was no middle or moderate way of dealing safely or successfully with difficult questions. That was the advice, I believe, of the stern old Sammite to his victorious son at the memorable scene of the

Caudine Forks. "Dismiss your captives unmolested and unransomed," said he, "or exterminate them to the last man. There is no third counsel." That was the heroic practice. That was the lesson of heathen morality. And perhaps the sequel of the history may seem to have justified the policy of the advice. But there is, there is a more excellent way. The better principle, if not the better policy, of our Christian times, is that which inculcates moderation, which points out a middle path of forbearance and conciliation, and which avoids and condemns at once the extremes and ultraisms of inaction and of violence. And never was there in my humble judgment, and within the limits of my narrow observation and experience, a period in American history, when just this Christian principle of moderation and forbearance—discarded, as it is, in so many places where we should most confidently have looked for it—was so much needed for the preservation and protection of all that is dearest to us as a people.

We have, indeed, fallen upon strange times. We hear one of the great political parties, into which our country is divided, indulging in frantic shouts that the institutions of the North—our free labor, our free speech, our free territory—are all in imminent danger of being overthrown or overrun; and we see vast masses of men among us rushing along in a wild, unreasoning frenzy to their rescue. We hear another great party vociferating with an even noisier clamor in other quarters, that the institutions of the South are in immediate jeopardy,—their property, their slave labor, their equal rights to the enjoyment of common privileges and possessions,—and we see them banding themselves together to meet the assault with whatever of desperate energy a sense of impending wrong can stimulate. Take up a Southern paper, or listen to a Southern speech, and you would suppose that the whole history of this government, from its earliest organization, and a little before, had been one unbroken succession of injuries and oppressions committed by the North upon the South. Take up a Northern paper, or listen to a Northern speech, and you would imagine that there had been no glorious liberty enjoyed, no unrivalled prosperity experienced, no unexampled progress witnessed among us, but that year after

year all the hopes and expectations and promises of our free institutions had been blasted and overwhelmed by the aggressions of a domineering and detestable Southern Oligarchy.

Now, fellow-citizens, exaggerated and ridiculously intensified as I hold all such representations on both sides to be, I believe there is as much sincerity in the authors of them at one end of the Union as at the other; and I am not of that class, if any such there be, who hold them to be altogether and absolutely unfounded at either end. Without going into any of the details of the case, at present, on either side, I do not hesitate to express my belief that the success of the Democracy on the principles of the Cincinnati platform and the Ostend Circular would be dangerous to the rightful interests and claims of the free States; and that, on the other hand, the success of the Republican party—it might better be called the *semi-Republican* party, for its organization embraces only about half the republic—would be dangerous to the legitimate power and rights of the Southern States. And I, therefore, rejoice that there is a third party, which sees that out of these two local and sectional dangers is made up one great national danger,—that the whole country is in danger from the success of either of them, and that the best safety of the Union is to be found in the defeat of them both. And most heartily do I wish that this third party could be seen rising up, like an army with banners, in sufficient strength to come effectually between the two angry combatants, who are sacrificing the concord and unity of the nation to their intemperate violence,—just as some stout policeman, or some brave and philanthropic bystander, would thrust himself between two quarrelsome customers in the streets, interposing his stalwart form and brawny arm as a barrier to all further blows, and crying *No, you don't*, to them both. Yes, that's the word,—no, you don't—to both of them. "No, you don't disturb our domestic peace. No, you don't blot out that memory of common dangers and common glories which has so long bound us together as brethren. No, you don't break up that noble fabric of constitutional law and liberty, which is the best protection of all who enjoy it, and the best hope of all who, at home or abroad, are still struggling in bondage. No, you don't dissolve the Union. Back, both of you,

and get cool. No more broken compacts, no more personal assaults, no more challenges and duels, no more sectional strife. Hands off from each others' throats. Back, both of you, and learn to govern yourselves before you presume to govern the country!" That is the spirit, fellow-citizens, in which we are assembled here this evening. That is the spirit in which you and I and all of us, who still cling to the old Whig banner, have come here to ratify the nomination of Millard Fillmore. And that is the spirit in which we believe that he would enter upon his administration, and conduct it safely and prosperously to its close. We seek not to commit the reins of our Chariot of the Sun to any veteran Jehu whose vision may have grown oblique by gazing too intently on the Southern Cross;—nor are we quite ready to intrust them to any youthful Phaeton who would incline too closely to the Northern Bear;—but we would deliver them once more to that experienced and even-handed patriot, who has once guided the fiery coursers safely along the Ecliptic, holding them as steadily upon the track through the perilous passes of the Lion and the Scorpion as over the gentler elevations or declivities of the Virgin and the Scales, and keeping successively in sight, and always and equally in mind, the whole one and thirty stars of our great American Constellation!

Undoubtedly, fellow-citizens, the approaching election is to decide most important issues for our country. And let us rejoice that upon some points of the great controversy which so fearfully agitates the land, a vast majority of the people of New England, and of many States out of New England, entertain but one sentiment. A vast majority of them believe that the old line of separation between the soil that shall be subject to slave labor and the soil which shall know nothing but free labor, ought never to have been obliterated. We hold that the act by which that line was abolished, was both unwise and unjustly passed. There is not one of us who would not have prevented its passage by any means in our power, and there is not one of us who would not co-operate in any just, practicable, and constitutional mode for remedying the consequences of that fatal repeal. We all hold that Kansas ought to have been, and ought still to be, a free State; and we all hold that the abhorrent and tyrannical laws

which have disgraced an American statute book in that region ought long ago to have been abrogated. These are points, I repeat, on which there are no two opinions among a vast majority of the people of the North. It is utterly unfounded and unjust, therefore, to set forth the controversy in which we are engaged, so far as the Northern States are concerned, as a question between the friends of free labor and the friends of slave labor in the territories. It is a most arbitrary and unjustifiable assumption for any set of men to arrogate to themselves all the concern for Kansas, all the devotion to freedom, all the opposition to the extension of slavery. It is a baseless imputation,—and I had almost stopped at the first syllable, and pronounced it a base imputation,—on the part of certain gentlemen to ascribe to those who may not happen to agree with them as to their nominations and conventions and sectional parties, any thing of hostility, or any thing of indifference, to the rightful interests of free labor, or free speech, or free soil, or free men, or any other description of free thing, unless it be Fremont. If they choose to make that issue with the South, let them make it; but here, at the North, so far as the Fillmore Whigs at least are concerned, it is altogether a false issue,—unfounded in any thing but their own determination to make capital for themselves at the expense of their neighbors, and at the expense of justice and of truth.

There seem to be not a few men among us at this moment who content themselves with the briefest form of syllogistic statement, I will not call it reasoning, in regard to their duties to the country in the present emergency, and who do not scruple moreover to take all their premises for granted. This is a contest, say they, between freedom and slavery; we are for freedom; *ergo*, we vote for Fremont. And when a suggestion is made that Mr. Fillmore is a man, as he is, who has always been true to every just interest and rightful claim of the North as well as the South, and will be so still, they leap as suddenly and as blindly to the arbitrary and unwarranted conclusion,—that every vote given for Fillmore is indirectly a vote for Buchanan; *ergo*, again, we vote for Fremont. They shut their eyes and shut their ears to the fact, that in at least fifteen States of this Union the only

votes given *against* Mr. Buchanan will be those for Mr. Fillmore,—that there are no other names recognized as candidates in all those States,—and that unless they desire to see the whole phalanx of Southern States marshalled in solid column and with absolute unanimity for Buchanan, Mr. Fillmore is to be and must be supported.

And even here in Massachusetts, what pretence is there for this off-hand and ill-considered declaration? In my judgment, not a particle. It is utterly unfounded that every vote, or any vote, cast for Millard Fillmore in Massachusetts—as mine will be—is indirectly given for Mr. Buchanan. No such intention exists, as I believe, on the part of those who give such votes, and no such result can in any likelihood be produced. It would be far more just to say, that those who have nominated Mr. Fremont have taken the responsibility, or certainly have taken the risk, of electing Mr. Buchanan, if he shall be elected. Mr. Fillmore was first in the field, a Northern man, who had done his duty to both parts of the Union and to the whole country, and whose cause had been sustained and commended not only by those great Whig leaders, Clay and Webster, who are now no more, but by a large number of the living men who are now arrayed against him. He could have been chosen beyond the shadow of a doubt, if the old Whig party of the North would have come up in a line to his support. By him the Buchanan party could have been beaten, and could still be beaten,—it is not even now too late,—and the ruthless repealers of the Missouri Compromise rebuked and routed. And if Mr. Buchanan and the Southern Democracy shall succeed in the end, it will be because Northern men, not satisfied with a Northern nomination every way fit to be made, and in which all sections of the country had united, insisted on organizing an extreme party, composed naturally and necessarily and intentionally of the free States alone. In this view, it might, I repeat, be far more justly said, that every vote given for Fremont is a vote indirectly given for Buchanan.

But, say these gentlemen, a vote for Mr. Fillmore is simply thrown away, and we have heard some weak words from sensible men comparing such a vote to firing at a target. Well now, it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer—my friend, who is to

follow, is only a New-York lawyer, and will not attempt such a problem—to show how a vote for Mr. Fillmore can be substantially given to Mr. Buchanan and thrown away at the same time, and we may leave one of these sage suggestions to answer the other. Nor am I, for one, yet ready to admit, in face of the demonstrations which have recently been made, and which are still going on, in other States, that Mr. Fillmore has no chance of success. But even if it were so, my own course would be unaltered. There are contests in these days like those described by a Roman historian in days of yore, from which, whatever may be the result, neither army can go away joyful—*neutra aieis leta ex eo certamine*—and in which true patriotism may well shrink from promoting the success of either. Nor, in my opinion, is an honest and conscientious vote ever thrown away. It may not serve to swell majorities. It may not secure to him who casts it any special claim to offices or honors or spoils of victory. It may lose all significance in the columns of an election return, and be figured up only among the nameless scattering which are proverbially the subject of ridicule. But if that vote bears the impress of the deliberate decision of an independent judgment, not bent upon any whimsical or capricious love of singularity, but resolved not to bow to the behests of party management, or caucus intrigue, or sectional animosity, or local proscription,—if it be cast from a lofty regard to principle and a dispassionate sense of duty, which could find no satisfaction in choosing between any of the regular or more favored candidates, nor see the country's safety in the success of either of them,—such a vote, so prompted and so cast, is a thousandfold more entitled to respect, than a vote dictated by a blind allegiance to party, or a selfish calculation of chances, or a passionate spirit of resentment, and only thrown to swell the aggregate of some predestined triumph. If such a vote tells nowhere else, it will tell on the character of the man who casts it, and will secure him the cheering consciousness of having contributed all that any one man could contribute, to the purity and dignity of a freeman's ballot. Such a vote I am ready to give, now if never before, as a humble but earnest protest against sectional violence at both ends of the Union;—and if this be called throwing away my

vote, I only wish that the whole people of the country would throw away their votes also. Indeed, if they would all throw them away in the same manner and in the same direction that I shall, I think we shall all agree that Mr. Fillmore's chances at least would be none the worse for it.

But, I repeat, Mr. President, if Mr. Fillmore's cause were as absolutely desperate as his worst enemies would gladly have it considered, and if the election of Mr. Fremont were as certain as his warmest partisans in this quarter would fain represent it, I should still, and in still another view, regard the support of Mr. Fillmore as a most desirable and important thing for the welfare of the country. Indeed, sir, I do not hesitate to express the opinion, paradoxical as it may seem, that if Mr. Fremont shall ultimately be placed in the Presidential chair, he will owe more of the safety and success of his administration to the Fillmore men, who have voted against him, and to the very fact that they have voted against him, than to the great mass of his own friends, who have given him so unwise and intemperate a support. I know of nothing which would be so ominous to the domestic peace of our country as an absolutely united North arrayed against an absolutely united South; and the friends of Mr. Fremont ought especially to deprecate such a result. They ought to see, and some of them I believe are beginning to see, that, however earnestly they may desire to secure votes enough to elect their candidate, the best hope of continued peace and union, if he should be, and after he should be elected, would be found in the existence of a party of middle and moderate men, sympathizing with each other, and co-operating with each other throughout the whole country,—forming a chain of friendly and kindly communication and concert between the North and the South, and ready to act for the maintenance and upholding of the Constitution and the Union, whoever may be President. And of such a party you and I, sir, and all of us here to-night, are members, and mean to continue members as long as there is a Union and a Constitution to be maintained and upheld.

There is no end, Mr. President, to the inconsistent censures which are cast upon us old Whigs by some of those who are seeking to justify their own course at our expense. They reproach

us with supporting a Democrat for the second office of the nation,—taking care to ignore the fact that they themselves are supporting a Democrat for the *first*. They charge us with being insensible to the danger of the annexation of Cuba,—omitting to remember that the strongest speech ever made in favor of that annexation, was made, if I remember right, by one of their own co-operators and sympathizers,—Gerritt Smith. They charge upon our candidate the earliest suggestion of resistance to the will of the people, the earliest qualification of the modern Republican doctrine of passive submission to the powers that be,—not choosing to remember that from the very same lips by which an off-hand and misconstrued remark of Mr. Fillmore has been most severely criticised and condemned, there had previously fallen the distinct and deliberate declaration, that “some of his father’s blood was shed on Bunker Hill at the commencement of one revolution, and that there is a little more of the same sort left, if it shall prove that need be, for the beginning of another!” These were the well-remembered words, as lately as the 2d of June last, of that learned head of the neighboring Law School, who has felt called upon within a few weeks past to quit his official chair, and compromise the neutrality of his position, in order to arraign Mr. Fillmore for having counselled resistance to authority: and who availed himself of the same opportunity, if the newspaper reports are correct, to question the propriety and ridicule the position of Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Hillard at the late Whig Convention. I shall not follow his example further than to say, that I should be greatly relieved, as a friend to the University and the Law School, if I could have as clear a perception of the propriety of his course, as I have of that of my friend Mr. Hillard, or even of my own.

But, finally, these gentlemen are never tired of speaking despitefully of Mr. Fillmore for having associated himself with the American party, while they are themselves sustaining and applauding to the echo a dozen gentlemen, whom I need not name, who have not only been initiated into Know Nothing Lodges, but some of whom, certainly, have been seen ducking and diving in and out of them for a year or two past like so many Jack-o’-Lanterns,—appearing in a Republican Convention one day, and the next in an American Lodge, and sometimes in both on the

same day, — literally jumping from platform to platform, and back again, with as much agility as any of the circus celebrities of Astley's or Franconi's, performing a grand equestrian feat on two horses! And these are the persons by whom these old friends of ours choose that Massachusetts shall again be represented in Congress. These are the names which the Republican party presents as the fit types of its own character and of the old Puritan Commonwealth. Yes, notwithstanding that the Walleys and Uphams and Grinnells and Eliots and Rockwells and Duncans and Hudsons and the rest, — men whom I can never mention without respect, or part from even temporarily in polities without unfeigned regret, and who I know are following their conscientious convictions of duty, — notwithstanding such men as these are all acting in concert with them and might have been adopted as candidates, they are all postponed to the superior claims of the present incumbents. And thus the very men who managed to supplant their predecessors, although each one of those predecessors had been strenuous in opposing the Nebraska bill, have succeeded in establishing it as the very shibboleth of fidelity to Kansas, that they themselves should all be sent back again to Congress. I must be pardoned, fellow-citizens, if, in view of such a state of things, I recall to mind one of those inimitable periods of Edmund Burke's, which seem to find an application in every land and in every age: "A species of men," says he, "to whom a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity are nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances, and it is no wonder that by a sort of sinister piety they cherish in their turn the disorders which are the parents of all their consequence."*

I heartily trust that if the Fillmore movement shall have no other effect in Massachusetts, it may at least give us a chance for attempting a reform in our Congressional representation, and I rejoice that I live myself in a district where I may cast a vote, which, haply, may not be altogether thrown away, for a man of so much real value to Congress and the country as that upright, intelligent, and experienced merchant, WILLIAM APPLETON, — a

* Cicero anticipated Burke in a part of this idea: "Honores, quos, quietā re-publicā desperant,—perturbatā consequi se posse arbitrantur."—2 Cat., Sect. IX.

man without an enemy in the world,—whose life has been a continued blessing to the community among which it has been spent, and whose history will be found, not in the rhetorics of the stump or the wrangling of the Capitol, but in the records of the hospitals he has endowed, the chapels he has erected, and the daily and hourly charities which he has delighted to dispense: a man whose punctual presence in the Committee of Ways and Means, and whose friendly intercourse with men of all sections and parties, have rendered his Congressional career more valuable to his constituents and to the whole Union, than that of a whole delegation of declaimers, or a whole college of wit-crackers.

And now, fellow-citizens, in bringing these remarks to a close, I cannot withhold a renewed expression of my astonishment at hearing gentlemen, some of whom I esteem and respect, asserting and asseverating so roundly that the self-styled Republican party is not a geographical party. Why, what meaning do any of us attach to the name of a geographical party, except that of a party which is separated from all other parties by certain geographical lines? If yonder votive canvas could speak, if the lips of the Father of his Country could at this moment be unsealed, what other meaning could he give to his own memorable words of warning? When can the true idea of a geographical party ever be realized, if not by one whose whole sphere of operation and of existence is, from its very nature and intention, bounded by certain lines on the map which are not the lines of the whole country? And now we have waited and waited until within a few weeks, and almost a few days of the election, and where is the promised evidence that there is any substantial support, or any show of support to be given to this Republican party beyond the boundary lines of the free States?

Not a geographical party! Why, my friends, how long is it since it was distinctly declared by some of the present leaders of the Republican party, that the great remedy for existing evils was the formation of a party which should have no Southern wing,—yes, that was the phrase,—*no Southern wing*,—for it was added, that as long as there was a Southern wing, there must be compliances and concessions to the South, and compromises would be the order of the day. Away back in 1847, that was the object

of a resolution in a Whig Convention, which I had the honor to oppose, and which, I rejoice to say, was defeated. But the defeat, it seems, was not final, and the object has at length been accomplished. We now have a party without any Southern wing, and it is looked to in some quarters as the opening of the first parallel of the great anti-slavery siege which has so long been projected. The result of such an organization remains still to be developed. But I am now where I always have been. I am against all such organizations. I have no faith in any party which tries to fly up into the high places of this great republic on one wing. As soon should I look to see the imperial bird which is the chosen emblem of our country's glory, cleaving the clouds and pursuing his fearless and upward path through the skies, if one of his wings had been ruthlessly lopped off. I want no maimed or mutilated emblem of my country's progress. I would not pluck a single plume from his pinions even to feather my own New England nest. And still less do I want any maimed or mutilated country. Nothing less than the whole, however bounded,—or, certainly, however it is now rightfully bounded,—will content me. And I desire to see no party organizations from which any portion of that country is intentionally or necessarily excluded. When a party composed of only half the States in the Union shall assert its title to the name of a National party, and shall be claimed and recognized as such, it will not be long I fear,—it will not be long,—before half the States will be claimed and recognized as a nation by themselves. A semi-republican party is only the first step to a semi-republic, and we all know it is the first step that costs.

Heaven forbid that any second step should be taken in such a direction in our time! To-day, our country is the country of Washington,—with some large accessions, indeed, which, however reasonably and rightfully they may have been opposed at the time, would hardly be spared by any of us now,—but, at any rate, without diminution and without division. Mount Vernon, where he lived and died and where his venerated ashes still repose, is ours. New York and Philadelphia, where he presided over the infant Constitution; the Capital which he laid out and which bears his name; Virginia which gave him birth; Ohio

which he surveyed in his youth ; South Carolina and Massachusetts, which “ felt his own great arm lean upon them for support ” in his tried and triumphant manhood ; Cambridge, where he first drew his sword at the head of the American armies ; Yorktown, where the eagle of victory finally perched upon his banners ; Annapolis, where he so nobly and sublimely sheathed that sword and surrendered his commission ; the Union which he blessed by the labors of his whole life, and by precepts and an example which will live for ever : it is all ours, and we can claim a full share in its whole inheritance of glory. I do not say that all this, or any part of this, is to be lost or changed by any event which I am willing to contemplate. I am no panic maker, nor have I ever set myself up to be much of a Union-saver. But this I do say, that this continued scuffling and wrangling between sections, these perpetual contentions and conflicts between the North and the South, are so shaking the foundations and jarring the superstructure and loosening the cement of our great republican fabric, that even if nobody should ever care to assail it directly, it may one day or other become absolutely untenable, and be found falling to pieces of itself, by its own weakness and its own weight. And I do say, also, that every man who loves that Union — as others do, I doubt not, quite as sincerely and perhaps a great deal more wisely than myself — should look to it seasonably, that by no word, act, or vote of his, which is not absolutely essential to the vindication of rights and privileges which are never to be abandoned, he hastens and precipitates a catastrophe, which it may be too late to repent, and which no time or wisdom may be able to repair, and when a voice may be heard over our land, like that which once sounded over Jerusalem of old, — “ If thou hadst known, even in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace, — but now they are hid from thine eyes ! ”

THE WORTHIES OF CONNECTICUT.

A SPEECH AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF CONNECTICUT,
IN BOSTON, JANUARY 14, 1857.

I THANK you, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, for this kind and friendly reception. I thank you, Sons and Daughters of Connecticut, for the privilege of being present on this occasion as one of your guests. And yet you must pardon me for saying frankly at the outset, that I am not quite willing, to consider myself, or to be considered by you, as a *mere guest* here to-night. Indeed, before receiving your most obliging and complimentary invitation, I had resolved in my own mind, that, if no unforeseen obstacle should present itself, in the state of my engagements or of my health, I would venture to come here of my own accord, to assert my own individual and indefeasible right and title to be among you, and of you, at this Connecticut Festival.

I do not forget, indeed, my filial relations and obligations to Massachusetts and to Boston. I have no wish, and no willingness, to ignore the State or the city of my birth, even for the purposes of this festive scene. Massachusetts is not a State, Boston is not a city, to be disowned even for an hour, by any one who is privileged to hail from them. But it would be unnatural for me to forget the ties which bind me to this Association. It would be ungrateful in me, if I did not remember that if I am not a Son of Connecticut, I am at least an own *grandson*. There, in the good old town of New London, once ruthlessly laid in ashes by an invading foe, but long ago built up in more than its original pride and beauty, and one of whose gallant whalers, I believe, has recently rescued from the Arctic icebergs that abandoned British Exploring Ship, whose restoration is at this

moment exciting so much enthusiasm in Old London,—there my own father was born, and his father before him; and with the rise and progress of the ancient and honored Commonwealth of Connecticut, the family stock of which I am a humble branch, has been closely associated for good report or for evil report, during a considerable part of more than two centuries.

You have done me the distinguished honor, Mr. President, of calling upon me to respond to the toast which has been proposed in memory of the early Governors of Connecticut, and you have thus distinctly designated a subject for my remarks which I could not pass over with propriety, even if I desired to do so. And I am not ignorant, Sir, that there were many among those early Governors who were eminently worthy of being remembered on such an occasion as this. There was John Haynes,—who had been the Governor of our own Massachusetts Bay in 1635, and who, having been chosen the first Governor of one of the Connecticut Colonies, under the Constitution adopted at Hartford on the 14th of January, 1639, continued to exercise that office with the highest ability and acceptableness every alternate year — which was as often as the Constitution would permit — until his death in 1654.

There was Theophilus Eaton, the first Governor of the other of the Connecticut Colonies, under the Constitution adopted in that “large barn of Mr. Newman’s,” at Quinnipiae, afterwards New Haven, on the 4th of June, 1639,—and upon whose monument, erected at the public expense, on his dying after seventeen or eighteen years of continuous service in the Chief Magistracy, this quaint but pithy inscription may, I believe, still be read:—

“Eaton, so meek, so mild, so fanned, so just,
The Phoenix of our world here hides his dust,
This name forget, New England never must.”

Then, too, there was Edward Hopkins, whose name is fragrant with the memory of numerous and noble benefactions in the cause of charity, education, and religion, both in Connecticut and in Massachusetts, and who will not soon be forgotten, I ween, by any one who has ever received a *Detur* for good conduct — *Ex testamento Edwardi Hopkins* — at Harvard College.

And there were George Wyllys, and John Webster, and Thomas Welles, and Gurdon Saltonstall,—all of them men of distinguished integrity and ability, of eminent purity and piety, men of renown, famous in their generations, and whose public conduct and private characters reflect lustre on the community with which they were so early and so prominently associated. There may have been others, perhaps, equally worthy of commemoration, among what may fairly be entitled the early Governors of Connecticut.

But you have seen fit to designate the name of John Winthrop, as one peculiarly worthy to be singled out on this occasion as the subject of remark, and it is not for me to draw the fitness of that selection into doubt. And if, in speaking of him, I should seem to be dealing too much with family names, the responsibility must be upon those who have assigned me the topic. I trust, however, sir, that I am capable of looking back through the vista of two hundred years, and of passing judgment upon the course and character of those who played conspicuous parts in that early period of New England history, whether upon a Connecticut or a Massachusetts stage, without any unbecoming display of partiality or of prejudice, even though some of them were of my own kith and kin. And if there be a purer, or nobler, or lovelier character in the history of Connecticut, whether in its earlier or its later periods, whether among Governors or among governed, than that of the younger Winthrop,—or if there be any one who rendered to the infant Colony whose children are here assembled, more distinguished and valuable services during a longer term of years, I should rejoice to know his name, and to unite with you all in giving him the deserved priority and pre-eminence on this and on every other appropriate occasion.

The younger Winthrop came over to America at first with no other view than that of being a humble fellow-laborer with his honored father in establishing the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. “For the business of New England,” said he to his father in a beautiful letter written in 1629, when he was hardly twenty-four years old, and which furnishes an index to his whole career, — “For the business of New England, I can say no other thing, but that I believe confidently that the whole disposition thereof

is of the Lord, who disposeth all alterations by his blessed will, to his own glory and the good of his; and therefore do assure myself that all things shall work together for the best therein. And for myself, I have seen so much of the vanity of the world, that I esteem no more of the diversities of countries, than as so many inns, whereof the traveller that hath lodged in the best, or in the worst, findeth no difference when he cometh to his journey's end. And I shall call that my country, where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends. Therefore herein I submit myself to God's will and yours, and with your leave, do dedicate myself (laying by all desire for other employment whatsoever) to the service of God and the company herein, with the whole endeavors both of body and mind."

We find him, accordingly, following his father to New England at an early day, and proceeding at once to take an active part in the affairs of the Massachusetts Company. But being of an ardent and enterprising spirit, he was soon engaged in leading out little companies of colonists to other places, more or less remote from Boston and the neighboring settlements. He commenced by planting Agawam, now Ipswich, in 1633, which was doubtless considered a good deal of an expedition for that early period. But as early as 1635, four years before the date which you have adopted for this anniversary celebration, the great river of the Connecticut had attracted the attention not only of the colonists here, but of their friends in England; and in the course of that year the younger Winthrop is found beginning that little pioneer plantation at its mouth, under a commission from the Lords Say and Brook, in whose honor it was named Saybrook, and there we find him bearing, by their warrant, the title of Governor of Connecticut, for the first time that such a title was ever borne within the boundaries of the Commonwealth now known by that name.

It was not, however, until 1657, just two centuries ago this very year, that he was elected Governor of one of the two Connecticut Colonies by the votes of the people. And it was while still holding this office, to which he had been duly re-elected, a few years afterwards, that he discharged the peculiar service

which has rendered his name so memorable in Connecticut history; a service which has been celebrated in poetry as well as in prose, in song as well as in story; one of the later Governors of Connecticut, no other than brave old Roger Wolcott, the second in command to Sir William Pepperell in that marvellous siege of Louisburg, having taken it as the theme of an elaborate poem of 1500 or 1600 lines in length, and Miss Frances Manwaring Caulkins, the accomplished historian of New London, having also, within a few years past, made it the subject of another little poem, which I think I may safely say is as much better than Roger Wolcott's as it is shorter, and that is saying a great deal.

I refer, of course, to Winthrop's mission to England in 1661, and to his having procured from the then recently restored Monarch, Charles II., the old Charter under which Connecticut lived and prospered for more than a hundred and fifty years, down even to the year 1818; the same Charter which, in the days of Sir Edmund Andros, was the subject of that bold withdrawal and concealment, and which gave celebrity and sanctity to the venerable Oak which has fallen at last, so sadly, within a few months past. Would that the winds of Heaven could have spared it still longer for the reverent gaze of still other generations!

It is an interesting fact, that among the old family almanacs which have found their appropriate resting place in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is one which belonged to Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, while he was in London for the purpose of procuring this very Charter. I have taken the liberty to bring it with me this evening. And here, in his own handwriting,— more legible than his father's, though that is not saying much,— is the notable entry, made at the moment, and fixing a memorable date in New England history,— "This day, May 10, in the afternoon, the patent for Connecticut was sealed."

He seems to have appreciated the importance of the event. Only two other entries are found in all the other blank leaves of this ancient Almanac: one on the 9th of January, where he mentions a dangerous fall which he had met with, and a providential escape from serious injury; and the other on the 18th of

February, when there was a very great and fearful storm of wind and rain. But when he had once entered the sealing of the Charter and the final accomplishment of his great work for Connecticut, personal casualties and elemental convulsions seemed to have lost their significance. He felt that this little Almanac had fulfilled its purpose, and that, if it contained no other entry, there was enough already recorded to make it precious for ever.

Under that Charter the two Colonies at Hartford and New Haven were happily united, as you know, in 1665, and John Winthrop became the first Governor of the whole of Connecticut as it now stands on the map, and continued in that office until his death.

Meantime, however, and indeed more than twenty years before the union of these two Colonies into one State, another and even more interesting and more important union had been formed. I mean the great confederation of the New England Colonies in 1643,—the original model and example of that larger confederation which carried us through our War of Independence, and under which American liberty was vindicated and established, and of that still nobler and more precious Union under which we now live. That confederation was the exclusive work of Massachusetts and Connecticut, embracing as it did only the four Colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, of New Haven and Connecticut, which were afterwards incorporated into two Commonwealths.

As one of the Commissioners to the little Congress of this Confederation, your Connecticut Governor Winthrop came to Boston in 1676, and here was taken ill, and here died, after a life as distinguished for moral beauty as it was for public services. He left a son, however, in Connecticut, who succeeded to the favor which his father had enjoyed, and who, after serving for several years as Commander of the Connecticut Forces, and after representing the Colony for four years at the Court of William and Mary, where he was engaged in successfully vindicating the Charter which his father had procured, became Governor of the State in his turn in the year 1698, and continued such for nine years, until his death in 1707. And he, too, hap-

pened to be in Boston when the day of his visitation arrived, and thus both your Connecticut Governors were laid down to rest in the same tomb in which the old Governor of Massachusetts, the father of the one and the grandfather of the other, had been previously laid in the year 1649. And their tomb remaineth with us unto this day, in the old King's Chapel Burying Ground; and there, by the leave of the City Fathers, whose favor in this respect I beg to bespeak in advance, I hope to find a resting place for myself, and to mingle my dust with that of those good old Massachusetts and Connecticut Governors, whenever my far humbler and less important career shall have been brought to a close.

I have said enough, Mr. President,—and perhaps more than enough,—about the early Governors of Connecticut, and about John Winthrop in particular,—both to fulfil the requisitions of the call which you have made upon me, and also to substantiate my own claim to be present here this evening, by some better title than that of a mere guest.

And now let me only say, in drawing to a close, that none of us, I think, need feel ashamed in tracing our descent to these old Connecticut Colonies; that none of us, on the contrary, can feel any thing but a just pride in looking back over the history of the old Commonwealth into which those Colonies were afterwards incorporated. That history, from the days of its early Governors to this hour, has been a distinguished and a memorable one.

Nowhere have religion and piety been more sincere and more fervent than in that land of Davenport and Hooker; nowhere have morality and virtue been more pure and undefiled; nowhere has patriotism been more disinterested and self-sacrificing; nowhere has freedom been more boldly and earnestly defended; nowhere has education been more diligently cultivated and wisely cared for. It is a significant fact that our City Fathers are at this moment engaged in summoning the Superintendent of the Connecticut Free Schools to take charge of our own Boston Schools. Well may we all feel proud of a State which has given a Jonathan Edwards to the cause of Metaphysics and of Theology; an Oliver Ellsworth to the Supreme Bench of the

Nation; a Noah Webster to Philology and Lexicography; a succession of Wolcotts and Wadsworths and Ingersolls to the line of Civilians and Statesmen; a still longer succession of Trumbulls to adorn almost every department of literary or of public life,—whether of civil or of military service, of History, Poetry, or the Fine Arts; a State which has given a Ledyard, and a Nathan Hale to the catalogue of youthful heroes and martyrs; which has given a Barlow, a Dwight, a Percival, a Pierpont, a Halleck, a Sigourney, to the Muses; which has given and is still giving a Silliman to Science. Time would fail me in attempting to go through the whole catalogue of Connecticut worthies. But I must not forget that though Massachusetts may claim, I believe, to have given birth to Israel Putnam and Roger Sherman, it was from Connecticut that they both came forth in their full-armed maturity to serve their country so nobly in the field and in the forum.

Sir, it has been common, I know, to impute to the Connecticut character a little more than its rightful share of the wooden clock and nutmeg ingredients, and to associate with it an excess of Yankee ingenuity, invention, and thrift. And now and then the rigor of certain Connecticut Blue Laws is made the subject of not unnatural jest and ridicule. But for my own part, I have often thought that a more perfect type and pattern of the true old Puritan character was to be found there, than almost anywhere else in New England or on earth; more of that unsophisticated, straight-backed integrity, and more of that uncompromising reverence for the principles of morality and the ordinances of religion, which characterized the old New England Colonists. And this is a sort of character, let me add, Mr. President, sadly wanting, I fear, in these days, and in these great cities of ours; and if Connecticut has any of it still to spare, I hope and trust that she may communicate it freely and liberally to other parts of the country. Let her sons and daughters cherish that character and take it with them, whenever they migrate, whether to the East or the West,—and let them hold fast to it in their new homes, whether in the cities or on the plains. Let it be seen, at any rate, like the stream of their own beautiful River, pervading the very heart of New England, per-

meating its entire length and breadth, and purifying and fertilizing the whole region through which it passes. And then, although other States may surpass her in the number of their population, and in the abundance of their wealth, and in the magnitude and magnificence of their cities,—and though Charter Oaks may fall and be forgotten,—Connecticut will still continue to enjoy the proud reputation which already so justly belongs to her, of having been second to no State in the Union, whether large or small, in her contributions to the moral dignity, stability, and grandeur of our great American Republic.

Allow me, sir, before taking my seat, to offer as a sentiment,—

CONNECTICUT AND MASSACHUSETTS—The dust of their earliest Governors reposes in a common tomb, and the blood of not a few of their later sons has been mingled in a common cause. May their living children be always united in the bond of fraternal love, and beneath the banner of a Union, of which their fathers furnished the original models, and the earliest successful examples!

THE

OPENING OF THE DOWSE LIBRARY.

A SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL 9, 1857.

You will hardly expect me, gentlemen, to resume my position as President in this beautiful apartment, and to take possession of this sumptuous official chair, without something more than a mere formal acknowledgment of the honor you have done me by the re-election which has just taken place. For that honor I sincerely thank you; but with this almost magical transformation fresh in our view, and with this communication and this key newly placed in my hand, I should be quite inexcusable were I to waste an instant on any thing so merely accidental, personal, and temporary, as the result of our annual election of officers.

I can hardly be mistaken in thinking, that this occasion is destined to be long remembered as an epoch in the history of our society, and that from the opening of yonder folding-doors, I might almost say, "on golden hinges turning," — through which we have just been admitted to the enjoyment of these ample accommodations and these priceless treasures, — will be dated a new era of its existence.

More than sixty-six years have now elapsed since its original organization. On the nineteenth day of February last, the full term of sixty-three years was completed since the date of its original act of incorporation. Our society has thus just passed over that precise period in its career, which old superstition has been accustomed to regard as somewhat peculiarly critical. But certainly all the omens for the future are most auspicious. It has

gone through, indeed, with a pretty protracted chrysalis state, but to-day it is permitted to display plumage and pinions, which promise a more sustained and prosperous progress than any of us could hitherto have ventured to anticipate for it.

I would not speak disparagingly, however, of its day of small things. I would by no means forget or depreciate the services of those who watched over its humble beginnings. On the contrary, I cannot but feel that our very first acknowledgments, on such an occasion as this, should be paid to the memory of those devoted and excellent men by whom this oldest Historical Society in America was so well and so wisely instituted and organized.

In that precious volume of original records which has been carefully bound up for preservation, we find that the first formal meeting of the society took place on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1791. It was held at the house of the Hon. William Tudor, and was attended by only eight persons. There is a tradition that a previous meeting had been held, at which there were but *five*,—and that on this subsequent occasion each of the five had been relied on to bring a friend. Foremost on the list of those present, by every claim of personal merit as well as of alphabetical order, is found the name of the Rev. JEREMY BELKNAP, D.D., the well-known historian of New Hampshire, and author of the American Biography, whose services to the general cause of American History, as well as to this society in particular, can never be over-estimated. Next stand the cherished names of the Rev. John Eliot, D.D., and the Rev. James Freeman. Then comes the Hon. James Sullivan, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, and our first President. Next we find mentioned in order, the Rev. Peter Thacher, D.D.; Judge Tudor himself, the host of the occasion and our first Treasurer: Mr. Thomas Walcutt, and James Winthrop, Esq., of Cambridge. At this meeting, however, two of the original members of the society appear to have been absent, whose names can by no means be spared from our little roll of distinguished founders,—William Baylies, Esq., of Dighton, and the Hon. George Richards Minot, of Boston, whose valuable contributions to the history of Massachusetts, and more especially during one of its most momentous periods, are fresh in the grateful remembrance of us all.

These were our *Decemviri*; and to their timely forecast and their devoted efforts it is due, not only that this society had an existence at all at that early day, but that so many of the materials of our New England and American history were seasonably rescued from oblivion and decay, and placed within the reach of those who have known so well how to use them. I trust that more of the portraits of these venerable founders of our society may hereafter adorn our walls.

Meantime, it is not a little interesting, as we enter to-day upon these commodious and elegantly furnished apartments, to look back upon the narrow and economical arrangements of that early period,—when we find it a matter of formal entry and acknowledgment, that the first gift to the society came in the shape of a little paper-covered blank book for records, presented by President Sullivan, and when, as we learn soon afterwards (viz., on the 30th of June, 1791), the Treasurer was desired to purchase twelve chairs,—which are carefully described as “Windsor green, elbow chairs,”—and “a plain pine table,” which is required to be “painted, with a *draw* and lock and key,” and “an inkstand, &c.” The little paper book is still extant, with all its pages filled up in the large round hand of the first Recording Secretary, Mr. Walcutt; and the chairs, inkstand, &c., are believed to be the same, which, until within a few months past, have constituted a principal part of the furniture of our rooms, and which will still, I trust, be sacredly preserved as memorials of our small beginnings.

It would occupy too much time for such an occasion as this to attempt any detailed account of the gradual rise and progress of the society. An excellent sketch of it, by our venerable and valued associate, the Rev. Dr. Jenks, may be found in the seventh volume of the Third Series of our Collections: and the admirable Anniversary Discourse of Dr. Palfrey, in the ninth volume of the same series, contains a faithful review of the first half century of our existence. I hope that a full history of the society, as exhibited in its original records, and in a shape in which it may be circulated separately from our ordinary publications, may soon be undertaken and completed by some one of our number. There is ample evidence, however, both within and without these walls, of

the aggregate results which have been accomplished. In the numerous and prosperous kindred associations, in other States and in our own State, which have grown up under its example and encouragement, and to all of which we hold out afresh this day the right hand of fellowship; in the thirty-three well-filled volumes which have been published under its auspices, and by its direct agency; in the many other valuable publications for which it has furnished materials, and, in some cases, authors; in the precious collection of books and pamphlets and manuscripts which it has gradually accumulated here for the convenient consultation of the students and writers of history; in these and many other considerations and circumstances, we may find abundant proof, that no insufficiency of means, no narrowness of accommodations, no plainness of furniture, and no paucity of numbers, have prevented the society from fulfilling the largest expectations which could have been reasonably formed of it, even by the most hopeful of its founders and friends.

It will be well for our own reputation, if we, in our turn, and in this day of its comparative prosperity, shall succeed in leaving behind us the evidences of a proportionate progress.

Before turning entirely from the reminiscences of the past, I must not omit to add to the list of those to whom the society has owed most, in other days, the name of Christopher Gore, another Governor of Massachusetts and our second President, who generously emulated the example of his predecessor, Governor Sullivan, in his devotion to its interest, and whose liberal contributions of money, as well as of time, render him pre-eminent, perhaps, among our earlier benefactors.

The first dawning of our present bright and auspicious day may be traced to the munificence of the late Samuel Appleton, from whose executors the sum of \$10,000 was received a few years since, as a publishing fund, and of which the worthy first fruits are already before the public, in the long-lost Pilgrim History of Governor Bradford, so recently and admirably edited by our associate, Mr. Charles Deane.

The next rays of our sunrise were found in the liberal donations of our excellent fellow-members, Mr. David Sears and Mr. Nathan Appleton, seconded by a similar donation from our re-

spected friend, Mr. Jonathan Phillips, and followed by the contributions of Mr. William Appleton, Mr. John E. Thayer, Mr. Peter C. Brooks, Mr. John C. Gray, and others both in and out of our ranks. The fund thus raised — commenced for the purpose by Mr. Sears, and closed so handsomely by our venerable senior member, President Quiney, whom we are proud to count still among our most zealous co-operators, after more than sixty years of active service — furnished the means of securing for the society the sole and permanent possession of this most desirable building, on this old historical site, overhanging the graves of so many of the fathers and founders of our State and city, and endeared to us all by so many hallowed associations of remote and of recent history.

But I must not longer postpone the acknowledgment, which we all feel to be especially due from us this day, to the memory of that remarkable self-made man, who has made this society the chosen depositary and privileged guardian of the noble Library which it was the pride of his long life to accumulate, and upon the enjoyment of which we are now permitted to enter.

The room in which we are gathered is to be known henceforth as the DOWSE LIBRARY of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It has been thus elegantly fitted up, under the direction of a committee of our own number, — with the Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins as its able and untiring head, and Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff as his always efficient auxiliary. It has all been done, however, at the sole expense of Mr. Dowse's estate, and by the express authority of his executors, who have consulted his own well-understood views in the execution of this part of the honorable discretion committed to them. Here the precious volumes which he himself, in his life time, watched over so fondly, and consulted so frequently, have been arranged and are to be carefully classified — under the direction of our worthy Librarian, Dr. Lothrop — and from this apartment, which they will henceforth exclusively occupy, they are never, in any contingency which can be anticipated, to be removed. An original sketch of our distinguished associate, Mr. Everett, by Stuart, and a fine marble bust of Sir Walter Scott, by Chantrey — which were the chosen ornaments of the Library while it was at Cambridge — have also found their

appropriate places in the same association here. Busts of Milton and Shakspeare, of Franklin and Washington, and of others whose writings or whose lives were especially dear to Mr. Dowse, are arranged upon the cases,—while, from the principal niche at the head of the room, the speaking portrait of the venerable donor himself, procured for the purpose by the order and at the expense of the society, looks benignantly down upon these cherished friends of his youth and of his age, from which he has so recently been called to part, and offers an accustomed and recognized welcome to all who worthily approach to enjoy their privileged companionship.

A nobler monument to such a man—a nobler monument to any man—could not have been devised, nor one better calculated to secure for him an enviable and delightful remembrance, long after the costliest cenotaph or the most magnificent mausoleum would have crumbled into dust. To us, it is an invaluable treasure, and the name of THOMAS DOWSE will henceforth be inscribed upon our rolls and upon our hearts among our greatest and most honored benefactors.

I cannot receive the key which has just been handed to me, without recurring to the occasion, less than a year ago, when he himself presented to me a noble volume of “Purchas’s Pilgrims,” as the earnest of the donation which is this day so happily consummated. The volume is here, and will now resume its place in the series to which it belongs; but the hand which gave it is cold and motionless, and the ear to which I would again have addressed your acknowledgments, is beyond all reach of human utterance. I rejoice to perceive, however, that there is at least one of the witnesses to that transaction present with us on this occasion. And while I offer in your behalf and in my own, a humble tribute of affectionate gratitude to the dead, I feel it to be but just to unite with it an expression of cordial thanks to the living,—by whom the wishes of Mr. Dowse and the welfare of our society have been so kindly and liberally consulted.

Mr. Dowse himself would, I am sure, have rejoiced to know, that the name of his chosen and devoted friend would be associated with his own, in the grateful remembrance and respect of all who shall now or hereafter enjoy the privileges of this charm-

ing resort ; and the name of George Livermore will be always so associated. The munificent provision which has been this moment announced, in the communication just delivered to me, as having been made by himself and his co-executor, Mr. Dale, for the permanent safe keeping and superintendence of the Library, calls especially for our renewed acknowledgments, and I tender to them both, in behalf of every member of the society, a sincere expression of our deep and heartfelt obligation.

It only remains for me, gentlemen, to remind you that our responsibilities increase proportionately with our opportunities and advantages : that many things remain to be desired and to be done to perfect other departments of our institution, and to render them worthy of what has thus been inaugurated ; and to assure you that, for myself, I shall most gladly co-operate, in every way in my power, with the excellent and efficient officers whom you have associated with me, in promoting the continued prosperity and welfare of a society, whose objects are at once so interesting and so important.

MUSIC IN NEW ENGLAND.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN
BOSTON, MAY 21, 1857.

I AM here, ladies and gentlemen, at the request of my friend, Mr. Charles Francis Chickering,—the worthy successor of an honored father in the Presidency of the Handel and Haydn Society,—and by the invitation of the gentlemen associated with him in the government of that Institution,—of which it becomes me to remember most gratefully to-day, that, by their unmerited favor, I have myself enjoyed the privileges of an Honorary Member for nearly twenty years,—to inaugurate the Festival which is now about to commence, by some introductory words of commemoration and of welcome.

I am not unmindful of the difficulty of the service to which I have thus been called. I am deeply sensible how thin and meagre any single, unaccompanied human voice must sound, in this spacious Hall and to this expecting audience, when brought, even by anticipation, into such immediate contrast with the multitudinous choral and instrumental power and grandeur which may be seen arrayed behind me and around me, and which are presently to break upon us in a glorious flood of mingled harmony and light.*

More than one of the great Masters, whose genius is to be illustrated during the progress of this Festival, have found their highest powers tasked to the utmost, if I mistake not, in preparing an adequate and appropriate Overture, even for a single one of the great compositions to which they have owed their fame;

* Haydn's *Creation*, with its sublime opening chorus "Let there be Light," immediately followed the Address.

and some of them, I believe, have abandoned the effort altogether. How hopeless, then, is it for me to attempt to say any thing, which shall constitute a worthy prelude to all the magnificent Oratorios and Symphonies with which this Hall is now successively to resound! Well, well, may I recall the opening of that memorable musical competition, so forcibly depicted in the celebrated Ode on the Passions: —

“First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.”

But I shall hardly succeed in rendering the formidable Solo which I have undertaken, either more easy to myself or more acceptable to others, by indulging too much in the fashionable *tremolo* of the hour; and I turn, therefore, without further preamble or apology, to a simple discharge of the service which I have promised to perform; — not, indeed, altogether without notes, for that would be quite out of keeping with the occasion; but not without a due remembrance, I trust, of the apt and excellent wisdom of the ancient Son of Sirach: “ Speak, thou that art the elder, for it becometh thee, but with sound judgment: and hinder not the music. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words.” *

It has sometimes been made a matter of reproach upon us New Englanders, my friends, that we are too ready to imitate the fashions, and even to ape the follies, of the Old World; and I think we must all admit that there have been periods in our history, when the charge was not altogether without foundation. We come to-day, however, to borrow a leaf out of the book of our brethren of Old England, which we need not be ashamed to copy, — which is eminently worthy of being copied, — and which I trust is destined to be reproduced, — in enlarged and improved editions, — frequently if not statedly, in the future history of this community.

* This intimation was fulfilled, in the delivery of the Address, by the omission of many passages which are included in the printed copy.

For many years past,—I know not exactly how many,—the great Musical Festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, of Liverpool and Manchester and York, have been among the most cherished and delightful holidays of our mother country. They have done much for the cause of musical improvement, and they have done much, too, for the innocent entertainment and wholesome recreation of the people. The most eminent living composers and performers of Europe have been proud to take a part in them, and the most distinguished lovers and patrons of art have been eager to attend them.

At this very moment, as you know, arrangements are in progress for holding one of them, on a grander scale than ever before, at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and the presence and patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert—whose musical skill and science, it has been said upon the best authority, would alone have won for them no ordinary distinction, had they been in a condition of life to admit of the full development and public display of such accomplishments—have been promised and accepted for the occasion.

We have no Queenly presence or Princely patronage, my friends, to rely upon, for lending grace or dignity to such an occasion,—though forms and features which would add brilliancy to a diadem are never wanting to our public assemblies:—but we have the fullest confidence that Republican ears are not insensible to “the concord of sweet sounds,” and that Republican hearts are neither closed nor callous to the impression, whether of the softer melodies or the sublimer harmonies of the divine art. And in that confidence we are assembled here to-day, to inaugurate the first Musical Festival, which will have been organized and conducted in New England, or, I believe I may say, in all America, after the precise pattern of the great Festivals of Europe,—hailing it as the commencement of a series of Festivals, which may not be less distinguished in future years, perhaps, than those from whose example it has been borrowed,—and welcoming it, especially, as another advance towards that general education of the heart, the tastes, and the affections, of which Heaven knows how much we stand in need, and which is to be carried on and conducted, in no small part at least, through

refined and elevated appeals to the eye and to the ear, under the guidance and inspiration of Christian faith and fear and love, by every department of human Art.

The public performance of sacred or of secular Music is, indeed,—I need hardly say,—by no means a new thing, or a thing of recent introduction, in this community. I know not exactly how early musical entertainments commenced in the old town of Boston. It is not to be doubted that the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, like those of Plymouth, in the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans, “shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.”

“Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the Free.”

They sang the psalms of David as versified by Sternhold and Hopkins, or by Henry Ainsworth, the eminent Brownist, adapting them sometimes, perhaps, to the tunes arranged by that ancient “Bachelor of Music,” Thomas Ravenscroft;—and sometimes, I doubt not, they sang the hymns and songs of simple old George Wither, to the plain and plaintive two-part melodies of Orlando Gibbons. And, by and by, they made a Psalm-book for themselves, and published it among the cherished first-fruits of a New England free press.*

But the Fine Arts, of which Music is eminently one, can find no soil or sky for growth or culture in a new country and amid unsettled institutions. They are at once the fruit and the ornament of peace, civilization, and refinement. We have authentic history for the fact that in 1676 “there were no musicians by trade” on this peninsula. Yet more than a hundred years ago, certainly, the largest hall in the place was known by the name of Concert Hall,—and as early as the second of January, 1775, “a Concert of Music” was advertised there,—“Tickets to be had

* Governor Endicott’s copy of “Ravenscroft’s Psalms” is in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society,—where, also, is a copy of Wither’s Hymns and Songs, with the autograph of Martha Winthrop, who came over to New England in 1631, and died soon afterwards. The Bay Psalm Book was published in 1640.

at the place of performance in Queen Street (now Court Street), at four shillings each." For a long series of years, doubtless, that now venerable Hall fulfilled the peculiar purpose which was designated by its name. In casually turning over the columns of the Boston News Letter of a few years' later date, I observed an advertisement of a Grand Concert on the 28th of December, 1769 (which was postponed, however, on account of the weather, to the following week), for the benefit of a Mr. Hartley, with a solo on the violin,—probably not quite equal to the one which Ole Bull gave us last week, or one of the brothers Mollenhauer a few weeks ago,—but still "by a gentleman lately arrived." So early did we begin to manifest that indebtedness to foreign musical talent, which no young and industrious country need be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge, and which we recognize with satisfaction and gratitude, not only in more than one of our most popular and successful professors and instructors, but in so many of the admirable Orchestra and in the skilful Conductor of this occasion.

In the Boston Gazette for 1782, I have met with the advertisements of at least two other Concerts,—both of them given for that best and worthiest of all objects, "the benefit of the Poor;" —one of them at King's Chapel on the 23d of April, where a Mr. Selby was announced to preside at the organ; the other at Trinity Church, where the organ was played by a Mr. Bellsted—no match, I venture to say, for the portly Jackson or the accomplished Hayter of later days,—and where the vocal music was performed by an association of singers rejoicing in the name of the Aretinian Society. I have observed a notice, too, of at least one Instrumental Concert, given on the 28th of January, 1783, by the band of the Massachusetts Regiment of Artillery, whose instruments were at length just about to be happily released from the harsh and horrid service of Revolutionary battle-fields, and which may have been the original pioneer of the numerous Military Bands, whose music has given brilliancy to so many of the volunteer parades of succeeding years.

But a more memorable Concert than either of those to which I have alluded, has come down to us on the pages of history—a Concert of Sacred Music—called, at the time, an Oratorio,

though in fact somewhat miscellaneous in its character, and given at King's Chapel on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston, as the first President of the United States.

Washington had been received and escorted into the town, by a grand civil and military procession, on Saturday, the 24th of October; and on his reaching the front of the Old State House, and entering the colonnade of that time-honored building (which I wish could be once more restored to its old appearance and to some worthy department of the public service), a select choir of singers, stationed upon a Triumphal Arch erected in the immediate vicinity, with DANIEL REA, the most famous vocalist of Boston in that day, at their head, had welcomed him by the performance of an original Ode, of whose quality a very few lines may, perhaps, afford a sufficient specimen. It commenced as follows:—

"Great Washington the Hero's come,
Each heart exulting hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud, Great Washington."

I doubt not that the air and execution of this performance were at least quite equal to the poetry,—though that is not saying much. But the musical talent of our metropolis was not satisfied with a single exhibition of itself in honor of the Father of his Country. A more formal concert of Sacred Music had, indeed, been previously arranged for an earlier day, with a view to raise funds for finishing the portico of the Chapel; but it had been postponed on account of the weather, or for some want of preparation. It was now fixed for the week of Washington's visit, and the programme is still extant in the papers of that period.

After an original anthem, composed by the organist, Mr. Selby,—for, it seems, that native compositions were not altogether discarded on that occasion,—the beautiful airs of Handel—"Comfort ye my people" and "Let the bright Seraphim"—were to be sung by Mr. Rea; while the Second Part was to consist of a short but entire Oratorio, of which I have seen no account either before or since, founded on the story of Jonah. The choruses were to

be performed by the Independent Musical Society, and the instrumental parts by a society of gentlemen, aided by the Band of his Most Christian Majesty's Fleet, then lying in our harbor.

It seems, however, that owing to the indisposition of several of the best performers,—who were suffering from a prevailing cold which afterwards, I believe, acquired the name of the Washington Influenza,—a portion of this programme was again postponed. But the occasion was still a brilliant and memorable one. The ladies of Boston attended in great numbers,—many of them with sashes bearing “the bald eagle of the Union and the G. W. in conspicuous places,” while the Marchioness of Traversay (the wife of one of the officers of the French fleet), exhibited on this occasion, we are told, the G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants, on a black velvet ground, on the bandeau of her hat.

Washington himself was of course there, and another original Ode in his honor was performed in the place of some of the omitted pieces; an Ode of which I may confidently venture to give more than a single verse, and which, I am sure, will find a ready echo in all our hearts:—

“ Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,
Where once thy conquering banners waved,
O never be thy praise forgot,
By those thy matchless valor saved.

“ Thy glory beams to Eastern skies,
See! Europe shares the sacred flame,—
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,
To emulate thy glorious name.

“ Labor awhile suspends his toil,
His debt of gratitude to pay;
And Friendship wears a brighter smile,
And Music breathes a sweeter lay.

“ May health and joy a wreath entwine,
And guard thee through this scene of strife,
Till Seraphs shall to thee assign
A wreath of everlasting life.”

Of all the Oratorios or Concerts which Boston has ever witnessed, I think this is the one we should all have preferred the privilege of attending. Who does not envy our grandfathers and

grandmothers the satisfaction of thus uniting — even at the expense of an influenza — in the homage which was so justly paid to the transcendent character and incomparable services of Washington, and of enjoying a personal view of his majestic form and features? It is a fact of no little interest, and not perhaps generally known, that a young German artist of that day, then settled in Boston, by the name of Gullagher, seated himself, under the protection of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, in a pew in the chapel, where he could observe and sketch those features and that form, and that having followed up his opportunities afterwards, — not without the knowledge and sanction of Washington himself, — he completed a portrait which is still in the possession of Dr. Belknap's family, and which, though it may never be allowed to supersede the likeness which has become classical on the glowing canvas of the gifted Stuart, may still have something of peculiar interest in the musical world, as the Boston Oratorio portrait of Washington.

But I must not detain you longer, my friends, with these historical reminiscences of the music of Boston in its earlier days, — interesting as I am sure they must be to us all. I pass at once, and without a word of comment, over a period of a full quarter of a century. Washington has now completed his two terms of civil administration, with a brilliancy of success by no means inferior to that which had distinguished his military career. Death has at length set its seal upon the surpassing love in which he was held by the whole American Nation, and he has gone down to a grave, which, — rescued from all danger of desecration by the loyalty of Virginia women and the eloquence of at least one Northern Statesman, — is destined to be more and more a place of devout pilgrimage and reverent resort for the friends of civil liberty and free government, from all climes and in all generations. The country, meanwhile, which owed him so inestimable a debt, has gone through with many vicissitudes of condition since his death, — all, as we believe, providentially arranged or permitted to discipline our youthful vigor, and to develop the institutions and consolidate the Union which it had cost so much blood and treasure to establish. A second war with Great Britain has been waged, — sometimes called the second War of Independ-

ence,— and now at length the bow of peace and promise is once more seen spanning “the wide arch of our ranged empire.” Beneath its genial radiance we are about to enter upon a period of prosperity and progress such as the world has never before witnessed.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1814, the Treaty of Peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent,— a worthy commemoration of that blessed event when the Herald Angels were heard singing to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem,—“Peace on earth, good will towards men.” But that Treaty was not known on this side of the ocean for six or seven weeks after its date. The great battle of New Orleans, as you well know, was fought at least two weeks after that Treaty of Peace was signed. Our modern system of railroads and steamers and telegraphs might have saved that effusion of fraternal blood ; — might have deprived individual heroes — might have deprived our country and its history — of all the glory which belonged to that really great victory. If that gigantic Ocean Harp, which is at this moment in process of being strung, — whose deep diapason is destined to produce a more magical music on the sea than old mythology or modern fable ever ascribed to siren, mermaid, or Arion,— if the mysterious gamut of that profound submarine chord had been in successful operation then, as we hope it soon will be, between St. John’s and Valentia Bay,— those cotton-bag ramparts at New Orleans might never have been celebrated in history : while, of those who so gallantly defended them, many would not have been laid so low, and some, perhaps, would hardly have risen so high.

The news of Peace, however, at length reached New York on the 11th of February, 1815, and was brought on to Boston by Express, with what was then called unexampled despatch,—in 'bout thirty-two hours. The celebration of the event, under the auspices of the State Legislature which was then in session, and under the immediate direction of our venerable fellow-citizen, **JOSIAH QUINCY**, — whose always welcome presence we hail with peculiar gratification on this occasion,—as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, took place on the 22d of February following. And never was Washington’s birthday more appropri-

ately and nobly celebrated. I have myself a vivid remembrance of the brilliancy and sparkle of the illumination and fireworks in the evening, and my maturer eyes have often sought in vain for their match in all the dazzling demonstrations of later holidays. But the full heart of Boston could find no adequate utterance for itself but in music. Nothing but a "Te Deum Laudamus" could satisfy the emotions of that hour, and the great feature of the occasion was a service of thanksgiving and praise,—without orations or sermons,—in the old Stone Chapel, where, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, then the aged and respected pastor of the Second Church, the Duet of "Lovely Peace" was sung by Colonel Webb and Miss Graupner, and a part of the Dettingen Te Deum and the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel were executed by nearly two hundred and fifty vocal and instrumental performers. The newspapers of the day—not yet inured to any thing of indiscriminate or venal puffing—pronounce it, by all admission, the very best music ever heard in Boston.

And now, my friends, it can hardly be doubted that the impressive musical services of that Peace Jubilee gave the primary impulse to the establishment of the Association, which is signalizing to-day the forty-second year of its active existence by the Festival we are assembled to inaugurate. Its echoes had hardly died away,—four weeks, indeed, had scarcely elapsed since it was held,—before a notice was issued by Gottlieb Graupner, Thomas Smith Webb, and Asa Peabody, for a meeting of those interested in the subject "of cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of sacred music." In that meeting, held on the 30th of March, 1845, the Handel and Haydn Society originated. On the 20th of April, their Constitution was adopted, and signed by at least one of the members of the very Board of Directors by whom I am at this moment surrounded,—the worthy Treasurer of the Society,—Matthew Stanley Parker, Esq.,—whose family name is so honorably associated both with the past history and the future hopes of the music of Boston. The following May-Day witnessed their first private practising from the old Lock Hospital Collection,—and on the succeeding Christmas evening, at the same consecrated Chapel, where Washington attended that memorable Public Concert a quarter of a century before, and

where that solemn Jubilee of Peace had been so recently celebrated, their first Grand Oratorio was given, to a delighted audience of nine hundred and forty-five persons, with the Russian Consul, the well-remembered Mr. Eustaphieve, assisting as one of the performers in the Orchestra.

From that day to this, the Handel and Haydn Society has been one of the recognized and cherished institutions of Boston. Their progress is illustrated by the signal improvement which has been witnessed in the musical services of all our churches, and in the growing taste and skill which have rendered the singing of sacred music one of the most familiar and delightful recreations of the domestic circle. Their history is written, still more conspicuously, in the records of the nearly five hundred Public Oratorios, besides almost as many less formal concerts, which the Society have performed, and of the numerous civic and religious ceremonials at which they have assisted. To them we have owed one of the most effective and attractive features of not a few of our grandest Anniversary Festivals,—our first centennial celebration of Washington's birthday, and our second centennial celebration of the Birthday of Boston. To them we have owed one of the most grateful and graceful compliments which have been paid to the distinguished guests who from time to time have visited our city,—to Presidents Monroe and Jackson and Tyler, and to Henry Clay,—all of whom have accepted their invitations and attended their Oratorios. By them, too, have been performed the Funeral Dirges for our illustrious dead. It was to their swelling peal that our own Webster alluded at Faneuil Hall, in his magnificent eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, when he said,—“I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph,—‘their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.’” And their funeral chant was heard again, when Faneuil Hall was once more shrouded in black, and when that matchless orator was himself the subject of heartfelt lamentation and eulogy. To them we have been indebted for the first production in our country of not a few of the sublimest compositions of the great Masters of Europe, and to them we have owed the opportunity of hearing the most exquisite and inspiring airs of those compositions, executed by an Incledon or

a Phillips, a Horn, a Braham, or a Caradori Allan. I may not attempt to name the more recent vocalists, foreign or domestic, whom they have successively brought forward, and some of whom are here to add brilliancy to the present occasion. Incited by their example, too, other Associations have been organized in our own city and in the neighboring towns, as well as in various other parts of our Commonwealth and country,—the Academy of Music, the Musical Education Society, the Mendelssohn Choral Society, and many others,—which have rendered efficient service in a common cause, and which deserve the grateful remembrance of every lover of harmony.

When this Society was originally instituted, the music of Boston, of New England, and I may say of all America, both sacred and secular, was in a most crude and disorganized condition. Aretinian Societies and Independent Musical Societies had done a little for it, and then died out. Occasional concerts, like those to which I have alluded, may be found scattered at long and dreary intervals along the previous half century. A worthy son of the Old Colony, too, whence so many good things have sprung, had already commenced the publication of “the Bridgewater Collection.”* But there was no systematic and permanent organization for the improvement of musical taste, skill, or science, in any of our large communities; and there was but little of either taste, skill, or science to be improved. I have heard the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—an intense lover of music himself, and whose comprehensive acquirements embraced a knowledge of this particular subject which would have been extraordinary in anybody else—tell a story, which may serve as an illustration of the state of American music at that precise period. During the negotiation, at Ghent, of that treaty of peace to which I have just alluded, a Festival or Banquet, or it may have been a Ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the Sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The Sovereign People of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin—were, of course, not

* The late Hon. Nahum Mitchell.

to be overlooked ; and the Musical Conductor or Band Master of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the Conductor, What is that ? Where shall I find it ? By whom was it composed ? Can you supply me with the score ? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have *scores* of that sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The Band Master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it ; and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet, and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America ! Whether that boy was bond or free, I know not, but I think both South and North would agree, that he earned his liberty and his citizenship, too, on that occasion.

I would not disparage Yankee Doodle, my friends. It has associations which must always render its simple and homely melody dearer to the hearts of the American people than the most elaborate compositions of ancient or modern science. Should our free institutions ever again be in danger, whether from " malice domestic or foreign levy," that will still be the tune to which American patriotism will keep step. We must always preserve it, and never be ashamed of it ; though I do venture to hope that a day may come, when, like England and Austria and Russia,—to name no other lands,—we may have something fit to be entitled a National *Anthem*, which shall combine an acknowledgment of God with the glorious memories of wise and brave men ; which shall blend the emotions of piety and patriotism, uniting in sweet accord the praises of the Divine Author of our Freedom and Independence, with those of his chosen and com-

missioned human instruments, in a strain worthy to commemorate the rise and progress of our Great Republic.

But this little anecdote of what happened at Ghent, furnishes no bad illustration, certainly, of the condition of American music at the precise period when this society first took it in hand, and when it might almost be said that *Yankee Doodle* and the lips of a whistling boy were the prevailing airs and instruments of our land.

What a contrast does this occasion suggest! This noble hall itself,—second to none in the world in its adaptation to the purposes to which it has been dedicated,—the pride of our whole community, and which reflects so much credit on the liberal enterprise and persevering energy of those who were immediately concerned in its erection; what a monument it stands of the musical taste and zeal to which the old Handel and Haydn Society gave the original impulse! For myself, I cannot but feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to an association, whose performances and whose publications, through a period of more than forty years, under the Presidency of such men as the earlier and the later Webb, of Lowell Mason, of Zeunner and Chickering and Perkins,—have exercised so important an influence in refining and elevating the musical taste of New England; and more especially in improving the character of our sacred music, and affording us an opportunity of enjoying the glorious airs and anthems and choruses which have been composed to the praise and honor of God. And I am glad of an opportunity of testifying my own individual obligation to them.

This is not the occasion, nor am I the person, for any scientific analysis or comparison of styles or of masters. Every thing of this sort may be safely left to our excellent music journal and its accomplished editor and contributors. Nor will I venture to detain you with any elaborate periods or swelling common-places about the importance and influence of music in general. The poets, philosophers, and moralists of all ages are full of them. The music of the Church, the Cathedral, and the Camp-meeting; of the Concert-room, the Academy, and the Opera; of the fireside, the serenade, the festival, and the battle-field; the songs of the Troubadours, the psalms of the Covenanters, the hymns of Luther,

Wesley, and Watts; Old Hundred; the Cotter's Saturday Night, Elgin, and Dundee; Auld Lang Syne, Home, sweet Home, the Ranz des Vaches, Hail Columbia, God save the King, the Marcellaise, the Red Fox of Erin, which the exquisite songster of Ireland tells us made the patriot Emmet start to his feet and exclaim, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!" — why, my friends, what a continued and crowded record does the history of the world's great heart present, of the noble sympathies which have been stirred, of the heroic impulses which have been awakened, of the devotional fires which have been kindled, of the love to God, and love to man, and love to country, — not always, alas, unattended by excess, — to which animation and utterance have been given, by the magic power of music! To how many individual hearts, too, here and everywhere, has the story of David charming away the gloomy moods of the Jewish Monarch, or, more likely it may be, of Annal Lyle chasing the mists from the spirit of the Highland Chief, seemed only like a transcript of some cherished experience of their own! But I pass over all the science and almost all the sentiment for which the occasion might give opportunity. You are here to enjoy the thing itself, which will be far better than any flights of descriptive rhetoric or rhapsody of which I am capable.

I must be permitted, however, to congratulate you, before closing, that the growing worldliness of the age we live in has not quite yet diverted the divine and solemn harmonies of this glorious art from their original and rightful allegiance. The Fine Arts in every department — Architecture and Sculpture, Painting and Music, alike — have owed their best inspirations and their noblest opportunities to religion. The Bible has always supplied them with their most effective themes. Its matchless diction, its magnificent imagery, its exquisite poetry, its glorious promises, its stupendous miracles, its sublime revelations and realities have constituted an exhaustless magazine of material for them all, — and more especially for Music.

HANDEL, foremost, in merit as in time, among the little company of world-renowned Composers,* — and whose Statue might

* Unless SEBASTIAN BACH, his contemporary, of whose works so many are lost, and so few are familiarly known in this country, may be his equal.

well claim no second place in this very Hall, as one of the supporters of that gigantic Organ which we are soon to welcome, — Handel, one of the last touches of whose trembling fingers may haply have rested on the keys of an organ erected just one hundred years ago last August, and still doing most acceptable service, in our own city, which tradition tells us that this favorite musician of George the Second, infirm and blind as he was, selected for His Majesty's Chapel in New England, only two years before his death, — “the giant Handel,” as Pope called him — “the more than Homer of his age,” as Cowper did not, scruple to add, — could find no story but that of Redeeming Love, no career or character but that of the Messiah, for the full development and display of his unrivalled power and pathos.

That mysterious demand for a *Requiem* which haunted the sleeping and the waking hours of the dying MOZART — the immediate successor of Handel upon the musical throne — might almost seem, — to a superstitious mind, perhaps, — to have been only, after all, the compunctionous visitings of a breast, which was aroused too late to the consciousness of having prostituted so many of its best emotions upon the “foolery of so scandalous a subject”* as that of Don Giovanni, and which could find no requiem or repose for itself, till it had made that last and grandest effort in the service of God.

When HAYDN — next entitled to the sceptre — was giving an account of his own Oratorio of the Seasons, he is related to have said, “It is not another Creation, — and the reason is this: In that Oratorio the actors are angels; in the four seasons they are but peasants.”

BEETHOVEN, — whom the munificent liberality and consummate skill of kindred spirits in our own land have united in enthroning as the presiding genius of this Hall, — in the wonderful instrumentation of his Symphonies and Sonatas and Quatuors and Trios, seems always aspiring to a strain — and often reaching it, too — which has less of earth in it than of heaven. “I well know,” said he, “that God is nearer me in my Art than others,

* These are the words of Beethoven, who said of Mozart's great Opera, — “The sacred art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject.”

—I commune with him without fear,—evermore have I acknowledged and understood him.” And when dealing with any thing more articulate than the fancied language of the skies, he, too, sought his best inspiration at the Mount of Olives, and found it at least in his Hallelujahs.

MENDELSSOHN’s ominous and insatiate yearning for the spirit-world displayed itself first, indeed, in his *Midsummer Night’s Dream* ;—but it was only in depicting the wonderful ways and works of the greatest of Prophets and the greatest of Apostles,—of an Elijah and a St. Paul,—that his genius found its full play and won its noblest triumphs.

I shall not soon forget the emotions with which, just ten years ago, in London, I first listened to the *Elijah*. I shall not soon forget the person and presence of the young and brilliant Composer, as he stood in Exeter Hall conducting a choir and band of six or seven hundred voices and instruments in the performance of that most impressive *Oratorio*. Less than six months were to expire—nobody dreamed it then—before he himself was to disappear from these earthly scenes almost as suddenly as the great Prophet whom he was portraying ;—and one might almost imagine that the first faint glories of the celestial world were gleaming upon his soul,—that he had caught a passing glimpse of those chariots of fire, whose rushing sound and sparkling track were the fit accompaniments of that miraculous translation to the skies,—as he stood trembling with transport at his own magnificent harmonies.

Nor can I fail to call up, in this connection, the image of another most accomplished and distinguished person, in whose company I was privileged to listen to this sublime performance,—the late Lord Ellesmere,—who represented Great Britain so acceptably at the opening of our *Crystal Palace* in New York, who delighted Boston, too, by his genial eloquence at our *School Festival* soon afterwards, and whose recent death has occasioned so much of sincere and just regret among the friends of art in all its departments and in both hemispheres.

And now I rejoice that these noble *Oratorios* of these greatest composers are to form the main feature of this occasion. I rejoice that, at this first *New England Musical Festival*, the

divine Art is so distinctly to recognize its rightful relation to Divinity, as the privileged handmaid of Religion. Without feeling called upon to pronounce any opinion upon other amusements and festivals for which other voices in other places are pleading, I am glad that this veteran Association of New England, faithful to its first love, true to the key-note of its earliest organization, — at a moment too when so many influences are alluring us away from whatever is pure and lovely and of good report, — has instituted a series of holidays, not only combining morality and innocence with the most refined and elevating enjoyment, but blending so nobly and so worthily the praises of God with the recreation of man.

I do not forget that a severe religious casuistry has sometimes raised a question, how far it is fit to employ sacred themes and sacred words for the mere purpose of entertainment. But it is a great mistake to suppose that mere entertainment is all that is imparted, or all that is intended, by such performances. That man must indeed be “deaf as the dead to harmony,” who can listen to the story of the Creation or of the Redemption, as told in the lofty strains which are presently to be heard here, without being kindled into a more fervent admiration and adoration of the great Author and Finisher of both. Yes, deaf as the dead to harmony must he have been born, and with a soul sealed up to at least one of the highest sources of inspiration, who feels no glow of grateful awe as the light flashes forth in audible coruscations upon that new-created world, and no thrill of holy joy as the heavens are heard telling the glory of God; — whose belief in the miraculous incarnation of “One mighty to save” is not quickened as the majestic titles by which he was to be called come pealing forth so triumphantly in the very words of prophecy, — “Wonderful, — Counsellor, — the Mighty God;” — who is not conscious of a more vivid faith in the great doctrine of the resurrection, as the sublime declaration of the patient old Patriarch is again and again so exquisitely reiterated, — “I know — I know that my Redeemer liveth;” — and who does not catch a deeper sense of the mystery and the glory of that blessed consummation, when “the Kingdoms of the earth shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ,” while the air

around him is ringing and reverberating with the ecstasy of those transcendent and exulting Hallelujahs!

No, it is not entertainment alone which this occasion will have communicated to some at least of the souls which shall vibrate to these sublime and solemn strains. I know that the fervors and raptures which result from mere musical susceptibility are no safe substitute for the prayer and praise which belong to the true idea of religious worship, and I am not altogether without sympathy with those who would be glad to see this ancient society returning to its original practice during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, by giving some of its public performances, as they are now doing, at times when they may be attended and enjoyed by those to whom the domestic circle or the services of the Sanctuary are the chosen and cherished occupations of a Sunday evening. But it will be an evil day for the best interest of mankind, when the noblest and most impressive varieties of music shall be utterly discarded and divorced from the service of religion, and given finally over to the meretricious uses of sensuality or superstition. The sacred Chronicler has told us how it was, under the old dispensation — that it was only “when the singers and the trumpeters were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music and praised the Lord, saying, ‘For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever;’” — that it was only then, at the outpouring of that grand vocal and instrumental unison of thanksgiving and praise, that the visible glory of the Lord came down, filling and overshadowing the house of God. And though the Gospel does undoubtedly point to a purer and more spiritual worship, yet from that most memorable and solemn hour, of which the simple record runs concerning the Saviour and his disciples, — “And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives,” — from that most memorable and solemn hour, Music has been recognized as a consecrated hand-maid of Christianity; and those which Christ himself has thus joined together, it is not for any man to put asunder.

And may God grant that the performances which are now about to begin, may be endued with a double power over the

hearts of all who hear them ;— that these resounding anthems may do something to purge and purify the corrupted currents of the air we breathe :— that these lofty enunciations and reiterations of the great truths of the Bible may aid in arresting and driving back the tide of delusion, infidelity, and crime which is raging and swelling so fearfully around us ;— and that these Hosannahs and Hallelujahs may combine with the Prayers and Alms of the approaching Anniversary Week, in calling down a fresh blessing on our beloved city and upon us who dwell in it ;— so that when at last that hour shall come, which can neither be hastened nor postponed by the idle calculations of learned astrologers, or the idler conjurations of diviners and sorcerers,— when the trumpet of the Archangel shall be heard sounding through the sky and summoning us, in God's own time, from our destined sleep of death,— our hearts and voices may not be wholly unmattuned for uniting with Cherubim and Seraphim and all the Company of Heaven in that sublime Trisagion,— “ Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ! heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory ! ”

It only remains for me, ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of this oldest existing Musical Society of Boston,— older, if I mistake not, than almost any of its kind in London, since the Institution of the Ancient Concerts has passed away with the Iron Duke, one of their principal Directors,— to pronounce the single word of “ welcome ” to you all. But while offering you this welcome in their name, as I now most respectfully and cordially do, I feel that my duty to-day would be but half performed, if I did not, also, in your name,— and as the self-commissioned organ of the vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, by whom this noble Hall will day by day be thronged,— if I did not, in your name and in theirs, assure the members of this old pioneer Association, of the sincere and grateful appreciation, which is entertained by our whole community, of their unwearied and honorable efforts in the cause of musical improvement, and of their signal success in giving a worthier and more impressive utterance to the praises of God “ in the great congregation.” And may the favor of Heaven, and the patronage of a generous public, never be wanting to their future career !

THE CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE TRIENNIAL BANQUET OF THE CINCINNATI, IN BOSTON,
MAY 27, 1857.

I HAD hardly expected to be called up so soon, Mr. President, while so many distinguished gentlemen around me—at once better entitled to attention, and better able to reward it—are still unheard on this occasion. But I thank you sincerely for the kind words with which you have introduced my name to the company, and for the substantial compliment of being counted worthy to respond to the sentiment which has just been proposed. I cannot but feel, sir, that there is a peculiar fitness in the brave and patriotic fathers of New England being remembered at this table, and by those who are assembled at it. Perhaps nobody knew more about the rise and progress of that great contest for American Independence, out of which this society grew, and which it is especially designed to commemorate, than our own Massachusetts *John Adams*. And it was in one of those remarkable letters, I think, which he wrote to the honored father of my excellent friend on the left (Frederick Tudor, Esq.), that he used language somewhat of this sort: “When we call Otis and Henry and Adams and Jefferson the authors of Independence, we ought rather to say that they were only the revivers and awakeners of the old, original, fundamental principle of New England colonization.”

And it is true, Mr. President, that we have but one history, from the arrival of the *Arbella* or the *Mayflower*, to the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution. The Patriot Age is only a continuation of the Pilgrim Age; another glorious chapter of the same noble volume, in which I trust, many more glorious chapters are still to be inscribed. There are differ-

ences of manifestation and diversities of operation, but we may trace the same brave and patriotic spirit from the first renowned military hero of New England — Miles Standish, who performed his capital exploits at the head of an army of only eight men — down through the whole succession of captains and conquerors who displayed their valor against a savage or against a civilized foe, — who fought or who fell at Bloody Brook, at Louisburg, at Quebec, or at Bunker Hill, — until we find it flowering and flaming out, in matchless perfection, in the bright, consummate WASHINGTON. It is all one history, and one and the same brave and patriotic spirit animated the old Fathers of New England and the more recent “Father of his Country.”

But the present occasion, I am aware, sir, belongs eminently to the commemoration of the Revolutionary period, and of those who were prominent in it ; and I hasten to express the gratification which I feel in thus being permitted to meet with so many of those, from all parts of the Union, who have inherited the blood of the gallant officers by whom our revolutionary contest was conducted.

It has been my fortune only once before — though frequently invited — to dine with any branch of the Cincinnati. It was more years ago than I can readily count, and while I was in the military staff of a distinguished friend — then Governor of this Commonwealth — whose absence we all miss so much on this occasion, and whose eloquence is always the best dessert of any dinner table at which he is present — “apples of gold set in pictures of silver.” I need hardly name Edward Everett.

But it is not the living only whom I miss from that well-remembered group at old Concert Hall, as I now recall it. The noble-hearted Dearborn — your last President-General — was there. The amiable and benevolent Robert G. Shaw was there. And a gallant and venerable figure rises to my mind’s eye at this moment, who had come as a guest from the neighboring Granite State, and who was accompanied, unless I am much mistaken, by a young and promising son, hardly yet distinguished even in the history of his own Commonwealth. The venerable patriot has vanished from our view, but his son has come to honor, though he knoweth it not, and is here with us to-day as an Ex-President of the United States.

But I have other and more recent associations with the Society of Cincinnati. I had the happiness, sir, a year or two since, to spend a few days at one of those charming country seats which enamel the borders of the beautiful Hudson River. It was situated near the point at which so many at once of the most exquisite features of Highland scenery, and so many of the most stirring associations of revolutionary incident, are concentrated. It was at Fishkill Landing, where I remember to have been told by my father, that he himself, then just escaped from the confinement of college life, and travelling through the country on horseback for his health, met Washington and his staff returning to West Point,—unconscious apparently of what was to be communicated to them within another half hour,—on the very morning on which the treason of Benedict Arnold was divulged. That, sir, was a meeting not likely to be forgotten by at least one of the parties, and which my father often recurred to with the deepest interest.

The hospitable residence at which I was staying was just opposite to the city of Newburgh, and I did not fail, of course, to cross the river and visit the old headquarters of Washington, endeared to us all by so many associations of the most interesting, and many of them of the most thrilling character. But on one of the beautiful moonlight evenings which shed their selectest influence on the whole period of my visit, my excellent host and hostess took me to a little social gathering a few miles off, at an ancient and venerable mansion, adorned within, by not a few most valuable works of art, and surrounded without by the noblest and most picturesque productions of nature,—grand old trees, whose giant branches had seemingly been tossed by the storms of centuries. In the course of the evening, when I had casually passed into an apartment which had a little more of the veritable antique about it than either of the others, it was said quietly in my hearing, “We are now in the room in which the Society of Cincinnati was originally formed.” And it was so; I was at the old Verplanck manor, now occupied by the accomplished and estimable gentleman whose name is associated with so many literary and philanthropic enterprises in his native State and city,—Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck,—but which, during so momentous a part of our revolutionary struggle, was the headquarters of Major-

General the Baron Steuben. And here was the very room, in which that brave and benevolent officer — to whom Washington addressed his very last letter of acknowledgment and affection before quitting the army — presided over the meeting, while our own Boston boys, Major-General Henry Knox and Major Samuel Shaw, — for the Cincinnati was a good deal of a Boston notion at the outset, — with other brave and patriotic spirits from other States, were devising and proposing that monstrous and treasonable plot against the liberties of the United States!

KNOX and STEUBEN, the great artillerist and the great disciplinarian of the American army, — both of them beloved and trusted by Washington, from first to last, beyond almost all other men: what names are these for suspicion and calumny to have fastened their poisonous fangs upon!

And yet we know that some of the most distinguished men in our own land and in other lands, entertained grievous misgivings and prejudices against this Association, when it was first instituted; and, groundless as those suspicions were, I cannot help honoring that early jealousy in the cause of freedom from which they sprung. I have myself a still unpublished letter from a distinguished member of Congress of that period, dated at Annapolis, 2d February, 1784, in which the most gloomy forebodings are indulged in as to the future safety of American freedom, and in which the great sources of impending and imminent danger are declared to be — the Funding System and the *Society of Cincinnati!* The writer would seem almost to have forgotten already the great scene which had been witnessed at that same Annapolis only a few weeks before, — a scene hardly second in its moral grandeur to any in which actors, merely human, ever participated on earth, — where your first President-General (for Washington was at that moment acting as such) exhibited that immortal example of true glory by resigning his commission and surrendering his sword to those from whom he had received them. He had seemingly forgotten, too, the spirit displayed only a few months before, at the old Newburgh headquarters, by Washington and all the officers associated with him there, in their noble repudiation of the first suggestion of insubordination to the civil authorities of their country.

Sir, I agree cordially with my valued friend, Governor Fish, that neither the officers nor the soldiers of the Revolutionary army, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the humblest private, have ever received half credit enough for all that they did and suffered in that great contest. *Credit*, did I say? Let me recall that word, lest I should seem to have uttered it in mockery. They all received a great deal too much credit, a great deal too much of that cheap and almost worthless commodity. It was solid specie payment of which they stood in need. I only meant, sir, that they never have had glory enough for their services and sacrifices and sufferings. In the words of your motto, they literally "left all to serve their country." And when they had served it and preserved it by their heroic efforts, they voluntarily retired to the ranks of citizenship again, and waited patiently for the scanty pittance which Congress saw fit to dole out to them. I do not wonder that it was charged that there was something like a *nobility* in an association formed of such men, under such circumstances. It was, indeed, an evidence of true nobility, to exhibit such a spirit of self-denial,—a nobility like that to which the old Latin Poet referred when he said, "*Nobilitas sola est et unica virtus.*" The men of the Revolution combined at once both the Roman and the English *virtus*,—Virtue and Valor,—which together make up such a nobility as stars and garters can neither confer nor augment.

Let me only add, Mr. President, before resuming my seat, that two or three of the most interesting memorials of Washington and the Revolution are in the archives of our Massachusetts Historical Society, and that I shall take pleasure in showing them to such members of your society as will do me the honor to meet me, in our new Dowse Library Room, to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

Meantime, let me propose as a sentiment for the present occasion, and in playful allusion to the gallant Bostonian, who has already been recognized as the founder of your fraternity:—

THE BRETHREN OF THE CINCINNATI—Whatever may be their belief as to the efficacy of modern *rappings*, they will never deny that they owe their own existence, as an Association, to honest, sturdy, valiant KNOX.

WELCOMES TO VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

SPEECHES AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN ON
BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1857.

I.

I RISE, fellow-citizens, at the call of the President of the Day, with no view of detaining you with any poor words of my own, but only to prepare the way for others of our distinguished guests, whose voices you are all impatient to hear.

I cannot proceed, however, to the precise duty which has been assigned me, without renewing the expression of a regret, which I well know pervades this whole vast multitude.

Assembled as we are to do fresh honor to the first great martyr of our Revolutionary struggle, we are not unmindful of the living heroes of our land. And I cannot forget that my first privilege was to have been to present to you, as the pre-eminent witness of this occasion, that veteran hero of our later history, whose just renown is second to that of no living captain of the world, and of whom we cannot but gratefully remember at this hour, that we owe it to the protecting providence of God, and not to any prudent reserve of his own, that he was not long ago himself the subject of a monument or a statue, instead of being spared to command the armies of our country in peace, and to lead them on to victory in war. Absent from the holiday festival, he has never been absent from the post of duty, or from the field of his country's glory.

Worthily succeeding to a title, which has never before been worn under the laws of the United States since Washington bore it down with him to his grave, his presence would have lent a

distinction to this occasion which nothing else could entirely supply. Let us send him, from Bunker Hill,—and let us charge our gallant Chief Marshal, Col. Thomas Aspinwall, who bears the unmistakable badge of honorable service on the same field, with the communication of the message,—let us send him an assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in the domestic anxieties and sorrows which have kept him at home, and of our cordial wishes that his own health and strength may long be spared for the honor and defence of his native land.

And now, fellow-citizens, I turn from regrets for the absent to a brief word of welcome to the present.

We are accustomed to designate our own beloved Commonwealth as *Old Massachusetts*, and I am one of the last of her sons, perhaps, who would be willing to forget how far back we may really date, in the history of this Western hemisphere. But we do not fail to remember that there is a State in our Union, which dates farther back than either the landing at Boston, or at Salem, or even at Plymouth Rock, and to which we cheerfully concede the rightful distinction which belongs to an acknowledged priority of settlement.

We are accustomed, too, to speak of Massachusetts as having furnished men for her own service, and for the service of the whole country, of no inferior grade,—patriots and statesmen, orators and scholars, heroes and martyrs, of whom any people on earth might well be proud. There stands one of them, brought back this day to the scene of his glorious death, by the magic finger of native art! And others equally worthy will in due time be grouped around him.

But we would not forget that there is a State in our Union, which has given birth to *one*, with whom no American heart admits that there is any comparison;—a State of which it may be said,—as, indeed, it has been said,—that him, whom the whole country proudly, gratefully, affectionately calls its Father, she can claim as her Son;—the State which held the cradle, and which still holds the grave, of the peerless, transcendent WASHINGTON;—of that Washington, whose commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies,—by one of those striking and beautiful coincidences which seem like the very

footmarks of a special Providence along the whole course of our history,—was signed on the very day which we are now commemorating:—signed, not, indeed, within hearing or within sight of Bunker Hill, but signed, as an historical fact, with the roaring artillery of this raging conflict as its stern salute, with the blazing roofs of this devoted town as its awful illumination, and with the death of Warren creating at the instant the aching void in every New England breast, which nothing less than a Washington could fill.

The State to which I refer, and which was once entitled by the people of Boston assembled in Faneuil Hall, “our noble, patriotic sister-colony, Virginia,” is represented here to-day by one of her distinguished Senators in Congress,—a gentleman whom I have known personally in a sphere of common duty,—whose name is associated, in more than one generation, with eminent service in his native State and in the national councils, and whom I take pleasure in welcoming here, in your behalf, on this, his first visit to New England.

I present to you, fellow-citizens, the Honorable JAMES MURRAY MASON, a Senator of the United States from the Old Dominion.

II.

I come before you once more, fellow-citizens, and with renewed gratification, to announce the presence of an accomplished gentleman, whose name is associated with the most enviable services and successes, both in the republic of letters and in that of laws,—and who represents here to-day a sister State, whose history is illustrated not only by the virtues of its earlier Calverts, and its later Carroll and Chase and William Pinckney and William Wirt, but by the valor of its Smiths and Smallwoods, its Howards, its Tilghmans, and its Otho Williams:—a State which, through the inspired muse of one of its still more recent sons, has contributed “The Star-Spangled Banner” to our national lyrics, and which has furnished one of the most gallant and chivalrous defenders of that banner in its Stephen Decatur.

This honored State of Maryland, I rejoice to say, is represented on this occasion by a gentleman whose voice has often been

eloquently raised in our national councils,—whose pen has admirably portrayed, in a series of historical novels, some of the most stirring scenes in our Southern revolutionary campaigns,—and whose distinguished privilege it was, as Secretary of the Navy of the United States, to prepare not only the instructions under which the memorable expedition to Japan was led out by the gallant PERRY, but those instructions, also, under which that still more memorable expedition to the Arctic Seas was conducted, by the heroic and lamented KANE,—that youthful martyr in the cause of humanity and science, who is not unworthy to be remembered here to-day with yonder youthful martyr of patriotism and liberty.

I present to you, fellow-citizens, my valued friend, the Honorable JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY of Baltimore.

THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD.

A SPEECH AT THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY
AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 17, 1857.

BRETHREN,—In view of the intellectual treat that the merest glance around these tables is enough to assure any one is still in store for us, I think you will agree with me that time enough has been wasted on what an old philosopher—who, I venture to say, nevertheless, did not live on air himself—denominated “the idle and useless habit of eating and drinking;” and I proceed, therefore, without delay,—*auctoritate mihi commissâ*,—to prepare the way for that free course of sentiments and songs, of wit, and eloquence, and poesy, which is always the crowning dessert of every College feast. And I rejoice to know, by what I see on all sides of me, that whatever may be the short-comings of the Chair, there are those capable of catering in this line for the most refined and fastidious palates, and who can supply you, at your call, with the choicest fruits and flowers of every season and of every clime. My own part, as your unworthy President, will be a humble one. I am here only as a conductor; a mere *medium* so to speak, to put you in communication with some of the choicest social spirits, who are visibly and palpably present. If, in the performance of this service, my words should seem somewhat tame and sober, they will at least serve all the better as a foil to those who shall follow me.

We are here, friends and fellow-students of Harvard, from all professions and callings of life, from all parts of our own Commonwealth, and from many other parts of our beloved country, without distinction of political or of religious parties, in utter disregard of all divisions or differences, sectarian or sectional, in

church or in State, to testify our grateful respect and affection for this venerable University.

If we have dissensions or controversies with each other about men or about measures; about the past, the present, or the future; about things remote or things recent, things visible or invisible, things in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; to-day and here we declare a truce to them all, laying them all aside in the august and reverend presence of this ancient Mother of us all.

We come to remember only our agreements; to show that good scholarship is not incompatible with good fellowship; to prove that there is at least one altar at which we can forgive and forget all personal animosities and offences; and to illustrate for one brief day, or certainly for one short hour, "how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

We come in the spirit so well expressed by that distinguished author, Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his eloquent inaugural on succeeding Mr. Macaulay, a few months since, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, when he said: "I would fain link myself in lasting fellowship to every student amongst you,—and polities can but join us for the day; literature unites us through the ages."

We are here to exchange counsels and congratulations with the living, *dextre jungere dextram, ac veras audire et reddere voces*. We are here to pay a fresh tribute of regard and respect to the memory of the dead; of classmates and friends, teachers and benefactors, who have finished their course, and gone to their rest before us. And we are here to encourage and animate each other to do whatever remains to be done, for securing all, and more than all, the advantages we have ourselves enjoyed, to the generations who are advancing to fill the places which we shall soon have left.

And now, brethren, what can I take as the subject of our first sentiment, and of the few additional words with which I may venture to introduce it, but this ever loved and honored Alma Mater herself? *Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis laudibus?*

Our own Association, as you know, is but of yesterday. It is still in its teens. Instituted in 1840, with the illustrious John Quincy Adams as its first President, and holding its earliest

Anniversary Festival in 1842, with the hardly less illustrious Joseph Story as its first orator, its meetings and celebrations have hitherto been few and far between. My most distinguished and excellent friend, Edward Everett, who has delighted us all to-day by his surpassing eloquence, is but the fifth in succession of our anniversary orators. It was his own choice only that prevented him from being the first in order of time, as he always is the first—*facile princeps*—in order of merit.

But though our Association is young, our Alma Mater is old. Two hundred and twenty-one years have now elapsed since it was founded by the fathers of New England. And to what else may we more fitly and feelingly apply the well-remembered words of the poet:—

“Thou grow’st old— who does not? but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues like thine but increase with their years”?

Who can adequately estimate all that she has accomplished, during this protracted period, for American education, literature, and learning? Who can reflect without a thrill of gratitude, at once to man and to God, upon the long and brilliant procession of graduates which has been seen issuing forth from her gates, since those gates were first thrown open upon this then bleak and desolate common, under the marshalship of her Dunsters and Chaunceys and Leveretts, her Wadsworths and Willards and Kirklands,—not to name a single one of the living,—to occupy, improve, and adorn every sphere of professional and of public service?

We have somewhere been told that in the polity of that vast Oriental empire, which has so long been shut up to all the rest of the world, but of which the seals seem now at length to be in the way of being finally broken, “Honor does not *descend*, but *ascends*.” If a man is made a mandarin by the Emperor of China, for his wisdom, learning, or valor, his *parents* become forthwith entitled to all the respect and homage which are due to the mandarin himself,—on the just hypothesis that his success and promotion are mainly to be ascribed to the instruction, the education, the good precepts and good example, which his father and mother have afforded him.

Apply this principle to our venerated Alma Mater, and what shall be the measure of the honors which shall justly ascend and be accumulated upon her head! Why, my friends, if Harvard had done nothing for the country and for the world but educate the men of the present moment, so many of whom I see around me; if she had done nothing but send forth such historians as her Prescott and Bancroft and Motley, such jurists as her Shaw and her Curtis, such a scholar and orator as her Everett, such writers, thinkers, teachers, counsellors, pastors, statesmen, honorable merchants, useful citizens, as come thronging and crowding to my mind, and to my lips, and to my sight, in numbers that defy all attempt to name them: if she could show, as the result of her training, only such a complete and rounded life as that of our elder QUINCY,—I might have said our elder Cato,—exercised in almost every variety of public service, State, national, and municipal, legal, literary, and academic,—exercised and tried in all, and nowhere found wanting, everywhere found efficient and excellent;—if these, I repeat, were all the jewels to which Harvard could point this day, she might well be content with the coronet which adorns her brow.

But as we run our eyes back over the long catalogue of her great and good in other times as well as in this,—as we follow down the significant abbreviations and capitals, and the still more significant *italics*, which diversify and illuminate the record of her two hundred and fifteen classes in the new Triennial,—as we reflect on the host of laborers who have here been trained up and sent forth into every field and vineyard of Church and of State, of Theology and Medicine and Law and Literature and Science and Philosophy and Commerce and Legislation and Philanthropy and Patriotism,—as we run our eyes back over that long and brilliant bead-roll of her Saints and Prophets, her Apostles and Martyrs,—all common forms and phrases of acknowledgement and exultation become poor and cold, and nothing seems to satisfy the emotions of our souls but some of those triumphant salutations of the old Roman poet,—“*Salve, magna Paren!*”—“*Felix prole virum;*” “*Leta Deum partu.*”

And now, brethren, in gratefully and proudly remembering what the College has done for the community, and what it has

done for each one of ourselves, it becomes us to reflect and to inquire seriously, What have we done for the College? How have the Alumni ever signalized their sense of her noble career, and their gratitude for her fostering care? I do not forget how much has been done by some of them in the way both of personal service and of pecuniary contribution. I do not forget the laurels which so many of them have brought to lay upon her altar, and to decorate her shrines. And doubtless no greater honor can be rendered her than by the worthy and honorable lives and labors of her sons.

But where as yet is the monument of a single united effort of all her children to relieve her wants, to supply her deficiencies, and to build her up to greater and greater heights of prosperity and usefulness?

Tell me not that she has no wants, immediate and pressing. On both sides of our Academic grounds, as we have passed along this morning, might be seen the most impressive memorials, not only of what has been nobly done, but of what remains to be nobly done. Here, on one side, is a spacious Library Building erected by the munificence of a distinguished Alumnus, whose image, I rejoice to say, will not be much longer wanted to its alcoves.—CHRISTOPHER GORE.

But our assiduous and faithful librarian will tell you of the lamentable deficiencies of that library in almost every department of ancient and modern literature and learning. Not a copy of the Statutes of the United States, nor a tolerably good modern Atlas! Not a copy of the lives of Channing or Story, or of the works of Jonathan Edwards or Daniel Webster? This was a part of the mortifying record six months ago. And though by the bequests of the learned and lamented Gray, and of the amiable and accomplished Wales, and by the generosity of some of its living friends, large and valuable accessions have since been received,—yet nothing but the systematic efforts of the whole body of the Alumni can furnish an adequate remedy for that beggarly account of empty shelves which has too long been witnessed in what ought to be our American Bodleian.

There, on the other side,—just rising to add fresh lustre to the name of one of our most liberal and large-hearted benefactors,

— Samuel Appleton,— is a noble chapel, where the voices of prayer and praise, we trust, will be heard by our children and our children's children through a hundred generations, and which we all might well desire should be consecrated exclusively to the sacred uses for which it was designed;—into which no sounds of mirth and levity, no cheers and crowdings and scrapings and stampings and jests and flirtations, should ever be suffered to enter;—but which should stand as a Sanctuary of Faith, a Temple of Devotion, a memorial of things unseen and eternal, symbolizing to the eye of youth and of age the legend of our College seal — *Christo et Ecclesiae*— for ever. But how is this to be accomplished, unless from some source or other shall be speedily forthcoming the means for building up an ample and commodious hall for the secular services and festivals of the University?

I cannot help hoping, brethren, that this idea—not originating with myself alone—may, before all others, commend itself to acceptance and adoption somewhere. I envy the individual name which shall be inscribed on such a building, erected with such a view. But I have sometimes ventured to cherish the hope that the Alumni, as an Association, might be willing and able to undertake the work, and that even before another Triennial Festival shall come round, a stately and commodious hall, like the Senate House at Old Cambridge, or the Theatre at Oxford, might be seen standing on some appropriate spot of the college grounds, bearing on its front—“*The Alumni of Harvard to their Alma Mater*”—where the exhibitions and Class days and Commencements of the University might find worthy accomodations; where the living Alumni might hold their Anniversary Festivals, and their annual or occasional meetings; and where, perhaps, the memorials of the distinguished dead, now crowded upon these narrow walls, might find a fit gallery for their display.*

I need not tell you, brethren, that Alumni Associations and

* A day or two after this first public suggestion of “a Hall of the Alumni,” I received a note from the late Charles Sanders, Esq., offering five thousand dollars towards the object. By his Will, he has given ten times that amount; and the generous contributions of the Alumni and the public, with a view to doing honor to the memory of the noble sons of Harvard who fell in the cause of the Union, have left no doubt that the Building will soon be erected.

Harvard Clubs are worth but little, if their only aim and their only accomplishment is painfully to keep themselves alive. We need the cementing and the quickening influence of common effort and of common achievement for the welfare of this common object of our gratitude and love, in order to bind us together and impel us onward, until the Alumni of Harvard shall become a power in the college, if not a power in the community.

Pardon me, my friends, for any thing so practical at a dinner table. Pardon me for thus venturing to sow a little seed by the wayside, which, after all, may never be destined to bear fruit. And unite with me, without further delay, in the sentiment with which I hasten to conclude: —

OUR ALMA MATER — May she be ever more and more the honored instrument in dispensing a sound, classical Scholarship and a true Christian education, and may she want no good thing which it is in the power of grateful children to bestow upon her! “ Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces ! For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee ! ”

CENTRAL CHARITY BUREAU.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESSED TO THE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON, OCTOBER 8, 1857.*

TO THE HONORABLE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON,—The undersigned, Officers of the BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION, by order and in behalf of the managers of that Association, respectfully invite the early and favorable attention of the City Government to the following suggestions, and to the petition growing out of them:—

The Boston Provident Association has now been in active and successful operation during six successive years. Organized for the twofold purpose of visiting and relieving the deserving poor, and of detecting and exposing the vagabond impostors who throng the streets of every large city, this Association has supplied a deficiency in our system of public charity, which had long been perceived and deplored. Its operations may be estimated by the following figures, which are as nearly exact as the nature of such returns may allow:—

Whole No. of visits made.	Families aided.	Applications examined at Central Office.	Amount expended.
1853-4 7,581	2,183	1,438	\$7,791.48
1854-5 9,927	2,820	1,876	9,837.60
1855-6 9,070	2,807	2,001	9,330.37

The returns for the year just closing are not yet wholly made up; but the operations and expenditures of the Association have been materially larger than during any previous year of its existence.

* As this paper contains the original proposal and plan of an Institution which is at length about to be erected under the sanction of the City Government, it has been thought not unworthy of a place in this volume.

If to the results exhibited by these figures be added the great number of cases in which undeserving and unprincipled beggars and idlers have been ferreted out, and prevented from preying on the sympathies of those whom they had deceived, an aggregate of service to the community will have been indicated, which can hardly fail to commend the Association, by which it has been rendered, to the most favorable consideration of the City Authorities.

In the performance of this service, the officers and managers of the Association have been constantly impressed with the importance of a greater concentration of the charities of the city, and of more consolidation and union among the institutions by which those charities are administered. There are, as is well known, a large number of independent sources to which the poor of Boston may now look for relief. There are the Overseers of the Poor, administering an amount from the City Treasury hardly less than fifty thousand dollars per annum. There is the Howard Benevolent Society, nobly illustrating, according to its means, the spirit of the great philanthropist by whose name it has long been called. There is the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, diligently and most successfully devoted to securing the opportunities of useful and profitable labor to all who are able and willing to work. There is the Young Men's Benevolent Society, worthily carrying out a mission most fitly undertaken by those just entering on the responsibilities of manhood. Other institutions might also be named, of a less general character, which do an important part in the care of the poor, and which unite with that represented by the undersigned in making up the great organized machinery of benevolence and beneficence in our community. The undersigned desire to do full justice to the course of their sister associations, and to claim nothing for themselves which they are not willing to concede to others.

But the experience of the last few years has convinced them, that so many separate and independent organizations cannot conduct the extensive and responsible work which they have undertaken, with the desired economy or success, without larger opportunities and conveniences for mutual understanding and co-operation than have heretofore existed. Could the greater

number of these associations, if not all of them, be merged in a common organization, embracing the system and principles of each, and especially not omitting those particular features of systematic visitation and investigation which the Boston Provident Association first introduced into the general charities of our city, the undersigned are confident that better care would be taken of the deserving poor, a more certain and complete detection await the undeserving and profligate beggar, and a far greater satisfaction be afforded to the generous contributors of the funds by which the work is accomplished. A consummation and consolidation of this sort, it is earnestly hoped by the undersigned, may at no very distant day, in whole or in part, be accomplished.

In the mean time, however, a plan has presented itself to your petitioners, which will secure immediately many of the advantages of a complete consolidation of our charitable societies, and will, in their judgment, greatly conduce to the economical and successful administration of the labor of love which these societies have undertaken to perform.

This plan is, simply, the bringing together into close contiguity, and, if possible, beneath a common roof, in convenient apartments and in some central part of the city, of the offices of all the principal authorities and associations which are recognized as prominently connected with our system of general charity.

The results of such a collocation would, in the opinion of the undersigned, be in the highest degree beneficial to the honest and deserving poor; while it would afford great facilities to all who are in any way interested in their relief.

In the first place, there would be a common and known locality to which all applicants for charity would find their way, or be directed; where they would come within the reach and observation of all the various managers of the different institutions of benevolence; and where they could readily be pointed to the office of the particular association within whose province their case might fall. This common place of resort of the poor for relief might, under the direction of proper officers of police, be kept open in the night, as well as in the daytime; and thus the frequent and painful embarrassment which is experienced from

applications for relief at the doors of private houses, after all the offices of benevolent institutions are closed, would be obviated, and one of the most successful and systematic modes of imposition be effectually broken up.

Such a common and central headquarters for the administration of our city charities would, in the next place, afford opportunity for the most complete mutual understanding and co-operation of the different institutions for the relief of the poor. The managers of each would be enabled to obtain, easily and without delay, all the information, in regard to every individual applicant, which might be in possession of any of the others; and a great security would thus be created against the too common abuse of parties obtaining aid simultaneously or successively from several sources, and against the still more common abuse of undeserving persons obtaining aid at all. The books of each association, containing whatever had been ascertained, favorable or unfavorable, as to the character and condition and habits of the various applicants for relief, would be open and accessible to all; and, if the books of this association be a fair criterion, an immense amount of unmerited and injurious bounty would thus be intercepted. Few things would conduce more towards the great object of saving for the really destitute and deserving the sums now too often squandered upon imposture and vice, than such a common system of *registration* as would result from the plan thus proposed.

In the third place, a much more exact and systematic division of duty and of labor might in this way be instituted: separate associations confining themselves to distinct and separate departments of charity, without the fear of leaving any meritorious poor person unprovided, and being able to refer immediately any one not within their own sphere of service to the sister association to which the case might appropriately belong.

The undersigned confine themselves to these simple views of the expediency of the arrangement which they propose, assured that its more general advantages will be obvious to all who shall consider it. They have ventured to anticipate a day, when, under the patronage of the City Government, a building may be erected in some central part of the city, which shall be specially

and exclusively assigned to the organization and administration of the charities of our community, and which the poor shall all recognize as the appointed place for their relief. Here the Overseers of the Poor, elected by the people, would naturally have the principal office. Around them would be gathered such other public Boards as may from time to time be intrusted with the charitable institutions of our city. The Boston Dispensary would find a fit place here, and the managers of such poor-houses, asylums, and hospitals as come within the circle of our municipal charities. Around them, in apartments assigned for the purpose, the Howard Benevolent Society, the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, the Young Men's Benevolent Society, and the Boston Provident Association, might have their offices, with any other associations which now or hereafter may commend themselves to the public authorities as worthy of being included in such an establishment. A common arrangement of furnaces and gas would supply heat and light for them all, in a much more economical way than while they are all scattered in different localities; and something of common superintendence and management would soon be introduced. Time, money, agency, every thing, would thus be economized, and a larger proportion of the contributions of the wealthy be left for the relief of the needy. Such a collocation and centralization of the various institutions of benevolence could hardly fail to lead ultimately to such an entire consolidation of our charitable system as, the undersigned are convinced, would be eminently desirable to all concerned, whether as givers, receivers, or managers. But, even if the separate organizations should still be permanently maintained, many of the disadvantages which are now experienced would be remedied, and the most economical, just, and prudent discharge of the great work of benevolence would be materially promoted.

The undersigned have been led to believe that such an arrangement may reasonably be claimed of our Municipal Government by the charitable institutions of this community; and that it would well become our city, in its corporate capacity, to provide convenient and permanent apartments for the associations which take upon themselves the care of the poor. The City Govern-

ment have, for a long time past, if not always, provided suitable quarters for the Fire Companies of Boston, even while the system was a volunteer one, and while the losses resulting from fire are sure to fall either on individual owners or upon associated insurance companies. The City Government have also provided convenient and spacious rooms for the armories of our Volunteer Militia, and would hardly fail to continue to do so, even if no part of the expense were refunded from the treasury of the Commonwealth, rightly and wisely recognizing them as constituting an essential part of the police of our city. But the care of the poor, apart from its higher relations to Christian duty, is hardly less a matter of police, in a great city like ours, than the civil or military organizations which more directly and obviously pertain to the preservation of property or of the public peace. It is, and ought to be, a municipal obligation to supervise the relief of the worthy poor, and the detection of the unworthy beggar, in some way or other; and hardly any mode of discharging this obligation would be more effective than the organization of such an establishment as has now been suggested.

The undersigned do not hesitate to acknowledge, in behalf of the association which they represent, that one of the views which have led them at this time to urge upon the City Government the adoption of the plan they have now proposed, is to save their own funds from the annual expense of providing suitable quarters for the administration of the work in which they are engaged, and to secure a convenient office for that purpose in some public building. They have, thus far, observed the greatest practical economy in this respect. But they find their present accommodations inadequate; and they are reluctant to expend more of the money, collected for the benefit of the poor, in hiring larger and more convenient apartments, more especially in view of the serious increase of their responsibilities, and the no less serious diminution of their resources, which can hardly fail to result, during the approaching winter, from the present financial revulsion. They are unwilling to conclude, therefore, without a distinct petition to the City Authorities, that a suitable office may be assigned them, in some central locality, at the public charge.

They find themselves, at the opening of their seventh year, with a deficit of nearly a thousand dollars, the severity of the last winter having made a more than ordinary demand upon their treasury; and, while they are about to make a fresh appeal to the liberal patrons of the institution for the means of conducting it through another winter, they desire to obtain from the city the relief of a free office. Not less than a hundred and seventy persons, under the direction of this association, have voluntarily given their time to visiting the poor, and to the collection and distribution of the funds which have been expended, during the past year. They propose, with God's blessing, to persevere in the work as long as they shall be sustained by the community; and they feel that the sanction and patronage of the Municipal Authorities would be worthily bestowed upon an institution so wide and general in its operations.

But, while they urge this petition in their own behalf, they would gladly have their sister associations included in the same measure of bounty and relief; and would renew the expression of an earnest hope, that an edifice, dedicated and consecrated to the care of the destitute, and large enough to accommodate all who are engaged in so excellent a work, may at no distant day, by hire, purchase, or erection, or by the appropriation of some building already in the possession of the city, be added to the proud list of the public buildings of Boston. It need not be a costly or elegant edifice. Its object and occupation would give it a beauty far above any architectural embellishment; while its cost, whatever it might be, would be more than repaid in the economy which it would be the means of ultimately introducing into the administration of our whole charitable system.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.	F. E. PARKER.
R. M. MASON.	JOHN D. W. JOY.
A. A. MINER.	JOHN B. ALLEY.
JACOB SLEEPER.	M. C. GREENE.
JAMES M. BEEBE.	S. E. GUILD.
S. K. LOTHROP.	JOHN P. REYNOLDS.

BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE MUSIC HALL IN BOSTON, DECEMBER 22, 1857.

It was no part of my original purpose, ladies and gentlemen, to detain you from the rich entertainment which awaits you this evening, by any remarks of my own. I am fully sensible that there is but one voice which can satisfy the expectations which have thronged this hall. But my distinguished friend—who has so kindly consented to lend to the aid of the Poor, at this hour of their utmost need, the attraction of that matchless eloquence which has never been wanting to any good cause—has intimated a desire that a few preliminary words should not be omitted, explanatory of the general character and objects of the Association in whose behalf he is about to address you. And you will all agree with me, I am sure, that no one is so well entitled as himself to prescribe the exact course of proceeding to be pursued by us all, on an occasion which will have owed all its brilliancy and all its success to his own powerful intervention. In accordance with that intimation, therefore, I willingly encounter the risk, I should rather say the certainty, of a contrast from which any one might well be pardoned for shrinking, while I endeavor to state, in the briefest and simplest manner, a few of the distinctive features of the Association over which I have the privilege to preside.

And, in the first place, let me say that it is an Association whose organization and objects contemplate nothing more limited or local than the whole city of Boston; that its comprehensive scheme of charity recognizes no discrimination of age, sex, color, creed, or national origin,—embracing all the poor, young and old, male and female, native and foreign, Protestant and

Catholic, who may be found within the sphere of our municipal jurisdiction, and merging every distinction of sect, party, or nationality in the single design of relieving want and suffering, wherever they are brought to light.

In the second place, it is an Association which aims at a thorough investigation and scrutiny of every individual application for aid; and which seeks, systematically, to arrest the contributions which are so often yielded to clamorous importunity, or wasted on profligate imposture, and to divert them to the succor of the really destitute and deserving.

In the third place, it is an Association which looks especially to the prevention and suppression of professional street begging, with all its pernicious and corrupting influences upon the young, who are so often employed on its errands of deception; and which proposes a mode in which the benevolent and charitable may employ their alms to the fullest extent which their impulses or their sense of obligation may dictate, without incurring the danger of encouraging, increasing, and prolonging the very wretchedness which it is their object to alleviate.

With these views, my friends, the whole city is divided into twelve districts, corresponding, I believe, precisely with the twelve Wards; and these districts are subdivided into nearly two hundred separate sections. For each of these sections a Visitor of the Poor is appointed; and in our little Directory—which is familiar to not a few of you already, and which will grow more and more so to you all, I trust, with every succeeding year—there are the names and residences of no less than one hundred and seventy-four persons, of all professions, and both sexes, who are voluntarily and gratuitously enlisted in the visiting service of the Association. Many of them are around and behind me at this moment. They are not here to be the subject of recognition or compliment. Their own delightful consciousness of performing their part in the great mission of Christian charity is better than any acknowledgement that we can offer them. But I cannot omit the opportunity of thanking them, in the name of the Managers and in my own name, and, may I not add, in the name of every friend of the poor, assembled here this evening, for all that they have done and are doing in so

noble a cause. It is not too much to say, that upon their fidelity and vigilance, upon their prudent discrimination and generous self-devotion, the entire success of the Association depends.

The simple design of the whole organization, of which an outline has thus been given, is, that every one who is called upon, at his door or in his counting-room or by the wayside, to relieve a poor person—instead of giving his dollar or his dime directly to the applicant, in utter ignorance of his true condition and character, or instead of turning his face wholly away from a case of what may prove to be real distress—should give him a ticket to the visitor of the little district in which he resides, and send his money to a common treasury, upon which that visitor may draw at discretion.

Once in every month, at least, these visitors make a detailed report to the Board of Managers at the Central Office, stating the number of visits they have made, and the amount they have expended, together with any cases of aggravated distress or of hardened imposture which they may have discovered; and a general registration is thus kept up, which may at all times be consulted by those who desire to ascertain either the merits and wants of individuals, or the operation and efficiency of the institution. And at this Central Office, too, our General Agent and his assistant may daily be found, diligently inquiring into all cases which are presented to them, and dispensing the little stores which are placed at their disposal, — a pair of shoes, it may be, or a coarse shawl, a cast-off garment, a comforter, or one of those nice blankets which were recently sent in by one of our gallant volunteer companies,— for the relief of some real case of suffering.

The system which I have thus explained is not original, my friends, with us in Boston. It is the same which was recommended substantially in a well-remembered discourse of the celebrated Robert Hall, at Old Cambridge, in England, more than half a century ago. It is the same which was practically introduced into the city of Glasgow by the eloquent and excellent Chalmers, many years before his death. It is the same which has been in successful operation for more than ten years in the city of New York, and in the neighboring city of Brooklyn.

There are others, perhaps, better acquainted than myself with the practical workings of the system, during the earlier part of the six years which have elapsed since it was established in our own community. Among them I may name my valued friend, the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, who presided over the Association during the two first years of its existence, and who, I am happy to say, is now again officially connected with its management. Among them I may name the reverend pastor of the Old South Church (Dr. Blagden), who succeeded Mr. Eliot in the chair, and whom we are happy to welcome this evening on his safe arrival from Europe. Among them I cannot fail to name Professor Huntington of Harvard University, who held early and prominent relation to our organization, as he had previously done to a similar organization in the southern wards of the city. Among them, I may name, too, Dr. William R. Lawrence, second to no one for the zeal and efficiency with which he served the Association as its General Agent, at the outset of its operations, and still one of its active visitors; — and Mr. Francis R. Woodward, who, though more immediately connected at this moment with an excellent kindred association, over which my worthy friend Deacon Grant so fitly and faithfully presides, was one of our earliest and most active originators and officers.

Nor should I be pardoned for forgetting on this occasion that there is at least one among the recent and lamented dead, — the Rev. Dr. Peabody of King's Chapel, — who gave to the original establishment of this Association, and to its subsequent management, the best thoughts and efforts of his years of health, and who did not cease to commend it — as I can myself bear witness — to the especial regard and support of his friends in his declining hours.

Such names as these, my friends, are vouchers to the excellence of our system, which, I am aware, need no indorsement. But for myself, too, I can honestly say, that after no nominal or sinecure service, for several years past, as its presiding officer, I can bring to it the unqualified testimony at once of my judgment and of my heart. I will not presume to assert that the operation of a machinery so extensive is absolutely perfect. A larger experience and a larger fund is unquestionably necessary

for its full success. It requires greater conveniences, too, for consultation and co-operation with other Associations who are engaged in the same good cause. But I am persuaded, that we have not only got hold of the right clue to the difficult problem of relieving the Poor in a great metropolis like this, but that if anybody will look in at our Central Office, where I learn that an average of not less than fifty cases has been attended to daily, for some weeks past, he will be satisfied that a great work is in the course of being done, and of being well done, towards the solution of that perplexing and sometimes appalling problem.

But I have said enough, and more than enough, my friends, to fulfil the suggestion of the accomplished and consummate Orator, whose voice you are all impatient to hear, and I hasten to relieve you, not by introducing,—for he needs no introduction to any audience in this city, or in this Commonwealth, or anywhere on this wide-spread continent,—but, by simply announcing to you, the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT.

THE

DEDICATION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY,
BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1858.

It may, perhaps, have been anticipated, fellow-citizens, that in pronouncing the first formal word on an occasion like the present, — as it is my official privilege to do, — that in uttering the first articulate sentences which will have broken the silence of these secluded aleoves, and waked an echo along these vaulted ceilings, I should at once avail myself of the opportunity to give expression to some of those lofty and swelling sentiments which can hardly fail to be excited in every thoughtful and generous breast, by the most cursory consideration of the objects for which this building has been erected.

And, certainly, the opportunity is a most tempting one. Certainly, the scene before us is of a character to kindle emotions of more than common depth, and to inspire a strain of more than ordinary exultation.

Nor can I refrain from yielding to the impulses of the hour, so far at least as to bid you all welcome to this hall of good hope.

Welcome, fathers and mothers of our city: welcome, young ladies and children of the schools: welcome, lovers and patrons of literature and learning, of science and the arts: welcome, friends to good manners and good morals, and to those innocent recreations and ennobling pursuits by which alone vulgarity and vice can be supplanted: welcome, pastors and teachers of our churches and colleges: welcome, rulers and magistrates of our City, of our Commonwealth, and of our whole country: welcome,

citizens and residents of Boston, one and all, to an edifice which is destined, we trust, to furnish a resort, in many an hour of leisure and in many an hour of study, not for yourselves alone, but for those who shall come after you through countless generations: and where shall constantly be spread, and constantly be served, without money and without price, an entertainment ever fresh, ever abundant, and ever worthy of intelligent and enlightened freemen.

But I may not forget, fellow-citizens, that the peculiar duty, devolving upon me at this moment, is rather that of submitting something in the nature of an official report than of attempting an occasional or holiday address.

I am sensible, too, that there are others on this platform, from whose lips the felicitations and exultations of the hour will fall more gracefully and more impressively than from my own, and to whom, indeed, when the building shall once have been surrendered to the City, they will more appropriately belong.

I pray your indulgence, therefore, while I proceed, without further preamble, to a statement which is due to others as well as to myself,—which is demanded by my relations both to the City, and to my associates, and to all who have been employed on the work which we are here to inaugurate. And if, in the progress of that statement, or at its close, I should be found again indulging in a digression or an episode, not quite within the accustomed limits of a business communication, you will all pardon it, I am sure, to the emotions, which no citizen of Boston, or certainly no native son of Boston, under such circumstances and with such surroundings, would find it easy, or even possible, altogether to repress.

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the City Council:—

On the twenty-seventh day of November, 1854, the Chief Magistrate of our city, for the time being, gave his official sanction and signature to a municipal ordinance,—“For the establishment of a Board of Commissioners on the erection of a building for the Public Library of the City of Boston.”

On the 20th of December following, that Board was organized, and entered at once on the discharge of its duties.

On the 26th of January, 1855, a public notice was issued to the

architects of Boston, inviting them to furnish designs and estimates for the building, agreeably to the requirements which had been carefully considered and agreed upon by the Commissioners.

On the 27th of April thereafter,— no less than four and twenty designs having in the mean time been received and examined,— that of Mr. CHARLES K. KIRBY was selected, as entitled to the preference, and as the basis of all further proceedings, by the votes of a majority of the Board.

On the 15th of May,— Mr. Kirby's design having undergone such modifications as the Commissioners deemed desirable,— sealed proposals were invited, by a public advertisement, for the brick, stone, and iron work, and for all the other materials and labor, necessary to complete the exterior of the proposed edifice.

On the fourteenth day of June, the Commissioners entered into a contract for constructing the entire framework of the building, with Mr. NATHAN DRAKE, an experienced mechanic of Boston, whose proposals were adjudged to be, upon the whole, the most favorable for the City.

On the seventeenth day of September, 1855,— it being the 225th anniversary of the Birthday of Boston,— the corner-stone of the structure was laid, with simple but solemn and appropriate ceremonies, in presence of the Municipal Authorities and of a great multitude of the people, by His Honor, JEROME V. C. SMITH, then Mayor of the city.

On the 28th of April, 1856, sealed proposals were invited by another public notice, for furnishing the materials, and performing the work, required for the interior construction and finish of the building,— agreeably to plans and specifications which had been carefully prepared by the architect and approved by the Board.

On the succeeding twenty-third day of July, contracts were signed by the Commissioners with Messrs. MORRISON & SHAW, carpenters; with Messrs. DENIO & ROBERTS, blacksmiths; with Messrs. WENTWORTH & Co., marble workers; with Messrs. PHILIP & THOMAS KELLEY, plaster and stucco workers; with Mr. LUCIUS NEWELL, painter and glazier; with Mr. ANDREW J. GAYETT, brass founder; and with Messrs. STRATER & BUCKLEY, plumbers,— for furnishing the materials and performing the work, pertaining to their respective departments of mechanic art.

On the 20th of May, 1857, another contract was entered into with Messrs. MORRISON & SHAW, for preparing and setting up, agreeably to the admirable system of Dr. Shurtleff, all the shelving, which it was thought best to have arranged and set up at present, in both stories of the building. On the same day, a contract was made with Mr. WILLIAM SCHUTZ, for painting and decorating the walls and ceilings of the vestibule and principal apartments on the lower story: and on the 19th of June following, a similar contract was signed with the same artist for tinting and ornamenting this large Library Hall.

Several small contracts for incidental work, not important to be mentioned on this occasion, have been subsequently entered into by the Board.

And now, at length, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1858,—in the year of our city (*anno urbis conditae*) 228,—in the year of the independence of our beloved country, 82,—your Commissioners have the happiness to announce, that these contracts have all been substantially fulfilled, and that the work committed to them has been accomplished; and they are here to exhibit the finished edifice to the authorities of the city, to deliver up the keys to His Honor the Mayor, and to ask for themselves, that, so soon as a few little matters of fixture or of furniture shall have been arranged, and so soon as their accounts shall have been duly audited and settled, they may receive an honorable discharge from the service in which they have so long been engaged.

It was at one time contemplated by the City Council,—as you are well aware, sir,—that this surrender of the building should be attended with a more stately ceremonial and a more sumptuous display than is witnessed here to-day: and it was confidently hoped by the Commissioners that every thing would be in readiness for that purpose on the seventeenth day of September last,—so that the same memorable municipal anniversary which had been so auspiciously associated with the commencement of the structure might witness also its final completion and dedication.

But unavoidable delays—unavoidable, certainly, so far as the Commissioners were concerned, and arising, in great part, from

the interruption occasioned by the unusual length and severity of the last winter — have postponed this consummation until the present moment ; and now, I need hardly say that any thing of elaborate out-door pageant and parade would have been alike uncongenial with the season of the year and with the circumstances of the times.

But the Commissioners were of opinion that nothing less could be done on their part, before resigning their trust, than to invite the authorities of the City, with such guests as they might think fit to bring with them, to visit and view the building ; to examine and thoroughly inspect the work which has at last been finished ; and to assume and exercise the responsibility, — which rightfully belongs to them, and to them alone, — of transferring it to the custody of the Trustees of the Library, and of solemnly dedicating it to the noble uses for which it was designed.

And most happily, fellow-citizens, — most happily for us all, — this New-Year's holiday has presented itself at the precise moment when our preparations were completed, as at once the most convenient and the most appropriate day for such a purpose ; enabling us to associate all the joyous emotions, all the friendly greetings, all the cordial congratulations, and all the grateful thanksgivings, too, which belong to the opening of another of these larger periods of our lives, — to associate and identify them all with an occasion, from which is destined to be dated, as we trust, the opening of a new era in the opportunities and advantages of the people of Boston, for carrying on the great work of self-education, of mutual improvement, and of moral, intellectual, and spiritual culture.

I am persuaded, Mr. Mayor, that you could have desired no more delightful conclusion to the honorable and faithful service which you have rendered to the City as its Chief Magistrate, for two years past, than to be the medium of presenting to your fellow-citizens such a New Year's gift as I am here to deliver over to you for that purpose.

I need hardly remind you, sir, that this substantial and spacious building owes its existence exclusively to the enlightened liberality of that municipal government over which, for a few days longer, at least, it is your privilege to preside. And I avail my-

self of the earliest opportunity to acknowledge most gratefully, in behalf of the Board of Commissioners as now composed, and of all who have been associated with us during its existence, the unhesitating promptness and unanimity with which every appropriation which has been asked, or even intimated as desirable, has been granted by successive city councils.

On one account, certainly, we might all have wished that those appropriations could have been fewer in number, and for a smaller aggregate amount. I will not deny that the satisfaction of this occasion would have been in some degree enhanced if the architect could have succeeded, as the Commissioners had so earnestly hoped, in furnishing an honorable exception to the too common experience in the erection of public buildings, both here and elsewhere, by conforming the expenditures more nearly to the original estimates. An explanatory statement upon this point, however, has been prepared by the architect himself, which we trust and believe will prove satisfactory to all who shall examine it, and which is to find a permanent place on the records of the Commission. And if it shall appear that the main element of increased expenditure has resulted from the desire to furnish additional strength to the building, and additional securities against fire, no one will be in haste to regret that any part of it has been incurred.

Meantime, it is a most agreeable and welcome reflection for the Commissioners themselves, in this connection,—and one, perhaps, which they might not have been altogether pardoned for publicly indulging under any other circumstances,—that no particle of self-interest can anywhere be traced, or can anywhere be imputed, either in regard to the postponement of the period for the completion of the building, or in regard to the increase of the cost of its construction. As to the architect, certainly, it is but just to say, not only that his remuneration has been extremely moderate in itself, but that it has been in no degree contingent either on the length of time occupied, or on the amount of money expended on the work committed to him; while, as to the Commissioners, they will be found, one and all, to have adhered rigidly to the self-denying ordinance, adopted by themselves at the outset of their proceedings, “that no pecuniary compensation

or allowance in any form should be received by any member of the Board, for any service which he may render as such."

But there is another reflection, Mr. Mayor, which more than reconciles me to any amount of expenditure which may have been honestly incurred in the execution of our trust. The building which we are here to dedicate, is eminently and peculiarly a building for the people,—not only constructed at the cost, but designed and arranged for the use, accommodation, and enjoyment, of the whole people of Boston. Almost all the other public edifices which may be found within the limits of our City, though they may be devoted to purposes in which the many are more or less deeply and directly interested, are yet specially and necessarily assigned to the occupation and enjoyment of a few. Our convenient and comfortable City Hall is for those who, like yourselves, gentlemen, may be intrusted, from time to time, with the management of our municipal affairs. Our massive Court House is for the still smaller number who are set apart for the administration of civil or of criminal justice. Our excellent schoolhouses are for the exclusive occupation of our children. But the edifice within whose walls we are assembled is emphatically for the use and the enjoyment of all the inhabitants of Boston. Even the old Cradle of Liberty itself is far less frequently and uniformly devoted to the uses of the whole people than this new Cradle of Literature and Learning will be. A political canvass or a patriotic celebration or an anniversary festival may fill that hall ten times, or it may be twenty or thirty times, in a year; but even then, the free discussion which justly belongs to all such occasions involves an element of division and strife, of party, of sect, or of section. But this hall will always be open and always be occupied; and the free reading which is to find a place in it involves neither contention nor controversy. Those who entertain the most discordant opinions may here sit, shoulder to shoulder, enjoying their favorite authors as quietly and as harmoniously as those authors themselves will repose, side by side, when restored to a common shelf.

One of the very conditions prescribed by our principal benefactor,—that large-hearted and open-handed native of Massa-

chusetts (JOSHUA BATES), whose bust is at this moment looking down upon us with that kind and genial expression so characteristic of its honored original,—one of the primary conditions of his magnificent endowment was that this library should be “free to all, with no other restrictions than are necessary for the preservation of the books.” Here, then, Mr. Mayor, there is to be no invidious discrimination of station or condition, of occupation or profession, of age or of sex. No passport of personal pretension or popular election will be required for entering these doors. It is to be a library for the whole people, and the building which contains it is thus, above all others, the people’s building.

And which one of us, in this view, fellow-citizens, could find it in his heart to cavil at the cost, or to complain that more of economy and parsimony had not been observed in its construction? Which one of us is disposed to maintain that the people of Boston, in this day and generation, ought to have been content with a cheaper and more ordinary edifice for a purpose common to them all, and pre-eminently dear to all their hearts? Which one of us is ready to assume the ground, that the building is too good for its objects, or too good for its rightful occupants and owners? I rather begin to fear that it may not be considered good enough.

When a celebrated ruler and orator of Greece was arraigned for the costliness of some one of the many magnificent structures which are associated with his administration, and whose very ruins are now the admiration of the world, he is said to have replied, that he would willingly bear all the odium and all the onus of the outlay, if the edifice in question might henceforth bear his own name, instead of being inscribed with that of the people of Athens. But the people of ancient Athens indignantly rejected the idea, and refused to relinquish, even to the illustrious and princely Pericles, the glory of such a work.

Nor will the people of Boston, I am persuaded, be less unwilling to disown or abandon the credit which is legitimately theirs, for the noble hall in which we are assembled;—and while the munificence of benefactors, abroad and at home, and the dili-

gence and devotion of trustees or of commissioners may be remembered with gratitude by us all, the City herself,—“our illustrious parent,” as she was well entitled by our venerable benefactor, Mr. JONATHAN PHILLIPS,—will never fail to claim the distinction as exclusively her own,—that, with no niggardly or reluctant hand, but promptly, liberally, and even profusely, if you will, she supplied the entire means for its erection.

For myself, certainly, Mr. Mayor, I have no excuses or apologies to offer here to-day; nor shall I ever be found shrinking from my just share of the responsibility for the expense which has been incurred here. Conscious of having omitted no effort in our power to secure all reasonable economy, if censure should ever fall upon the Commissioners from any quarter,—which I have not the slightest reason to apprehend,—we shall arm ourselves, I imagine, with the panoply of that philosophy which fell almost unconsciously, at one of our meetings, from the lips of our valued associate, Alderman BONNEY, when he said, in language not unworthy of being included in the next edition of “The World’s Laconies,”—“I am not afraid of the blame I may get, but only of that which I may deserve.”

It would hardly be becoming in me, fellow-citizens, to indulge on this occasion in any phrases of compliment, or even of acknowledgment, towards those who have been connected with me in the interesting commission which is now about to terminate. It is well known to the City Conneil, that Mr. SAMUEL G. WARD and Dr. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, together with myself, have been members of the Board from its original organization, on the 20th of December, 1854. Mr. JOSEPH A. POND has also been with us, on the part of the Common Council, since the 13th of April, 1855. Alderman BONNEY has been a member of the Board for two years; the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT for a year and a half; and Mr. WILLIAM PARKMAN, of the Common Council, for nearly a year.

We are all here to-day, fellow-citizens, in your presence, to render an account of our stewardship, jointly and severally; and it is fitter, in every view, that others should pass judgment upon us and upon our acts than that we should presume to bear witness to the fidelity of each other. I may not forget, however,

that, during the progress of our work, we have enjoyed the valuable and efficient aid of others; and I should be unjust to allow the occasion to pass away, without at least mentioning the names of Mr. GEORGE ODIORNE and Mr. GEORGE W. WARREN, who were associated with the Commission during the first three months of its existence; of Mr. CHARLES WOODBERRY, Mr. EDWARD F. PORTER, and Mr. JOSEPH BUCKLEY, who represented the two branches of the City Council at the Board for nearly a year; and of Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR, who was one of the representatives of the Trustees of the Library for a full year and a half,—during the most laborious and responsible portion of our proceedings.

But I need not detain you longer, Mr. Mayor, with any detailed recital of names or of dates or of doings. The ordinance of the City under which we have acted expressly provided that “the Commissioners should meet at stated periods, and cause a record of their proceedings to be kept; and that for this purpose the Librarian of the Public Library should act as their Clerk.” Those stated meetings have been held, and those records have been kept. And here, sir, in the ponderous volume before us, which is presently to be deposited in the archives of the city, are the recorded proceedings of no less than one hundred and forty-five meetings,—seventy-three of them stated meetings, and seventy-two of them adjourned or special meetings; and every motion, vote, report,—every proposal, specification, contract, and payment,—will there be found fully and carefully inscribed. It would be strange, indeed, sir, if some occasional evidence of temporary disagreement, or even of important and permanent difference of opinion, should not appear on these pages; but, taken as a whole, they will exhibit not only a punctuality of attendance and a willingness for work, but a harmony of counsel, a unanimity of decision, and a unity of action, which cannot be remembered by any of us at this hour without the highest satisfaction.

These records, let me add, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the City Council, are all in the fair, round, legible hand of our faithful and industrious clerk, Mr. EDWARD CAPEN, whose labors in this behalf have, as you know, been superadded to those which he has been called upon to perform in his capacity of Librarian

to this Institution. As these services were expressly assigned to him by the City Government, the Commissioners have not felt at liberty to make him any allowance out of the funds which have been appropriated to the building. But I should be unjust to the sense which we all entertain of his untiring industry and unfailing accuracy, if I did not cordially commend him to the grateful consideration and liberal remuneration of those by whom he was employed.

Nor can I omit to bear testimony to the obliging and assiduous manner in which the Architect has constantly attended to the wishes and directions of the Board, and to the unwearied zeal with which he has fulfilled the important trust which was committed to him. His work is before you, gentlemen of the City Council and fellow-citizens, and that work will speak for itself, and speak for him, far more impressively, and far more impartially, than any one of those could speak, who have been associated with him in all his cares, and who have necessarily been involved in so many of his responsibilities.

And so I may say, too, of the numerous contractors, master-mechanics and laborers, who have been employed in constructing and finishing the various parts of the building. Their work must speak for them; and if it fails to speak satisfactorily, now or hereafter, no flattering words of ours could cover up their delinquencies or screen them from merited reproach. But we have no fear of such a result. It will not have been forgotten by those who have been employed here, from time to time, that they have been working, in more than one sense, for themselves, as well as for the Commissioners and the City; that not the humblest laborer among them is to be excluded from his equal share of the repast which is here to be enjoyed; and that their own children, and their children's children, will be quite as likely to be found hereafter among the most frequent and intelligent partakers of that repast as those of any of their more immediate employers. Considerations like these are enough to have insured a zealous co-operation on the part of all, certainly, to whom they may have occurred; and we trust and believe, that this building will bear witness, in all time to come, to the proverbial intelligence, fidelity, and skill of Boston Mechanics.

It would have been most welcome to us, Mr. Mayor, to be able to say, that so extensive and protracted a work had been brought to a close, without the occurrence of a single casualty to cast a shade over the joyousness of this occasion. Within a few weeks past, however, a worthy painter, Mr. THOMAS ROWIN, fell from a scaffold on one of the towers in the rear, at a height too great to allow the slightest hope of his surviving the fall. It was decided by those to whom we appealed for advice, that no provision could be legally made for the relief of his family, either by this Board or by the City Council. But prompt and generous contributions from his sympathizing fellow-workmen, from members of the City Government in their individual capacity, from members of this Board, and from other friends of the Library, have already done something—and it is hoped that still more may be done, if more be needed—to relieve the sorrows and wants of a widow and children, who were so strongly commended, by the circumstances of their bereavement, to the sympathies of the people of Boston.

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens: My relations to this occasion, as I have already intimated, are simply those of a Building Commissioner,—one of the humble *Ædiles* whom you have intrusted with the erection of an edifice, of which others are henceforth to have the responsible care and custody. My legitimate theme has been of designs and contracts, of iron and stone, of brick and mortar,—of those who have wielded the plane or the trowel, of those who have carried the hod, or rigged the derrick, or reared these stately columns, or moulded these beautiful capitals and cornices, or given the last hand to ceiling and wall by these harmonious and exquisite tints. It is not for me, to-day, to take up more time, by enlarging on the advantages which are to result from the Institution which is here to find its permanent local habitation. Still less may I attempt to deal with those who have contributed the literary treasures which are soon to be unfolded and displayed here. Other voices, now or hereafter, will do justice to the original projectors and founders of the Institution. Other voices, now or hereafter, will be heard in grateful commemoration of the munificent donations of JOSHUA BATES and JONATHAN PHILLIPS among the honored living, and

of ABBOTT LAWRENCE among the lamented dead, whose names are pre-eminent on the long roll of our benefactors. Nor will those voices be wanting in acknowledgment to the many hundreds of others who have entitled themselves, by ever so small a contribution, to a place upon that roll.

I may be permitted to say, however, before taking leave of this topic, that, in view of the contemplated dedication of this building in September last, I was directed by the Commissioners to address a letter to our distant and distinguished benefactor, Mr. BATES, inviting his personal presence on the occasion. And I am sure I shall be excused by him and by yourselves, for reading to you, in this connection, a brief extract from his reply. It was dated, London, August 27, 1857, and, after thanking me for my letter, it continues as follows:—

I am happy to learn that the Library is approaching completion, and that it is contemplated to open it next month. You express a wish that I should be present. I can assure you that nothing would give me more pleasure than to visit Boston, where I began my career, and to whose citizens, by their confidence and support in time of need, I am indebted for whatever of fortune or reputation I possess. Although my contemporaries, with few exceptions, are laid in their graves, the memory of the past is an untailing source of happiness to me, and makes me regret the more that I cannot be with you on the opening of the new Library. I shall hope to make you a visit a year or two hence, when, if I mistake not, the importance of the Library to the rising generation will be more fully appreciated; when it will be admitted that the City, the Trustees, and the Contributors have accomplished a great work, that will command the gratitude of the people through all time.

Believe me, very truly, yours,

JOSHUA BATES.

Admirable utterance of a generous and noble spirit! We wafted the assurances of our grateful remembrance of his liberality over a summer sea, while we were gathered, a little more than two years ago, upon the firm foundations and around the substantial Corner-stone beneath us. And now not even the raging of a wintry ocean shall intercept the transmission of our renewed and redoubled gratitude for his munificence, when the Head-stone has been brought forth with shoutings. There is no winter in his bounty, and there shall be none in our acknowledgment. May the year which is just opening be to him a year of unalloyed happiness, prosperity, and health; and may it not

come quite to a close, without affording to the people of Boston the high gratification of welcoming him within the walls of an edifice, to which he will have contributed so large a proportion of its richest and most cherished treasures!

It only remains for me, as President of the Board of Commissioners and in their name, to deliver to you, Mr. Mayor, these keys of the principal doors of the building which we have erected, at once as a symbol that our work is finished and as an earnest of the delivery of the building itself to the City, over which you preside. We do not presume to present it to you as a faultless piece of architecture. We are not vain enough to imagine that critical eyes may not discover, both in the design and in the execution, features which might have been improved. But we do present it as a convenient, substantial, spacious structure; entirely adapted to its purposes, and carefully arranged for the most economical administration of the institution for which it is intended; spacious enough for two or three hundred thousand volumes, and for as many readers as are ever likely to visit it at one and the same time; with no deficiency of light or air; secure, we have full confidence, from the dangers of fire; and which, while it is devoid of any ostentatious ornament without, and while it exhibits no excessive or fanciful embellishment within, is yet in no respect unworthy, either within or without, of the liberal and enlightened community in whose service it has been erected.

We present it to you, indeed, Mr. Mayor, a mere mass of naked walls and columns and arches. But these vacant alcoves will soon be occupied. These empty shelves will soon be filled. Gems and jewels, more precious than any which the mines of either continent can ever yield, will soon find their places in the caskets and cabinets which have here been prepared for them; and living jewels, like those of the Roman Matron of old,—even the sons and daughters of our city,—will soon be seen clustered around them.

It was a poetical and beautiful conceit of the great philosopher of our Motherland,—of Bacon, I mean, the contemporary and fellow-countryman of our Pilgrim Fathers,—that “Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient Saints, full of

true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed." But Cicero, methinks, did better justice to the theme. We are told that when that illustrious orator and statesman saw the books which composed his precious private library, fairly arranged in the apartment which he had provided for them, in his villa at Antium, he wrote to his friend Atticus, *Postea vero quam Tyrannio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis aedibus.* "Now that my books have been put in their places by your learned Greek, Tyrannio, a Soul seems to have been added to my dwelling."

And our own American Cicero is at this moment at your side, sir, prepared to receive these keys from your hand, in behalf of the trustees over whom he so fitly presides; and under his auspices, and with the aid of his associates, it is hardly too much to say that a living, breathing, imperishable soul will have been infused into this now merely material structure. Yes, my friends, within these walls shall soon be gathered,—not merely the mighty masters of philosophy and rhetorick, of history and poetry, whom the Roman Cicero recognized and reverenced as introducing a soul into his dwelling,—but the great lights of all ages, the wise and learned of all climes; and those, especially, who have adorned a civilization, and vindicated a liberty, and illustrated a Christianity, which that Cicero never conceived of, shall be congregated around them. Here soon shall many a waiting heart be kindled into something of the exultation of that good old Bishop of Norwich, when he exclaimed on the sight of a great Library, "What a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon up whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments on all points and questions which I may propose!"

And not the reverend fathers and acute doctors only shall answer to our call; but here also the poets of all ages shall be ever ready to sing to us their choicest strains,—the dramatists of all ages to rehearse to us their richest scenes of wit or of woe,—the orators of all ages to recite to us the triumphant

argument, or the thrilling appeal, which may have shaken empires from their base, or changed the current of the world's affairs. Here, too, the practical inventor and ingenious mechanic shall exhibit to us his specifications, his plans, and his drawings. Here the great interpreters of nature shall unfold to us the mechanism of the heavens, the testimony of the rocks, and the marvels and mysteries of animal and vegetable life. Here the glowing pictures of fiction and fancy shall pass and repass before our vision, beneath the magic wand of a Scott, a Dickens, or a Cooper; the living portraits of sages and patriots, of other lands and of our own land, be displayed to us by a Guizot or a Brougham, a Carlyle or a Campbell, a Sparks or an Irving; and the grander panoramas of history be unrolled for us by a Gibbon or a Grote, a Hume or a Macaulay, a Bancroft, a Prescott, or a Motley.

But I can do no justice to a theme like this in the closing sentences of a discourse, which has already occupied you too long, — and I leave it, all unfinished, and almost unattempted, for those who are to follow me.

Let me conclude, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the City Council, by thanking you once more, in the name of my associates and in my own name, for the confidence with which you have honored us in the execution of our commission, and let me offer you our best wishes and prayers that this institution may fulfil the most sanguine expectations of its founders and friends. May God, in his goodness, grant, that increased supplies of wisdom and knowledge and virtue, for us and our posterity, may be its rich and abundant fruits; that it may be so sanctified by his grace to the highest interests of the whole community that here, at least, the tree of Knowledge may never be disunited from the tree of Life; and that, constituting, as it will, the complement and the crown of our great Republican system of popular education, it may do its full part in bearing up and sustaining, for a thousand generations, a well-compacted and imperishable fabric of Freedom,— of that freedom which rests upon intelligence, which must be regulated by law, and which can only be maintained by piety, philanthropy, and patriotism.

THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

A SPEECH MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1858.

MR. COMMANDER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY,—In rising to renew at somewhat greater length the welcome which I have been commissioned to offer you on this occasion, in behalf of those who have preceded you in the posts you so honorably fill, I am sure I shall not be misunderstood when I say, that it is not the mere fact that you have just returned from a brief but brilliant military excursion to New York, which has prompted such a manifestation of our sympathy and regard.

You went forth from your peaceful homes a few days since, I hardly need intimate, upon no service of peril or privation. You have visited no enemy's country. You have been called to endure no tedious marches by day, no weary watches by night, no stinted soldier's fare. You have encountered no hostile reception, and brought back no serious list of killed and wounded. Even the pelting of the pitiless storm, which followed your departure and has again preceded your return, has only furnished an opportunity for showing that you were something more than mere sunshine soldiers, and that, like your fathers in the Revolution, you were not prepared to lay down your arms in the face of a tyrannical and oppressive *reign*.

Your trip has been one, I am sure, of recreation and enjoyment. You have been among friends, fellow-citizens, and brother soldiers, who were eager to meet you beneath the folds of a common and glorious flag,—floating in peace and beauty over almost half a hemisphere,—and who rejoiced to welcome you to those sumptuous hospitalities which are never wanting in the great metropo-

lis of the Union. You have been the guests of that proud commercial emporium, which witnessed the original organization of our federal government, under *him* who is ever first in the hearts of his countrymen, and which is in itself the noblest illustration of the prosperity, the progress, and the power which such a government, with such a Constitution, and such a Union, could alone have developed.

You will hardly expect us, then, to sentimentalize or sympathize with you very deeply, on account of any little disappointments or dampers which may have attended such experiences as these. We have observed with the highest gratification and pride the distinguished attentions which you have everywhere received, and have felt that any fatigues or hardships which may have been occasioned by wind or weather, have been far more than counterbalanced by the hospitalities and honors which have been so abundantly showered upon you.

Mr. Commander and gentlemen, the experiences of an encampment or military excursion have been greatly changed since I was an officer in your corps. I remember one of them, certainly, not far from thirty years ago, which was commenced by a rapid afternoon march to Lynn, and thence the next day, under the blaze of a midsummer sun, to Salem, and which ended on the fourth day (for we were always careful to be at home on Saturday night), by a march the whole way from Salem to Boston, by the longest road, between noon and nine in the evening. A wisp of straw for our bed, and a bit of thin bunting above our heads, through which we could see the sentinel stars keeping their watch in the sky, more vigilant than any sentinels we could station, were our only and all-sufficient accommodations ; and a little molasses and water and ginger—a *switchel* I think it was called—was our best drink. Indeed, our commissariat was so economically organized, that I never remember eating any thing in my life with more of the ravenous hunger which proverbially belongs to the half-famished animal, by whose name we are sometimes called, than an ear of hot corn, which I bought for a sip from a child's basket on Salem Common, soon after the hour when the sun ought to have risen, and probably did rise, on a foggy morning of July or August, somewhere about the year 1829. I have “acknowl-

edged that corn" most gratefully ever since. But what a contrast does such a picture as this present to your comfortable conveyances by railroad and steamers, and to your luxurious accommodations and banquets at the Lafarge or the Astor!

No, gentlemen, it is not any thing you have done or suffered during the New-York expedition, which we have come here especially to commemorate by this festival. Some of us, perhaps, may even have been led to doubt the value or expediency of such expeditions altogether. Few of us would regard them as experiments to be very frequently repeated, considering all the exposure and expense which they necessarily involve. And one of us, at least—and I am sure you will pardon the frankness with which I say it—notwithstanding the habitual excellence and eloquence of Dr. Higby's sermons—would prefer to see every variety of volunteer military service—not even excepting military funerals—included and terminated within the six secular days of the week.

But your return has presented an opportunity for offering you a deserved acknowledgment for what you have done, and what you are doing, at home. We are here to assure you of our interest in witnessing the condition of unprecedented and unparalleled prosperity into which you have recently brought the old corps with which we have all had, and still have, so many happy and cherished associations. We are here to manifest the pride we all feel in beholding its full ranks, its exact and excellent discipline, its honorable and gentlemanly spirit, and the readiness it has uniformly exhibited to do its full share, and discharge its whole responsibility, in whatever service of duty or of ceremony the varying exigencies of the community in which we live—of our city, our Commonwealth, or our country—may have called for.

Mr. Commander and gentlemen, I believe I express the views of all who are associated with me in this compliment to our old corps,—I know that I express my own views,—when I say that whatever else we may have lost in the lapse of years, we have not lost any thing of our respect and reverence for that article of our National Constitution which recognizes "a well-regulated militia as essential to the security of a Free State." And that, too,

without any reference to the possible contingencies of foreign war. Foreign war is an event which, in a free country like our own, must in a great measure be left to take care of itself, when it comes; for no nation can be fully prepared for it without the maintenance of such a standing army as is the very bane of a Republican system. God grant that a foreign war may never again come in our day and generation! And I rejoice to be able to express my belief that such an event is still a great way off,—much farther off, certainly, than some recent demonstrations might lead us to apprehend. For one, I have no fear that the flag of our country—its honor, its inviolability—is soon to require any belligerent vindication either on land or on sea. If it should, there will be “hearts of oak” enough to do the needful. And all our hearts will be with them, and all our hands, too, whenever and wherever they may be wanted. But no foreign nation—and certainly not our old mother Britain—will seriously and deliberately adventure upon the experiment of attempting to humiliate the banner of the American Union,—whatever provoking annoyances may have been perpetrated here and there by a few petty underlings who may be privileged to wear a button and a cockade. Great Britain has certainly enough to do at present in the jungles of India, without rendering herself responsible for “unchaining the Tiger” on this side of the ocean: and even if she had not,—for I had always rather trust to her justice than to her fears,—she is too sensible of what is due to us, and due to herself, and due to the cause of civilization, of international law and international love, to let slip her dogs of war wantonly and wilfully upon our commercial marine. We have already seen sufficient indications, I think, to assure us that all our grievances in this line will be redressed without any appeal to arms. Ah, my friends, the honor of our flag is always in more danger from ourselves than from anybody else. We are able to take care of it for ourselves, and we must take care of it for ourselves, on the sea and on the shore. Let us only preserve it in all its integrity and purity, untarnished and un torn, without spot or rent or wrinkle, in its old original, unsullied lustre, and all the nations of the earth will respect it, and we may repose beneath its folds with nothing to fear for its independence or its honor.

Certainly, gentlemen, the danger which the citizen-soldier is emphatically called on to guard against, is a danger which is to be found at home. It is the domestic violence, the internal disorganization, incidental to a state of Republican freedom, which creates the necessity for the perpetual preparation of the Volunteer Militia of our land. How suddenly and how frequently, of late, have we witnessed such a necessity in all parts of our wide-spread country! But yesterday it presented itself at New Orleans. Not long before it had been manifested at Washington, at Baltimore, at Philadelphia. Just a year ago to-morrow, the noble regiment whose hospitalities you have so recently shared, was summoned out from that memorable march to Bunker Hill, with the Governor of New York at its head, to unite in preserving the public peace amid the very scenes you have so lately left. I need not say, too, that we have known such occasions among ourselves. Indeed, the whole history of our Commonwealth and country, from the days of Shay's Rebellion to the present day, bears continuous testimony to the vital necessity of a well-organized, well-disciplined, patriotic militia, as a part of our Republican system.

Brave old John Adams, who once said of himself, "I am John Yankee, and as such I shall live and die,"—and who certainly knew as well as any man what constituted the ingredients of the Yankee character,—that distinguished patriot and statesman, during whose Presidential administration, and in support of whose Presidential policy, this very corps was originally organized, just sixty years ago, and whose blood is at this moment to be found in your ranks and his inherited name upon your rolls, made a memorable entry in his diary while he was in London, as the first ambassador from the United States of America. When asked as to the origin of the peculiar characteristics of New-Englanders, he reports himself as having replied, "the meeting-house and school-house and training-field are the scenes where New England men were formed." And the remark is as true now as it was then. We must have them all, if New England men are to be formed, or if American institutions are to be sustained. There must be spiritual training, and there must be moral and mental training. But there must be physical and mili-

tary training also. The love and the fear of God must be inculcated in the church. Human learning and languages and sciences and arts must be disseminated through the schools. Religion and education must go along side by side, promoting the spirit of peace and the arts of peace; and may the day be hastened when they shall have exorcised every other spirit and rendered vain and futile every other art! But until that millennial triumph shall have been accomplished, there must still be found behind them both, and around them both, the strong arm of flesh, nerved and disciplined to wield the sword and the bayonet in defence of civil order and against foreign aggression. Christian citizenship, Christian scholarship, Christian statesmanship, Christian soldiership,—we must have them all; and upon this point I would give more for the character and example of the heroic Havelock,—who seems just living for the world, now that he has just died for his country,—than for all the abstract disquisitions which were ever composed by those who have been accustomed to denounce the profession of a soldier as inconsistent with that of a Christian. We must have them all—we need them all—for the protection of property, for the defence of our homes and hearth-stones, our churches and altars, for the execution of our laws and the maintenance of civil and religious liberty.

These were the principles, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, which I adopted and cherished in my earliest manhood, when I first accepted a commission in this corps, and I am not sorry of an opportunity to avow them, unchanged and unchangeable, now that I am fairly and willingly enrolled both on the political and military retired list. I am glad of an opportunity to commend them to you, young men of the rank and file, not singly to be chosen between, but jointly to be supported together. The meeting-house, the school-house, the training-field,—sustain them all, identify yourselves with the support of them all, and then, if you are ever called to the sterner duties of the camp, you will go forth in the fear of God, in the love of your fellow-men, as Christian patriots, armed for defence, and not for conquest: for vindication and not for vengeance; in the very spirit in which our own Washington, eighty-three years ago this day, accepted the

appointment, under which he led the army of Independence to victory.

A word or two more, Mr. Commander, in conclusion. I owe to this corps a personal and official acknowledgment, which I may not have another opportunity to offer. I do not refer to the mere fact that from it I received my earliest public honor after leaving the University,—though one's first honor is always the last to be forgotten; nor to the many kind invitations and attentions with which it has favored me since. Nor do I refer to the handsome escort which was tendered and performed by the corps on the last New Year's Day, when it was my privilege to be the organ of the Building Commissioners in dedicating our new Public Library,—though I could not fail to recognize a peculiar appropriateness in that service, in view of the relations which two of your old commanders sustained to the occasion; one of them in the capacity which I have sufficiently suggested, and the other (Captain Russell Sturgis) as a relative and friend and business partner of that munificent native son of Massachusetts and benefactor of Boston, to whose princely endowments that library owes so much of the brilliant success which has attended its establishment.

But I refer to a still different obligation, which even you yourselves may, perhaps, have forgotten. Your plans for the excursion from which you have just returned, were made during the last summer, and were intended to have been carried into execution early in the autumn. After they were matured, the commercial sky became suddenly overcast, and many of our business houses were involved in the deepest gloom. You promptly abandoned your purposes of pleasure, out of regard for the condition and feelings of the community. But that was not all. You took the opportunity to send the nice new soldier's blankets, which had been prepared for your own use, to the Boston Provident Association, to be given to the poor.

As President of that Association (and I am sure that its whole Board of Managers would gladly unite with me) I now publicly thank you for that seasonable and signal act of thoughtful humanity, and I can truly say that if one consideration predominated in my heart above all others, in bringing me to this festive board,

amid many conflicting engagements to-day, it was the remembrance of that act, and the desire to acknowledge it in the most acceptable way in my power. Once more, gentlemen, let me welcome you to your homes, to Boston, to this sacred hall, and let me propose as a closing sentiment,—

THE ACTIVE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY—Though their Armory is no longer in Faneuil Hall, as it was of yore, they will yet be ever ready to defend the Liberty of which that hall was the Cradle, and to maintain the laws by which alone that liberty can be secured.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL IN BOSTON, JULY 27, 1858.

I HARDLY know, ladies and gentlemen, what I can find to say in the brief moment which I feel at liberty to occupy this afternoon,—more especially after so much has been so well said already,—which will be in any degree worthy of such an occasion as the present; or which will not rather seem like a rude and harsh interruption of the melodious strains which we are here to enjoy. I cannot but feel that a mere unaccompanied solo, from almost any human voice—even were it an hundred-fold better tuned and better trained than my own—must sound flat and feeble when brought into such immediate contrast with the choral harmonies to which we have just been listening.

But I could not altogether resist the temptation, so kindly presented to me by my valued friend, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, to identify myself, even ever so humbly, with this charming festival,—the first of its kind in our city,—and I cannot refrain from thanking him and his associates, now that I am here, for counting me worthy to be included among those whom they have selected to supply the brief interludes to these delightful performances of the children. I am afraid I have no great faculty at firing a *minute gun*,—not even so much as I once had in playing on that *trombone* to which my friend has so pleasantly alluded,—but I am sure I shall have fulfilled every reasonable expectation, if I may have aided in breaking the fall for this noble choir, as they pass along so triumphantly from key to key, and from choral to choral.

Seriously, my friends, among all the numerous reforms which have been witnessed in our community of late years, I know of none more signal or more felicitous—none with which any one

might well be more justly proud to associate his name — than that of which this occasion is the brilliant and beautiful inauguration. I would not disparage or deprecate the annual school festivals of the olden time. I have not forgotten, I never can forget, the delight with which, more years ago than I might care to specify in precisely this presence, I myself obtained a medal-boy's ticket to the old Faneuil Hall dinner; nor how proudly I filed off with my cherished compaers behind the chairs of the Fathers of the city — after the cloth was removed — to receive their recognition and benediction, before they proceeded to their speeches and sentiments, and to the discussion of their nuts and wine. I rejoice to remember, in passing, that the Mayor of that day — though to my boyish eye he was even then a venerable person — still lives to adorn the community over which he so worthily presided, — still walks erect among us to receive the daily homage of our respect and affection. You have all anticipated me in pronouncing the name of the elder Quincy. But how poor were even the most sumptuous viands of those occasions, shorn, as they were, of the best grace of every modern festive board, — deprived altogether of the participation or the presence of the mothers and daughters of our city, and prepared only for the satisfaction of the mere animal appetites, — what "funeral baked meats" they were at the best, when contrasted with the exquisite entertainment for eye, ear, mind, heart, soul, which we are this day enjoying! I have only to regret that the amiable and accomplished Minister from Great Britain (Lord Napier), whom we had all hoped to welcome on this occasion, should have been prevented by engagements at Washington, from lending to the occasion, as I am sure he most gladly would have done, his genial presence and eloquent words.

And now let us hope, my friends, that the inspirations of this hour and of this scene will not be lost on the young hearts which are throbbing and swelling around us. We are too much accustomed to speak of the future as quite beyond all human control or foresight. And it is true that no consultation of oracles, no casting of horoscopes, no invocation of spirits, will unveil to us the mysteries which lie beyond this sublunary sphere. But we may not forget that the immediate future of our own community

is before us — visibly, audibly, bodily, before us — in the persons of these young children of the schools. These boys, I need not say, are the men of the future, and, under God, the masters of the future. The ever-moving procession of human life will pass on a few steps, and they will be on the platforms, and we shall be beneath the sod. But to-day we are not merely their examples and models, but their masters and moulders; and these schools are the studios in which, by God's help, they may be formed and fashioned and shaped as we will. Yes, my friends, not by any idle rappings on senseless tables, but by simply knocking at our own honest school-room doors, and asking how many boys and girls there are within, and what is their mental and physical and moral and spiritual condition and culture, — we may find a revelation of the future, hardly less sure or less exact than if it were written in letters of light by the pen of inspiration.

I have somewhere seen it recorded of England's great hero, the late Duke of Wellington, that on some visit to Eton School in his old age, while gazing upon those well-remembered scenes of his boyhood, and when allusion had been made by some of his companions to the great exploits of his manhood, he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it was at Eton that Waterloo was won." And not a few of you, my young friends, will one day or other be heard confessing to your own hearts, if to nobody else, that the best victories of your mature life have been virtually won or lost at school.

There was, indeed, a deep significance in the arrangement of that old choral trio, which has come down to us in the history of the ancient Lacedemonians, — for even the sternness of Sparta did not disdain the employment of music in their festive celebrations. They are said to have had three choirs, corresponding to the three periods of human life.

The old men began, —

“Once in battle bold we shone;”

The middle-aged replied, —

“Try us; our vigor is not gone;”

But the boys concluded, —

“The palm remains for us alone.”

Yes, young children of the schools, the palm remains for you alone. To you alone, certainly, it remains still to strive for it and to win it. By too many of your elders it has been won or lost already. But for you the whole course is clear; the whole competition free and open; and you are invited to enter upon it under such auspices, and with such advantages, as were never before enjoyed beneath the sun. May the inspirations of this occasion go forth with you to the trial, encouraging and animating you to higher and higher efforts for success:—" *Excelsior, Excelsior,*" the motto of each one of you! Above all, let not the praises of God be the mere lip-service of an anniversary festival, nor the love of your fellow-men and of your country—the true harmonies of the heart—die away with the fading echoes of a jubilee chorus. And while you strive to fulfil every duty to your neighbors and yourselves, and to advance the best interests of the world in which you live, may you ever look forward with humble faith and trust to that day, of which you are just about to sing, when other palms than those of mere human triumphs may be seen in your hands, and when, with a multitude which no man can number, you may be permitted to mingle in other and nobler songs than any which can be fully learned on earth!

THE MEMORY OF THOMAS DOWSE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AT THE COMMEMORATION OF THOMAS DOWSE BY THE
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BOSTON, DECEMBER 9, 1858.

IT may not be inappropriate for me to remark, ladies and gentlemen,—in the brief opening which is all that belongs to me on this occasion,—that four times only during the nearly threescore years and ten which have elapsed since their original organization in 1790,—that four times only, I believe, have the Massachusetts Historical Society been assembled, as they now are, for any purpose of public and formal commemoration.

On the 23d of October, 1792, a discourse was delivered before them by the Rev. Dr. Belknap, on the completion of the third century since the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

On the 22d of December, 1813, a discourse was delivered before them, on the 193d Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, by the late venerable Judge Davis.

On the 29th of May, 1843, a discourse was delivered before them, on the second Centennial Anniversary of the old New England Confederation, by the late illustrious John Quincy Adams.

On the 31st of October, 1844, a discourse was delivered before them, on the completion of the first half-century since their own incorporation, by Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, who, we are glad to remember, is still living and laboring in our chosen field, and whose history of New England we are at this moment awaiting from the press, with so much of eager interest and expectation.

And now, once more, we are assembled here this evening, with these distinguished and welcome guests around us, to listen to our honored associate, Mr. Everett, while in our behalf, and in kind compliance with our request, he pays a tribute, such as

he alone can pay, to one of our most recent and most munificent benefactors.

We are not unmindful, in assembling for this purpose, that our old parent Historical Society—the mother of all in America—has been indebted heretofore to more than one most liberal benefactor for the means of carrying forward the cherished objects for which it was instituted. Its library, its cabinet, the halls it is privileged to occupy,—overhanging the ancient sepulchres of so many of the Massachusetts fathers,—the four and thirty volumes of its published collections, all bear manifold and abundant testimony to the generous contributions of its founders and friends.

There are those, I rejoice to say, yet among the living, and some of them within the sound of my voice at this moment, for whose pecuniary aid or personal service, in many an hour of need, we can hardly be too grateful. May the day be still distant, which shall unseal our lips by sealing their own, and which shall take off the injunction—which nothing but death can dissolve—against making them the subjects of public eulogy!

But no considerations of delicacy forbid the open acknowledgment of our obligations to those distinguished Governors of Massachusetts and earliest Presidents of our Society,—James Sullivan and Christopher Gore,—who, however widely they may have differed about the polities of the day in which they lived, forgot all other rivalries in the cause in which we are engaged, and emulated each other in generous efforts for its promotion. Nor can any such consideration restrain the expression of our gratitude to the late excellent Samuel Appleton, to whom we owe the establishment of a noble fund for procuring, preserving, and publishing the materials of American history.

And nothing certainly could excuse us for omitting an opportunity like the present to make still more particular and emphatic mention of Dr. Jeremy Belknap, as one pre-eminently entitled to our grateful remembrance and regard. Foremost among the founders of our society, his labors for its advancement and his contributions to its archives ceased only with his life. And now that more than half a century has passed away since that valuable and venerable life was brought to a close,

we have again been called to a fresh recognition and a renewed admiration of his unwearied devotion to the objects for which we are associated, by the rich and varied treasures, from his own original collection, which have been so thoughtfully and liberally added to our library and cabinet by his esteemed and respected daughter. Coming to us, within a few months past, through the hands of our accomplished associate, Mr. Ticknor, and carefully collated and arranged, as they already have been, by our untiring coadjutor, Mr. Charles Deane, they will form at once a precious addition to our archives, and a most interesting memorial of Dr. Belknap and his family.

But while we can never forget our indebtedness to these earlier friends and benefactors of our Society, we are here to-night to acknowledge a gift which must ever stand by itself in our annals. We are here to-night to commemorate a giver, whose remarkable qualities and career would alone have entitled him to no common tribute of respect.

And I know not, my friends, how I can better discharge the duty which now devolves on me, as the organ of this Society, of introducing to you at once the subject and the orator of the occasion, than by holding up before you this ponderous volume, and by telling you at least one of the circumstances under which it originally came into my possession.

It is the first volume of a sumptuous folio edition of Purchas's Pilgrims, printed in London, in the year 1625, which was placed in my hands by Mr. Dowse himself, on the 30th day of July, 1856, and which contains an inscription which will speak for itself:—

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 30, 1856.—This volume,—‘Purchas His Pilgrims,’—being numbered 812 in the catalogue now in the press of Messrs. John Wilson & Son, is delivered by me, on this thirtieth day of July, 1856, to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as an earnest and evidence of my having given the whole of my library to said Massachusetts Historical Society,—the books to be preserved for ever, in a room by themselves, and only to be used in said room.

THOMAS DOWSE.

In presence of

O. W. Watriss,

George Livermore.

It is not for me, my friends, to attempt any account of the more than five thousand rare and costly volumes of which this

was the sample and the earnest. They will be described to you presently by one familiar with them from his youth, and who is far better able to do justice to them than myself. But I may be pardoned for alluding to a single circumstance, which he himself might shrink from recalling.

When admitted into the library of Mr. Dowse, in company with my valued friend, Mr. George Livermore, to receive this magnificent gift in behalf of our Society, my attention could not fail to be attracted to the one portrait which hung conspicuously upon the walls. Though only an unfinished sketch, it bore evident marks of having come from the hand of that admirable artist, whose name is so proudly associated with the far-famed head of WASHINGTON in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum,— Gilbert Stuart: and it portrayed the features of a youthful student in all the bloom of his earliest manhood, who, having taken the highest honors of Harvard at an age when others were still preparing to enter there, was already adorning one of the classical chairs of that venerable University;— lending the highest accomplishments of scholarship and eloquence to elevate the standard of American education, and giving abundant evidence of all those brilliant and surpassing powers, which have since been displayed, in so many varied ways, in the service of his fellow-citizens and for the honor of his country.

This, my friends, was the only portrait which Mr. Dowse had admitted to his library; and a most significant indication it was of the estimation in which he held the original.

You will not be surprised, therefore, that when the Massachusetts Historical Society proposed to pay a tribute to the memory of so munificent a benefactor,— who lived but a few months after the gift was consummated,— they should have eagerly welcomed that hand-writing on the wall, and should have turned at once in the direction which it so clearly marked out for them. And it only remains for me to present to you, as I now have the privilege of doing, in all the maturity of his manhood and his fame, the honored original of a portrait,— which you will all, I am sure, have anticipated me in saying, is the only unfinished performance which has ever been associated with the name of EDWARD EVERETT.

THE
DEATH OF THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 1, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,—
You are already but too well aware of the event which has called us together. Our beautiful rooms are lighted this evening for the first time; but the shadow of an afflicting bereavement rests darkly and deeply upon our walls and upon our hearts. We are here to pay a farewell tribute to him whom we were ever most proud to welcome within our cherished circle of associates, but whose sunny smile is now left to us only as we see it yonder, in the cold though faithful outlines of art. We have come to deplore the loss of one who was endeared to us all by so many of the best gifts and graces which adorn our nature, and whose gentle and genial spirit was the charm of every company in which he mingled. We have come especially to manifest our solemn sense that one of the great Historical Lights of our country and of our age has been withdrawn from us for ever; and to lay upon the closing grave of our departed brother some feeble but grateful acknowledgment of the honor he had reflected upon American literature, and of the renown he had acquired for the name of an American historian.

For indeed, gentlemen, we have come to this commemoration not altogether in tears. We are rather conscious at this moment of an emotion of triumph,—breaking through the sorrow which we cannot so soon shake off,—as we recall the discouragements and infirmities under which he had pressed forward so success-

fully to so lofty a mark, and as we remember, too, how modestly he wore the wreath which he had so gallantly won. And we thank God this night, that although he was taken away from us while many more years of happy and useful life might still have been hoped for him, and while unfinished works of the highest interest were still awaiting his daily and devoted labors, he was yet spared until he had completed so many imperishable monuments of his genius, and until he had done enough—enough—at once for his own fame and for the glory of his country. “*Satis, satis est, quod vixit, vel ad ætatem vel ad gloriam.*”

Nor will we omit to acknowledge it as a merciful dispensation of Providence, that he was taken at last by no lingering disease, and after no protracted decline, but in the very way which those who knew him best were not unaware that he himself both expected and desired. Inheriting a name which had been associated with the noblest patriotism in one generation, and with the highest judicial wisdom in another; and having imparted a fresh lustre to that name, and secured for it a title to an even wider and more enduring remembrance,—he was permitted to approach the close of his sixty-third year in the enjoyment of as much happiness, as much respect, as much affection, as could well accompany any human career.

“Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.”

It is not for me, gentlemen, to attempt any delineation of his character, or any description of his writings. There are those among us who have known him longer than myself, and who have established a better title to pass judgment upon his productions. Let me only say, in conclusion, that, immediately on hearing of his sudden death, permission was asked for this Society to pay the last tribute to his remains; but it was decided to be more consonant with his own unostentatious disposition, that all ceremonious obsequies should be omitted. Having followed his hearse yesterday, therefore, only as friends, we have assembled now as a Society, of which for more than twenty

years he was one of the most brilliant ornaments, to give formal expression to those feelings, which, in justice either to him, to ourselves, or to the community of which he was the pride, could not longer be restrained.

It is for you, gentlemen, to propose whatever in your judgment may be appropriate for the occasion.

CHRISTIANITY,

NEITHER SECTARIAN NOR SECTIONAL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR SOCIAL AND POLITICAL EVILS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1859.*

I AM not altogether without apprehension, Mr. President, in rising to perform the service for which you have so kindly announced me, that an address originally intended only as a plain and frank declaration of old-fashioned opinions, and more particularly as an earnest of my sincere sympathy with the young men who have honored me with an invitation to speak to them this evening, may fail of meeting the expectations of many of those whom I see around me. But I am here for no personal display, for no secular, rhetorical discourse. I yield the palm of eloquence without a struggle or a sigh, to those who already, during the present week, have waked the echoes of this hall, and of other halls in its vicinity, to a marvellous and magical music of words and thoughts to which I can make so little pretension. Coming here on the evening of a day which has been set apart in conformity with ancient usage for exercises of religion, and coming at the instance and for the furtherance of an association instituted for religious improvement, I shall not decline or evade the direct subject presented to me by the occasion, the audience, and the object. And if I shall have succeeded in awakening a worthier motive, or kindling a nobler aspiration, or prompting a more generous impulse in any youthful heart, I shall be better

* This Address was repeated before the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Virginia, May 5, 1859.

rewarded than if I could have won the richest garland of the Olympian Games.

I know not, my friends, precisely by whom, or under what circumstances, the original idea of associations, like that which I have the honor to address this evening, was first suggested, or under what auspices that idea found its earliest practical fulfilment. It is said to have been in the city of London, in the year 1844, where some of the most eminent statesmen of the British realm have alternated with the clergy of all denominations, in delivering successive courses of lectures on moral and religious topics before a similar association. But I can conceive of few more enviable distinctions which any man, young or old, could claim for himself, than to have been the original founder or the original proposer of such an organization. Nor, in my humble judgment, could any city of our own land, or of any other land, present a higher title to the grateful consideration of all good men, than that city, wherever it may be, within whose limits and under whose auspices, the first Young Men's Christian Association, or Union, was successfully organized and established.

The ancient metropolis of Syria has secured for itself a manifold celebrity on the pages of history. It has been celebrated as the splendid residence of the Syrian kings, and afterwards as the luxurious capital of the Asiatic Provinces of the Roman Empire. It has been celebrated for its men of letters, and its cultivation of learning. It has been celebrated for the magnificence of the edifices within its walls, and for the romantic beauty of its suburban groves and fountains. The circling sun shone nowhere upon more majestic productions of human art, than when it gilded, with its rising or its setting beams, the sumptuous symbols of its own deluded worshippers, in the gorgeous temple of Daphne and the gigantic statue of Apollo, which were the pride and boast of that far-famed capital; while it was from one of the humble hermitages which were embosomed in its exquisite environs, that the sainted Chrysostom poured forth some of those poetical and passionate raptures on the beauties and sublimities of nature, which would alone have won for him the title of "the golden-mouthed." At one time, we are told, it ranked *third* on the list of the great cities of the world,—next only after Rome and Alexandria, and

hardly inferior to the latter of the two, at least, in size and splendor. It acquired a severer and sadder renown in more recent, though still remote history, as having been doomed to undergo vicissitudes and catastrophes of the most disastrous and deplorable character:— now sacked and pillaged by the Persians, now captured by the Saracens, and now besieged by the Crusaders; a prey, at one moment, to the ravages of fire, at another, to the devastations of an earthquake, which is said to have destroyed no less than two hundred and fifty thousand human lives in a single hour. Its name has thus become associated with so many historical lights and shadows,— with so much of alternate grandeur and gloom,— that there is, perhaps, but little likelihood of its ever being wholly lost sight of by any student of antiquity. Yet it is not too much to say, that one little fact, for which the Bible is the sole and all-sufficient authority, will fix that name in the memory, and rivet it in the affectionate regard of mankind, when all else associated with it is forgotten. Yes, when its palaces and its temples, its fountains and its groves, its works of art and its men of learning, when Persian and Saracen and Crusader, who successively spoiled it, and the flames and the earthquake which devoured and desolated it, shall have utterly faded from all human recollection or record, the little fact—the great fact, let me rather say—will still be remembered, and remembered with an interest and a vividness which no time can ever efface or diminish,— that “the Disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;” that there the name of Christ—given at the outset, perhaps, as a nickname and a by-word, but gladly and fearlessly accepted and adopted, in the face of mockery, in the face of martyrdom, by delicate youth and maiden tenderness, as well as by mature or veteran manhood—first became the distinctive designation of the faithful followers of the Messiah.

That record must, of course, stand alone, for ever, on the historic page. Christianity will never begin again. Christ has lived and died once for all, and will come no more upon these earthly scenes, until he comes again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead. But, should the numerous Associations and Unions which have recently sprung into existence as from a common impulse in both hemispheres,— bearing a common name,

composed of congenial elements, and organized for the same great and glorious ends with that now before me, — should they go on zealously and successfully in the noble work which they have undertaken, — should they even fulfil but one-half the high hopes and fond expectations which their progress thus far has authorized and encouraged, — it may be, it may be, that the city from which they all took their first example and origin, if it can then be identified, — whether it be London or New York, — Liverpool, Edinburgh, or Boston, — Berlin, Geneva, or Richmond, — will have no prouder or loftier title to the gratitude of man or to the blessing of God, than that there was set on foot the first Young Men's Christian Association, — that there the young men of the nineteenth century, by a concerted movement, and in so considerable companies, first professed and called themselves Christians.

Certainly, certainly, my friends, it is no common event in the history of the moral and religious progress of mankind, that the young men of so many of the great cities of the world should have simultaneously arrayed and organized themselves under the distinctive banner of the Cross, and should have openly adopted the baptismal designation of Christian Associations. The great body of young men, in almost all ages and countries, have, I need hardly say, been proverbially accustomed to shrink from any thing like Christian professions. They have thought it well enough for the old, perhaps, — after the pleasures and vanities of life had been exhausted, — to turn their attention to the grave and sober concerns of religion. They have recognized the good policy, doubtless, of beginning to devise means for securing safety and happiness in another world, when little or nothing more remained to be enjoyed or expected in this. But to be called pious, or even serious, in youth, has often been resented as a term of downright disparagement and reproach; — while to have enlisted in the open ranks of a Christian Association would have been regarded, even by some of those present, not many years ago, as indicating a total and most deplorable lack of that manly, generous, and chivalrous spirit which could alone be relied on to render young men honorable, enterprising, useful, or even respectable in life.

And it must be admitted, in all candor, that young men, just emerging from the restraints of parental or scholastic discipline,

— with so much hot blood leaping in their veins, and with so many cherished visions of independent life dancing and glittering before their view,— are not in the best condition to form a wise and safe decision on matters of this sort. Nor can it be greatly wondered at, that even if they are led, like their memorable prototype in the Scripture, to come to the Master and inquire what they shall do to inherit eternal life,— so many of them should be found, like him, going away,— exceeding sorrowful at first, it may be,— but still going away,— perhaps never again to return.

More especially is this liable to be the case with young men, whose lot in life is cast by Providence, or cast by parental preference, or cast of their own choice, amid the crowded marts and busy throngs and confused thoroughfares of some proud and luxurious metropolis. Who marvels that the hearts of the most hopeful Christians have so often grown faint and almost sunk in despair within them, as they have contemplated the distractions and temptations which belong to a large city ! In the quiet seclusion of a country life, a virtuous and religious course seems comparatively easy. The pure atmosphere of the open fields supplies health to the soul as well as to the body. Rural occupation invigorates the moral as well as the muscular system. The unobstructed contemplation of the earth and the heavens, and the habitual observation of the marvellous course of the sun and the seasons, inspire a thoughtful reverence for the great Creator. A drought or a freshet, defying the best energies of man to avert its desolating influences,— blasting in a month, or it may be in a moment, the whole promise of the year,— inculcates a lesson of constant dependence upon God, which no heedlessness and no presumption can altogether deride or disregard. In the country, too, the week-day labors are more rarely interrupted by the noise of feasting and revelry ; and the opportunities for evening indulgence and dissipation, if not entirely unknown, are of comparatively infrequent occurrence. And there, also, the solemn stillness of the day of rest, broken only by the sweet music of the village bell or the tuneful melodies of the village choir, invites both young and old, with no doubtful or divided appeal, to the worship of God in his holy temple.

But how many of these blessed influences are enfeebled and paralyzed, if not wholly wanting, in "proud and gay and gain-devoted cities!" There, art seems to aim at, and almost to accomplish, the work of shutting out from sight the whole face of nature. There, the steam and smoke and dust of varied and incessant labor seem to blur over and blot out more than half the heavens from the spiritual as well as from the natural eye. There, every thing speaks of man, and nothing of God. There, wealth too often engenders a corrupting and cankered luxury, and opportunities and examples of vicious indulgence are multiplied at every corner. Well does the thoughtful Cowper exclaim, in one of those charming poems, in the perusal of which our own Franklin tells us that he revived his long-lost "relish for reading poetry":—

"In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach."

Well does he add:—

"Rank abundance breeds,
In pampered cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness and glutinous excess."

And there, too, the dizzying whirl of business and amusement, by which men are hurried along through the six days which are avowedly given to the world, leaves them too frequently with but jaded and distracted souls for the one day which is nominally dedicated to the Lord: and the services of the sanctuary are too often attended with listless indifference, or forsaken altogether upon pretences of health or of weather, which would not have detained one for a moment from a ball, a concert, or an opera.

"Let us endeavor," said that great statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, writing from Dublin, at sixteen years of age, to his schoolfellow, Richard Shackleton,—"Let us endeavor to live according to the rules of the Gospel; and He that prescribed them, I hope, will consider our endeavors to please Him, and assist us in our designs.' This, my friend, is your advice, and how hard is it for me to follow it! I am in the enemy's country,—the townsman is beset on every side. It is here difficult to sit down to think seriously. Oh! how happy are you who live in the

country! I assure you, my friend, that without the superior grace of God, I will find it very difficult to be commonly virtuous."

What heart in this assembly—young or old—does not respond to reflections like these? Who can contemplate the manifestations of human frailty and human depravity, as daily and hourly presented to our view even on the mere surface-life of a great city, without feeling deeply and painfully the dangers to which the young and inexperienced are exposed within its walls? And yet, my friends, how small a part of those dangers is visible to the human eye! How very small a proportion of all the vices and crimes which are committed within the walls of a crowded metropolis, is ever brought to the knowledge of any human tribunal! How few of the sins over which angels may be weeping, ever reach the criminal calendar or the public journal! How much of "rioting and drunkenness;" how much of "chambering and wantonness;" how many frauds and forgeries, suicides and infanticides;—how many excesses and violencees and villanies of every sort, go along, not merely unwhipped of justice, but absolutely undivulged! How many crimes remain to be exposed and audited in another world, for the one which now and then startles and shocks us in this world, by the monstrous details of its grossness and its guilt!

Reflect, my friends, for an instant, what a spectacle almost any great city would present, at almost any single moment of its existence, to a person who had the power to penetrate within its recesses and privacies, and to behold at a glance all that was going on by day or by night within its limits! Nay, reflect, if you have the courage to do so, what a spectacle such a city actually does present to that all-seeing Eye, before which every scene of immorality and crime is daguerreotyped with unfailing accuracy and minuteness—just as it occurs—just as it occurs—no matter how close may be the veil of mystery in which it is involved to human sight, or how secret the chambers of iniquity within which it is transacted! What a panorama must be ever moving before that Eye! Oh, if there could be a more prevailing and pervading sense, that although no human agency or visible machinery be at work, the picture of our individual lives

is at every instant in process of being portrayed and copied,— every word, act, thought, motive, indelibly delineated, with a fulness and a fidelity of which even the marvellous exactness of photograph or stereoscope affords but a faint illustration ; — if the great ideas of Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are suffered to play so loosely about the region of our imaginations, and of which these modern inventions — the daguerreotype, with the instantaneous action and unerring accuracy of its viewless pencil, — the Electric Ocean Telegraph, with its single flash, bounding unquenched through a thousand leagues of fathomless floods — have done so much to quicken our feeble conceptions ; — if, I say, these great ideas of Omniscience and Omnipresence could now and then be brought to a focus, and flashed in, with the full force of their searching and scorching rays, upon the inmost soul of some great city, like Paris or London, — to come no nearer home, — and of those who dwell in it ; — what swarms of sins, what troops of sinners, would be seen scared and scampering from their holes and hiding-places : — just as even now the inmates of some single abode of iniquity or infamy are sometimes seen flying from the sudden irruption of an earthly police, or from the startling terrors of some self-constituted vigilance committee !

What a different scene would some of the great cities of our own land, as well as of other lands, present, — what new securities should we enjoy for morality, for liberty, for property, for every thing which is comprised in the idea of public or private virtue, — could there be cherished and cultivated by us all such an habitual and vivid sense of an ever-watchful Eye, piercing through all disguises and from which no secrets are hid, as that which the immortal Milton bears witness to in his own breast, in closing the account of those youthful travels on the Continent ; where he had not only conversed with Galileo and Grotius, and been complimented and flattered and caressed by cardinals and courtiers, and by all the leading luminaries of those countless fantastic Academies of Literature and Science with which Italy then swarmed, — with the Bees of Rome at their head, — the Humorists and the Melancholies, the Disordered and the Disgusted, the Idlers, the Indifferents, the Neg-

lected and the Bewildered,—but where he had been fascinated too by the surpassing song of Leonora Baroni, and had tasked his Tusean to the utmost in composing sonnets in admiration of some nameless beauty of Bologna, and had lingered and luxuriated in that voluptuous atmosphere of Nature and of Art, which often puts the sternest virtue to the test:—“I again take God to witness (said he, in closing that tour, and the passage also forms the close of the just published volume of his new and noble biography), I again take God to witness, that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of man, I certainly could not escape the eyes of God!”

It cannot be denied that more than one of our own American cities, limited as they still are in population, in wealth, and in luxury, when compared with the ancient capitals of the Old World,—and imbued, as more than one of them still is, we trust, with that regard for morality and that reverence for religion which were the peculiar characteristics of their founders,—have exhibited of late some fearful indications of enfeebled principle and declining virtue. It cannot be denied, that now and then,—when the detection and investigation of some appalling crime have withdrawn the curtain, for a moment, from the domestic life of some of our wealthy capitals,—scenes have been disclosed which make us shudder at the bare imagination of what that curtain may still conceal. And how often must the solemn reflection have occurred to many a father’s and many a mother’s heart, when called upon to trust their sons and their daughters to go forth, in pursuit of education or occupation, beyond the limits of parental supervision,—“Amid what scenes and surroundings are my children about to be cast! Into what depths of worldliness and sensuality and sin may they not be plunged! How, how, are they to be screened and shielded from these tremendous perils? How can the force of association and example, and the influence of fraternity and friendship,—the contagion of good fellowship,—the electric cord of social sympathy,—be employed to lead them in the way of safety and of virtue, as they are now so often employed in seducing them into

paths of folly and of crime?" And how must the hearts of such parents have been relieved, encouraged, and gladdened by the sudden and simultaneous appearance, in so many of our largest cities, of such Associations as that which I now address, —instituted from nothing less, I am persuaded, than a Divine impulse, and organized by the young men themselves, to animate and aid each other in the perilous paths which they are called on to tread together! What parent, what Christian, what patriot, —what lover of virtue or lover of his country, —can withhold from such Associations whatever of moral or of material aid it may be in his power to offer them? Who, especially, could refuse to lend them, at their call, the humble tribute of a few words of sympathy, encouragement, and friendly counsel? For myself, Mr. President and brethren (for I cannot forget that from the earliest day of your existence I have been enrolled among your life-members), for myself,—declining, as I have done of late, a great majority of the invitations with which I have been honored to deliver Lectures, Addresses, and Orations,—deeply conscious, moreover, of my own insufficiency for giving the desired and deserved attractiveness to this particular occasion, and sincerely sensible that there are many others around me at this moment who could do a hundred times better justice to its only appropriate topics,—I should yet have felt that my voice was unworthy to be heard henceforth for ever in any public service or for any popular use, if I had refused it longer to your repeated solicitations.

And now, my friends, I have already sufficiently indicated, in these introductory remarks, the most important view which I take of this Association, namely, as a voluntary organization of the very persons most exposed to danger, and in the very places where dangers are most frequent and most fatal, for their own mutual protection; a volunteer corps, if I may so speak, for moral and spiritual self-defence; and one of the questions which is to be asked before I close, is whether this volunteer corps—this new battalion—shall not be furnished with a commodious and convenient armory?—I can add nothing to the simple statement of this great leading idea. It is too obvious to every one

to require, or even admit of, further illustration. Let me then avail myself of what remains of the time which I may reasonably, or even unreasonably, occupy this evening, by speaking simply and plainly of that great and crying want in our individual and in our social condition, which the influence of these Associations is so eminently adapted to supply;—I mean the want of more, of a great deal more, of true Christian spirit, and Christian motive, and Christian principle, in all the various affairs and transactions and enterprises of the world we live in, and for the sake of the world we live in. For there are two distinct views of the influence of Christian professions and a Christian life;—the one, as they prepare the individual man for the great responsibilities and retributions of the world to come;—the other, as they fit him for a wiser and better and worthier discharge of the world that now is. I leave the first of these views wholly to the pulpit, and I trust I shall not be thought to trench too much on the rightful prerogative of the pulpit in a brief allusion to the other. I trust too, most earnestly, that I shall not be thought to imply any particle of disrespect for those who occupy the sacred office,—the highest which any mortal man can hold,—an ambassadorship more exalted than any which can be derived from earthly thrones or potentates, however imposing the ceremonial of their courts, or however imperial the extent of their dominions,—if I intimate, in the first place, that there is room for more of a Christian spirit even in maintaining and pleading and prosecuting the very cause of Christianity itself.

Religious intolerance and persecution, so far as the operation of laws and of government is concerned, have in so great a degree disappeared during the present century, in our own land, at least, that we are accustomed to consider our own condition as peculiarly one of religious as well as civil liberty. And so it is. But let us not forget that there may be a *spirit* of religious bitterness and bigotry pervading a community, which is as unworthy of those who entertain it,—although it be not so oppressive upon those towards whom it is directed,—as that which is conducted through the forms of law. And few persons, I think, can contemplate even the present improved condition of the

Christian world in this respect, without lamenting that the best energies of Christian sects are still so often employed in criticising, censuring, and condemning each other. No considerate and candid man, I think, can help regretting that any portion of the time set apart for religious instruction and exhortation should be directly or indirectly devoted to the incitement of jealousies and hostilities among those who take different views of the teachings of the Sacred Scriptures. It is time that the *odium theologicum* should cease to be a proverb and a by-word, and that religious hatred should no longer be a synonyme for the sternest and most implacable of all human hatreds. I pray Heaven that no accident, and still more that no design, may revive the slumbering embers of religious strife in our own community. Rarely, rarely, does the strongest side prevail, or even come off best, from such encounters. Not often does even the right side, whether it be strongest or weakest, escape from them without damage or detriment. Principles, indeed, can never be conceded nor compromised. We can never abandon the Bible, even in the schools. We can never compromise the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments. We cannot spare a note or a chord of the time-honored and glorious harmonies of Old Hundred. Yet every thing except principles, every thing that is merely formal and conventional, may well be the subject of conciliatory arrangement, under proper circumstances and at the proper time, for the sake of Christian peace.

I have few more delightful reminiscences of foreign travel, nearly twelve years since, than a visit to the model school of Dublin, in company with, and under the immediate escort of, that great living Protestant thinker and writer, Archbishop Whately, where a thousand pupils, paying each one, I believe, a penny a day, were educated side by side, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, some of them studying out of Jacob Abbott's school-books, and all of them reading lessons from the Bible, as arranged between Whately himself—the very author of the “Errors of Romanism”—and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. If such a spectacle is not to continue to be witnessed either there or here, let it not be, I pray Heaven, the result of a revival of religious animosity on our part; let it not be, I pray Heaven,

because Christian ministers or Christian men have fanned a flame and kindled a conflagration which it may be beyond their power to extinguish, when they themselves would be most glad to do so. Let us rather try, “By winning words to conquer willing”—or even unwilling—“hearts, and make persuasion do the work of fear.”

If the noblest and worthiest definition of Deity be that “God is love,”—if the final test and touchstone of discipleship be that which Christ himself so impressively prescribed in his parting precept, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have *love* one to another,”—how imperative is the obligation which rests upon us all to see to it, that not alone from the written or printed page of the Statute Book, but from the fleshly tables of our own hearts, every root and remnant of religious enmity and animosity should disappear for ever! Was it not nobly as well as exquisitely said by Jeremy Taylor, in his celebrated discourse before the University of Dublin, “Theology is rather a divine life, than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, perceive, and understand.”

For one, my friends, I can never think of the bitterness and rancor which is so often allowed to enter into religious differences and religious controversies, without remembering how much our religious opinions, our religious creeds, our religious connections, have been determined—pre-determined, providentially determined—for us all, by the mere influence of early and seemingly accidental associations. The place of our birth, the circumstances of our condition, the surroundings of our childhood, the fascination of some beloved and faithful pastor, the paternal precept and example, the mother’s knee, the family pew, have, after all, done more to decide for each one of us the peculiarities of our religious faith and of our religious forms, than all the catechisms of assemblies, the decrees of councils, or the canons of convocations. We delight to worship God where our fathers and mothers worshipped him, to kneel at the same altar at which they knelt, to unite in the same prayers, or, it may be, to utter the same responses, in which their voices were once heard, and which they

first taught us to lisp or to listen to as children. The memories of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, with whom we have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company," cluster sweetly around us as we sit in the old seats and sing the old psalms and hymns. We almost shrink from trying to get to heaven by any other road than that which they travelled, lest we should miss them at our journey's end. And is he not a very unwise person, who, without some deep and overpowering conviction, would rudely break the spell and dissolve the charm of such associations, either for himself or others? How miserable is it, then, to allow the differences which have an origin so natural, so worthy, so hallowed, so providential, to become the subject of mutual suspicions, reproaches, and demninations!

It is well for us all to remember, that, in the language of my Lord Bacon, "they be two things,—unity and uniformity." And how admirably does he suggest in his essay on "Unity in Religion,"—"A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself, that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree; and if it come so to pass in that distance of judgment which is between man and man, shall we not think that God above, that knows the heart, doth not discern that frail men, in some of their contradictions, intend the same thing, and accepteth both?"

Doubtless, every man who has opportunity and education should read the Gospel of Christ for himself, and bring the best lights within his reach to aid him in its interpretation. But mysteries there are in that Gospel, which constrained even the great apostle to say, "Here we see as through a glass, darkly." Mysteries there are, like those which made the mightiest intellect of our land and age—which I have often seen bend itself reverently at the communion table of a Washington or a Boston Church—prescribe for the legend of his own tombstone at Marshfield, as the very preamble of a declaration of faith in "the Gospel of Christ as a Divine Reality," and in "the Sermon on the Mount as more than a merely human production," those touching words of the father of the tormented child which was

brought unto Jesus to be cured, "Lord, I believe,—help thou mine unbelief." Mysteries there are, which the reason of the natural man was never made or intended to penetrate, which, it may be, were expressly designed to humble the presumption and confound the pride and mortify the vanity of mere human wisdom, and to leave larger room for the childlike graces of humility and faith; and the speculative differences, which such mysteries must ever and inevitably engender, should be regarded with mutual deference and charity,—never forgetting that it were an impeachment of the love of God, and an imputation upon the mercy of Christ, to imagine that the essential elements of a true Christian faith have been placed beyond the easy reach and ready acceptance even of the humblest and simplest understanding. It were, indeed, to turn into a mere mockery that prophetic declaration, whose fulfilment was one of the chosen and infallible evidences of his divine mission and Messiahship, and which was recalled as such, by the answer of Christ himself, to the remembrance of the inquiring Baptist as he lay pining in prison,— "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor,"—it were, I say, to turn *this preaching of the Gospel to the poor* into a mere juggling mockery,—keeping it to the ear, but breaking it to the hope,—to set up as shibboleths of the strait gate, upon any mere human authority or construction, metaphysical formulas and dogmas, which even men who have had leisure, and men who have had learning, philosophers and linguists and closet students, have disputed and wrangled about for centuries, without coming any nearer to a satisfactory solution of their own doubts and disagreements, and of which the poor, the unlearned, the toiling millions of mankind can never have any adequate comprehension or conception.

I hail this union of Young Men of so many different Christian sects, in a single Association, for Christian ends and objects, as a pledge that the jealousies and rivalries which have so long divided the Church of Christ on earth, will be more and more assuaged and extinguished,—that religious men of all denominations will more and more bear in mind the great and glorious things in which they all agree, and will strive to narrow instead

of widening their causes of alienation and estrangement. The day may come, and I fear is even now not a great way off, when the cause of Christianity may require and demand the cordial and vigorous union of all who acknowledge God as their Father, and Christ as their Redeemer and Saviour, and the Bible as the word of God and the only text-book of eternal truth, in order to withstand and resist the progress of a downright infidelity,—cloaking itself under a thousand specious forms of positive and speculative philosophy, of materialism, spiritualism, and pantheism. Let us prepare seasonably for such a day, and for the conflicts it will involve, by uniting together in a league of Christian charity,—holding our faith in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace. Let us pursue our Christian work in the true spirit of Christianity,—a spirit of love to God and of love to man,—maintaining our peculiar and distinctive tenets firmly but never arrogantly, boldly but never offensively, uncompromisingly, if you please, but never aggressively,—ever respecting our neighbor's conscience as we claim our neighbor's respect for our own conscience, and not forgetting that our final responsibilities are not to each other, but to that common Master before whom we must stand or fall. Who does not rejoice, as Sunday after Sunday comes round, to see the multitudes that keep holy day thronging our streets and sidewalks, and exchanging the smiles of recognition or the greetings of friendship or the formalities of ceremony, as they make way for each other in passing along to their various places of religious worship? To human eyes, indeed, they seem to be moving in widely different directions, and so it may prove to have been with some of them. But so have I seen on a summer sea, in yonder bay, alike in calm and in storm, vessels of every sort and beneath every sign, sailing in widely different and diverging courses, crossing and recrossing each others' tracks, and seemingly propelled by the most opposite and contrarious forces. Yet the same wind of heaven, blowing where it listeth, was the common source of their motive power, giving impulse and direction to the progress of them all alike, and bringing them all to be moored at last in one common haven of rest!

But if passing from the religious, we glance, for an instant, at the moral movements of the age, I think we may perceive a still more imperative demand for something more of Christian spirit and motive and principle, on the part of not a few of those by whom they are conducted. Indeed, I know of few things more deplorable in our day and generation than the tone and temper—I should rather say, the want of temper—which characterize so much of our moral controversy. It would seem to be thought in some quarters, that any degree of violence and vituperation will be justified and sanctified, if they are only employed in a good cause. Intemperate declaimers in favor of Temperance, pugnacious advocates for Peace, and pleaders for human Liberty whose great art and part would seem to be to take liberties of the most unwarrantable kind with the characters and motives of all who dare to differ from them, have been found at every corner of our streets. Mere worldly instrumentalities, too, are relied upon almost exclusively for advancing the great reforms of society. Associations and agitations, political combinations and human legislation,—to say nothing even of the bludgeon or the bowie-knife, the revolver or the rifle,—are invoked and appealed to as the all-sufficient agencies for remedying the evils or redressing the wrongs of our social condition;—while Christian prayer and Christian faith are disparaged, and in some quarters, at least, discarded and derided, as worthless and impotent. But for one, I have no confidence in the pursuit of Christian ends by unchristian means. I have no belief that the way to advance virtue is to ignore its only foundation, or the way to promote justice or truth to set society by the ears and the whole world in a flame. For myself, I can only say, that I would sooner rely for the success of any great reform upon what one of the apostles calls, “the effectual fervent prayer” of one righteous man, than on the agitations and clamors of a hundred thousand fanatics, disclaiming all regard for Christianity and denouncing its churches and its ministry. God has never promised success to agencies like these. It is faith which is to remove mountains; and prayer, which is the only true earnest and exercise of faith, is the very lever by which mountains are to be removed. By faith, I need not say, my friends, that I mean no

vain, presumptuous belief in one's self and in one's own power and might,—no heathenish self-confidence, like that expressed in the old classical motto: “They can, because they believe they can;”—but I mean a belief in the power and promises of God, and in the revelations of his word and will. This was the sort of faith which Paul spoke of, when he described the great heroes and prophets of the Old Testament as having “through *faith* subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword.” It was faith in God which accomplished these wonders in the olden time, and it is faith in God and in Christ which is primarily to accomplish whatever moral reforms are to be achieved in our own day. But the only faith which too many modern reformers seem to consider important, is *faith in themselves*,—faith in their own infallibility, their own virtue, justice, and consummate ability and wisdom; and by this alone they think to carry every thing before them. Impatient of the slow processes by which the greatest designs of Providence are often unfolded, matured, and accomplished,—spurning that old expectant system which David illustrated so exquisitely in one of his most familiar psalms, “I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my calling,”—they are ever adopting a sort of heroic practice for bringing their projects to an issue. They would almost seem to be jealous lest the Almighty himself should get the start of them in effecting his purposes of mercy, justice, and love, among the children of men. They aim at all reformation in the condition of their fellow-beings, as if mere earthly and temporal inferiority and infirmity and suffering were the only evils worthy of consideration, as if there were no world but this world for the grievances of humanity to be redressed in, and nobody to redress those grievances but weak and impotent man. In a word, they shut their own eyes, and would seem disposed to shut other people's eyes, to the great fact, that the only true reformers are those who aim, as you are aiming, to advance God's glory and Christ's kingdom on earth; and that when that kingdom shall fully come, in answer to the prayers and efforts of a Christian world, War, Slavery, Intemperance, and every other real or seeming evil, will vanish before it like dark-

ness before the dawn, and that just as its coming is hastened and its nearness increased, will be the proportionate success of all human efforts in favor of relieving the woes and promoting the general welfare of mankind. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is the Heaven-descended rule and law of moral progress as well as of personal prosperity and success, and there is no other law.

I do not forget that enthusiasm and zeal have been elements in the character of real reformers as well as of charlatans and pretenders,—of St. Paul and of Luther, as well as of Mahomet or Joe Smith. I would not undervalue the earnestness and fearlessness which characterize the efforts of so many a false apostle, as well as of so many a true one. I would not even question the sincerity of anybody. But what I do say, is, that the enthusiasm and zeal which are not under the constant regulation and control of Christian principle, and which are not in constant subordination to the revealed word and will of God, are only like so much steam in an engine without a valve or a governor, propelling a vessel without a pilot or an engineer. If that vessel be not sooner or later dashed to pieces upon the rocks, it will only be because it has been exploded into thin air before it reaches them, or because it has been left already a smouldering hulk upon the waters!

Turn with me now, once more, for a moment, to the business affairs of daily life, and tell me if here, also, there be not manifest need of a more Christian spirit, and of a higher and deeper sense of Christian duty and obligation. Do not the hourly transactions of a great commercial emporium (not to speak particularly or invidiously of our own) afford ample proof, as they pass under review in the columns of a morning or an evening paper, that more, a great deal more, of religious principle might fitly find a place in every department of human occupation? Look at the fluctuation of stocks and at the operations of some of those who thrive upon their rise and fall; consider the contrivances of the money-changers, as they lie in wait to take advantage of the exigencies of the needy; follow

the footsteps of a hundred speculators as they rush along in a wild pursuit of wealth for themselves, while they care not for involving their neighbors in ruin; reflect on the wretchedness and crime so often engendered by practices, compared with which the hugging of real *bears* and the goring of real *bulls* would be merciful towards their miserable dupes; mark the multiplying instances of embezzlement and defalcation, or recall the stupendous frauds, which have startled whole communities from the slumber of false confidence in which they had hitherto so fatally reposed, and into which, alas! a new penal statute, or an increased detective police, or a more frequent investigation of books and balances, emboldens them so soon to relapse!

Passing from the Exchange, enter next the very halls of justice, and observe some of the processes for punishing crime, or for establishing right between man and man. Do not confine your attention, either, to the prisoner at the bar, or to the parties to the suit. Attend to the witnesses; hearken to the jury; listen to the advocates themselves, and take note of the mode of cross-examination, and to the arguments and appeals of counsel. Is there all the old confidence that there is no trifling with oaths, no tampering with testimony, no systematic concealment or distortion of truth, no wholesale fabrication of falsehood, in the management of modern trials? Is there not even room for the apprehension that the contests of the Bar, in some parts of the country, if not here, are degenerating into mere struggles for personal success or pecuniary profit or professional triumph; and that the great competition among advocates will soon be, which of them can most successfully confound and browbeat a witness, so as to make him seem to say what he never did say or intend to say, or which of them can put forth the most cunningly devised fable for cajoling a jury into a verdict against both the law and the evidence?

It were almost a waste of time to point you to the Press, in this connection, with a view to enforce or illustrate the idea, that nowhere is a more Christian spirit so sadly needed as in the management of that tremendous engine for moral good or evil. In that little book, called "Bonifacius, or Essays to do Good," to the accidental reading of which our great Bostonian (Benja-

min Franklin) ascribed so much of his usefulness in after-life, Cotton Mather quaintly enjoins upon his readers, that they should have a strict eye kept upon children, that "they should not stumble upon the Devil's Library, and poison themselves with foolish romances or novels, or plays or songs, or jests that are not convenient." And if such a caution were needed in New England a century and a half ago, when neither the Devil nor Dr. Faustus had found much of a foothold upon our soil,—when the Printer's Devil, certainly, was confined within a very narrow circuit in our part of the world, and libraries and books and newspapers of any sort were as rare as they are now redundant,—how much more need is there of such a caution in our own times, when the Devil's Library is to be found, dog-cheap, at every corner of our streets, soliciting the attention of every passer-by by its proverbial brimstone-colored covers! For one, I hardly recognize a greater danger to our religious or our civil institutions, than that which comes from the sapping and mining process of a flippant, frivolous, licentious, and infidel literature. It is a danger inseparable from a country where free opinion, free discussion, and a free press are enjoyed; and the only defence or safeguard which can be contemplated for it is in the inculcation of a deeper sense of moral and Christian responsibility upon the minds and hearts of our writers and publishers, prompting and pressing home upon their consciences some higher questions, as to their own compositions, or their own publications, than simply, Will they create a sensation?—Will they sell? It is a hopeless undertaking to shut out from the sight of our readers, young or old, whatever is written and published. The very warning stimulates the curiosity; the very prohibition strengthens the temptation, and points the way to the indulgence. Bible Societies, and Tract Societies, and Sunday-School Unions may do something towards diluting them,—I rejoice that they are doing so much,—but these poisonous and pestilent streams can only be effectually counteracted at their springhead. Marah must be healed at its source. The miracle of Moses must be repeated, and it is only the righteous branch which was raised up unto David which can make those bitter waters sweet.

I cannot wholly omit in this connection, as a fresh evidence of what may be feared from intellectual presumption and literary pride and the temptations of genius, that the learned author of one of the most remarkable productions of the English press at the present day, has not hesitated to advance the monstrous doctrine that Christianity has done nothing for civilization, and that “the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, not the cause of it!” How refreshing is it, in contrast with such a doctrine, to turn to what has been said by the greatest living minister of science, the Nestor of Natural History, in closing a chapter of his “Cosmos:”—“In depicting a great epoch in the history of the world,—that of the Empire of the Romans and the laws which they originated, and of the beginning of the Christian religion (says the illustrious Humboldt),—it was fitting that I should, before all things, recall the manner in which Christianity enlarged the views of mankind, and exercised a mild and enduring, although slowly operating, influence on intelligence and civilization.”

But what do you think, my friends, is one of the illustrations which this more recent writer affords us of his own idea of Christianity and religion? Nothing less than an expression of scorn that any intelligent congregation of worshippers should be so blind to the inexorable laws of the physical universe, as to be found offering up “prayers for dry weather or for wet weather!”

A supplication to our Father in heaven that the clouds may once more drop down their dews, to be expunged from our Liturgies as a vain and foolish superstition!

“Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back the tidings of despair!”

A supplication to Almighty God for rain, by a people perishing from drought, a thing to be derided!

So, doubtless, thought that messenger boy, nearly two thousand years ago, who was sent forward to look toward the sea, while the old Prophet was prostrating himself in prayer, with his face between his knees, upon the top of Carmel. So, doubtless, thought that messenger boy, when again, and again, even a fifth

and a sixth time, he returned and replied, “There is nothing,—there is nothing,—there is nothing.” But that man of God knew in whom he had trusted. He never despaired of the efficacy of prayer even for rain. And, lo, the seventh time, the little cloud was seen rising out of the sea, like a man’s hand, and soon the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great storm. Even Ahab was compelled to admit that there was something of a shower, and hastened to betake himself to his chariots lest the floods should overwhelm him. And if any one of you, my young friends, finds the memory of that sublime narrative growing faint within him, go and listen to it, whenever you have another opportunity, in its magnificent rendering by Mendelssohn, in the great Oratorio of Elijah, and if you are not unblest with a total insensibility to the power of music, you will find every chord of your heart trembling and thrilling and vibrating in rapturous response to that almost incomparable chorus, “Thanks be to God, he liveth the thirsty land.” I wish that the charming choir behind me could burst into it at this instant. It would be a thousand-fold more effective than any words of mine. For we know where it is written, “With the heart man believes unto righteousness.”

Yet better than any mortal music, better than any choral voices of men or of angels,—to silence such a doubt,—comes the calm, clear, simple declaration of Him who spake as never man spake, not a sparrow, “Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. He sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.”

I rejoice to reflect, my friends, that this very Fast Day, with its correlative Feast Day at the close of our autumnal season, if they have lost much of their original importance in other respects, still stand on our calendar as witnesses, that we are not quite ready to abandon the faith of our fathers in that great doctrine of the Lord’s Prayer,—the special Providence of God. Fast Days, indeed, with so much of the fasting and humiliation and prayer left out,—Thanksgiving Days, with so little except the turkey and the family frolic left in,—the service of God put forth as a pretext for securing a secular holiday, the livery of Heaven assumed

too often to serve the devil in,—these are dismal things to those who look at them deeply and soberly. Yet they still have a significance and a value which should not be underrated, in serving to identify our ancient Commonwealth,—now that so many of the old ear-marks have been carefully erased from our Constitution,—as so far forth, at least, a Christian State still, as not to be ashamed to acknowledge by a public act, at seed-time and at harvest-time, its dependence upon God for the early and the latter rain, and for all the success which crowns the labors of the husbandman in cultivating those fruits of the earth upon which we rely for our daily bread:—as not ashamed to say, in spite of its habitual and not altogether inexcusable boasting of its own industry and its own invention, “Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness!”

I should feel myself justly chargeable with a grave omission, in a discourse dealing so plainly with the want of a more Christian spirit, and motive, and principle, in so many lines of life, were I to make no reference to the manner in which our political concerns are conducted;—were I to bear no testimony, where, perhaps, in years not long past, I might have been summoned as an expert, and where I may still expose myself to the suggestion of having only turned State’s evidence.

We often hear predictions of the overthrow of our civil institutions as the inevitable result of this or that measure of executive policy, or of this or that course of legislative or of party action. And I am not insensible myself to the danger that our domestic peace may at some time or other be interrupted, and even our Union practically sundered, by the violence and virulence with which sectional interests are so often arrayed against each other, and the peculiar institutions of different portions of the country attacked or defended. But a far, far more serious subject for alarm to every Christian patriot must be found, I think, in the political corruption which has of late been growing and spreading like a leprosy over our land. No one can have observed the proceedings of parties or of politicians, whether in power or out of power, during the last few years, without perceiving that any thing like Christian principle in polities is getting to be less and

less a matter of consideration or even of recognition,—that any pretence to it, indeed, is beginning to be more and more a theme for scorn and derision,—that every measure, and almost every man, is considered as having a price,—and that every thing is regarded as fair to be attempted, and as fit to be done, which may conduce to ultimate success. To secure a triumph for one's party, to get office for one's self or one's friend, have become the almost undisguised objects of ambition and effort, and no means have been held disreputable,—no bargain, barter, false pretence, or false accusation,—which could be serviceable to this end.

“In old times,” said the excellent Judge Gaston of North Carolina, in the Convention for amending the Constitution of his own State,—“in old times, an application for office was an extraordinary occurrence. During the four years which he spent in Congress, but one application was made to him on the subject, and that,” says he, “came from, perhaps, the most despicable of his constituents. The letter was somewhat in this fashion: ‘I and my friends have constantly supported you. The times are hard, and I want a post; and I don't much care what post it is, so that it has a good salary attached to it.’ It is needless to state my answer,” continues that great and good judge; “but I was strongly tempted to inform him that there was but one post for which I could recommend him,—and that was the Whipping Post.”

Alas, how deplorably have the times changed—I should rather say, have men changed—in this respect! It seems to be forgotten that the robes of office must be fairly and purely won, as well as worthily and gracefully worn, or they are no robes of honor; and that not even the strength of a Hercules could survive the contact of that worse than poisoned shirt of Nessus—an official robe procured by foul play or false professions, or even by mere mendicancy. They seem to have forgotten the justice and beauty of that grand idea of an old poet:—

“High worth is elevated place; 'tis more:
It makes the post stand candidate for thee.”

We have seen an occasional, and, I doubt not, a well-intended effort, here and there, to arrest the progress of this political

plague by the direct interposition of the clergy, and the open participation of the pulpit in the discussions of the election room. But thus far, instead of carrying religion into polities, they seem only to have succeeded in carrying polities into religion. The mingling of ministers of the Gospel in the conflicts of party can do little, I fear, to raise the character of the hustings,—while it is certain it may do much to lower the dignity and impair the influence of the pulpit.

The clergy must, indeed, follow out their own conscientious convictions of duty without fear or favor, so far as man is concerned. Neither popular displeasure nor popular applause must control their topics, nor modify their treatment of them. They must not prophesy unto us smooth things, nor shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God, as it is revealed to their own waiting hearts. Through them the Gospel must have free course and be glorified; and it is for us to submit ourselves meekly to their rebukes, if by any chance we shall at any time give occasion to them. Yet as one who honors their vocation and would ever see it honored;—as one who believes that the best interests of mankind are bound up with the maintenance of an independent and faithful ministry;—as one who is convinced that from the Church of Christ are to be primarily derived the richest blessings to be enjoyed in this world or to be hoped for in another, and that there is no security for morality, and no safeguard for liberty, but in religious faith and fear, promoted and inculcated through the earnest preaching of the Word of God;—I cannot help deplored for the past, and deprecating for the future, that sort of secular disputation and political discussion in the pulpit, which tends only to the distraction and division of whole congregations of good men, and which has furnished the example under which this very platform, and others like it, are beginning to be used on the Lord's Day for the repetition of Lyceum lectures by laymen.

I know there are honest differences of opinion on these subjects. I do not forget that some of us are open to the imputation of objecting to pulpit discussions of this sort, not because ministers preach polities, but because they do not preach what we may happen to consider the right side. And perhaps I may even now

subject myself to the easy retort, that pulpit politics are no more out of place than lay preaching. But it is more than enough even to have referred to such shallow suggestions. I make no question of the sincerity and of the sense of duty under which every thing is said that is said, and every thing done that is done ; and I ask only the same respect for my own judgment which I freely and fully accord to others ; — but I should be false to one of the deepest convictions of my heart, were I to refrain, on this occasion, from an honest and earnest expression of the idea, — that even Domestic Slavery, as it is known in some parts of our own land, will never have inflicted a more fatal wound upon the hopes of humanity, even upon those hopes of humanity which are in any quarter associated with its own ultimate disappearance, than when it shall have succeeded in rending the seamless garment, and in riving asunder the Church of Christ. Nor, in my humble judgment, will those who deride and denounce that Church ever find so effective a wedge for severing it in twain, and shivering it into fragments, as in the introduction of the slavery discussion into our various religious associations.

I cannot forget, in this connection, my young friends, that when I myself first entered upon political life, more than a quarter of a century ago, it was common, even in Puritan New England, to hold grand party gatherings on the evening of the Sabbath. It was, indeed, the favorite night for such occasions just before an election, and there was always an eager competition for the use of Faneuil Hall for the purpose. I have heard Otis and Quincy and Webster speak there on a Sunday night, and — as this is a day for humiliation and confession — I must not omit to say that I believe I once spoke there myself on that evening. It has been justly regarded as a great moral and social and religious reform to have abolished the custom, and our election days have been thrown over from Monday to Tuesday, partly, if not wholly, to prevent the temptation of using any portion of the Lord's Day in electioneering preparations. But in vain shall we have discarded Sunday night caucuses, if the morning or afternoon services of the sanctuary are to be perverted to the use of polities, and if the prayers of the house of God are only to be grudgingly served out, like a hurried grace before meat, as a prelude to an electioneering appeal.

or a politieal diatribe. “The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him :”—this is the language of the sacred volume, as well as the appropriate and impressive opening of the Episecopal Liturgy ;—and I know of no better or juster interpretation of the passage than that which I rejoice to say it seems generally to have received in my own Church,—that all earthly controversies and contentions should be hushed — hushed — in the house consecrated to the worship of God.

No, my friends, the disease to which I have been alluding is one, and the remedy must be one :—Diversities of operations, but the same Spirit. If a higher and purer principle in polities, if a loftier integrity on the Exchange or at the Bar, if a worthier management of the Press, if a less intemperate and reckless policy in pressing forward the cause of moral and social reform, if all or any of these consummations are to be witnessed in our day, as God grant they may be,—or in any day,—it will not be because the Pulpit shall have abandoned the great topics of the Gospel, and the great doctrines of salvation, for any secular discussions whatever. It will rather be, because holding fast to its legitimate work of preaching Christ and Him crucified, and unfolding with renewed energy from week to week those two great Commandments upon which hang all the law and all the prophets, — love to God and love to man, — the pulpit shall have succeeded in awakening the great masses of the community, and especially in arousing the minds of the young, to higher and nobler views of Christian duty. It will be because individual men and women, — prompted and animated by such appeals from the pulpit, and aided and enlightened by that Holy Spirit which is ever ready to help our infirmities, and to quicken us in every good way and work, if we will but open our hearts to its influences,— shall associate themselves together, as you have done, for the adoption and cultivation of a more Christian spirit and a more Christian principle in all the various walks of life. It will not be because the pursuits and controversies of the week-day have been carried into the discourses of the Sabbath, but because more of the spirit of the Sabbath, and of Him who was Lord of the Sabbath, has been brought into the business of the week-day :—because, in a word, more of the Divine Life has been incorporated into the

daily life of those by whom the affairs and relations of mankind are regulated and conducted.

For it is not enough, my young friends, for you to have adopted a good name for your association. It is not enough for any of us merely to profess and call ourselves Christians. Almost the whole civilized world, indeed, has long assumed to itself the title of the Christian world; and it rejoices in the recognition of the Christian era as the period from which all human acts or ordinances are dated. We set down, each one of us, on every written or printed page, at the top of every letter of business or note of friendship, of every bill or *billet doux*, the year of our Lord,—as if there were no time worthy to be counted in our calendar (as, in very truth, there is not) until Christ appeared upon the earth to bring life and immortality to light; as if time were nothing, as in truth it is nothing, except when regarded as the vestibule of an assured eternity,—the first infant step of a never-ending and immortal career. But how much of this is formal, fashionable, a matter of routine, or a matter of reckoning! How few of us, as we date our notes or our letters 1858 or 1859, consider or care, or even remember, from what event so many hundred years have passed away without detracting one jot or one tittle from its infinite and unutterable importance! Christmas comes and goes, and comes again, with the revolution of the seasons. The usual amount of feasting and dancing, of family gatherings and friendly present-makings, is sure to be witnessed. The churches are decorated, the windows are festooned, the evergreen-tree is lighted with candles and loaded with *souvenirs*, and a “merry Christmas” is the unfailing ejaculation of every man to his neighbor. But amidst all this anniversary gayety and conventional gladness, how many of us think seriously of the momentous character of the occasion we celebrate! How many pause from their merry sports to ask themselves the solemn question,—Has Christ really ever been born to us? Have we ever been with the wise men to worship at his cradle, or with the loving women to bend before his cross? We have used his birthday as an occasion for bringing gifts to others: have we ever employed it in bringing gifts to Him,—even the homage of a grateful heart? As an historical fact, we all of us know

that He came into the world more than eighteen centuries and a half ago; that he was wrapped in swaddling clothes and cradled in a manger; that he taught, and suffered, and died. But is it not one thing to recognize the birth of Christ historically, and to use it as a convenient starting-point in the calculation of time,— and a widely different thing to recognize it individually, personally, and as one's own immediate concern,—feeling, as each successive day of the Nativity comes round, that we are commemorating the birth of One whose right it is to reign supreme in every heart, and to whose dominion our own heart acknowledges a willing, joyful, and undivided allegiance? When that great advent and incarnation shall be recognized and celebrated in this spirit,—when it shall even be recognized in our religious calendar with as much of earnest loyalty as the birthday of Washington is beginning to be recognized in our political calendar,—the day will not be so distant, as now it is, when the kingdoms of this world shall become, in fact as well as of right, the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. But as the world goes now, it may well be feared that to not a few of those who boast themselves of the title of Christians, it may be said, hereafter, by the great Author and Finisher of our faith, in the striking language of one of the ancient prophets,—“I have *surnamed* thee, though thou hast not known me.”

Doubtless even this formal recognition of Christianity is not altogether without its practical value. It is something,—it is much,—for young men, especially, to have voluntarily adopted that name for their watchword, and to find them thus countenancing and encouraging each other in overcoming the shame-facedness with which a religious profession is too often entered upon in Protestant communities. But the Christian spirit breathing through the individual soul, the Christian motive informing and actuating the personal life, the Christian principle guiding, governing, controlling the thought, word, act of every day and hour,—these are what constitute the real recognition and adoption of the name of Christ, and these are what every man, young or old, pledges himself to aim at and strive for, who voluntarily enlists in the ranks of a Christian church, or a Christian association. The Christian life, as nobly set forth by Thomas

Arnold of Rugby,—as beautifully delineated by Peter Bayne of Edinburgh,—as humbly but heroically exemplified by Howard, and Heber, and Chalmers, and Wilberforce, and Samuel Budgett, and John Foster, and Lady Huntingdon, and Elizabeth Gurney, better known as Mrs. Fry,—as admirably commended before the Queen of England by John Caird of Errol,—as exquisitely analyzed by Wesley in the successive stanzas of that almost matchless hymn, “Jesus, my strength, my hope;”—as perfectly personified by Jesus himself, and by him alone, in his walk upon earth:—this Christian life, this life of Christ,—and no mere empty historical acknowledgment of a date, or a name, or an event,—is what you, Young Men, have associated yourselves to promote and cultivate in yourselves and others;—and this it is, which, promoted and cultivated earnestly and successfully, will, in the good time of Him with whom a thousand years are as one day, reform the abuses of the world, so far as they are ever destined to be reformed here, and prepare the way for the coming of those new heavens and that new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

And how, let me inquire for a moment, how, my friends, does this Christian life differ from the common life of those around you?

There is no more mistaken view, certainly, of the Christian life, than that which represents it as a life of separation and seclusion from the business of the world, and from the performance, by each one of us, of that part in the transactions of society which may have been assigned to us by Providence. The day is past,—never to return, I trust, in this region of the globe,—when any thing of monastic retirement and solitude is to be counted among the dictates of Christian duty. On the contrary, the requirements of a true Christian obligation demand that every man should be in the world, among his fellow-men, doing good to all within his reach, and serving his country and his community in every way in his power. Even the ancient heathen philosophy did not admit the idea of such a thing as the possibility of an escape from duty. “For no part of life,” says Cicero most nobly,—“whether you are employed in private or in public affairs,—whether you are doing any thing by yourself or negotiating any

thing with others,—can be free from duty; and in observing that is all the honor, and in neglecting that is all the disgrace of life." And not less nobly says the Christian poet of the Lakes:—

" Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;—
But by the storm of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists."

The duties of life are to be discharged, not shrunk from nor shirked. The world is to be carried along, and the business of the world, with all its petty cares, and with all its momentous concerns. Lands are to be tilled, houses built, trade conducted, government administered, justice executed,—education, literature, science, and every useful art, promoted and advanced. The Christian life, in a word, is to be engrafted upon the daily life, not cherished and cultivated as a thing apart and independent.

It is not easy to overestimate the value of Sunday to the Christian world, and I would be the last to have any thing of its sacredness diminished, or any of its holy time encroached upon. Yet it cannot be denied that the very strictness of its observance has had a tendency to encourage an idea, that religion is a peculiar thing, to be reserved exclusively for a separate season and a particular day,—that prayers are only for churches or funerals, and piety to be put on and thrown off with our Sunday suits. But the true Christian will so far at least recognize every day as the Lord's day, as to carry his Christian principles and his Christian spirit into every sphere of occupation, and even of recreation and amusement. For we all know that amusements and recreations there must be,—a time to laugh as well as a time to weep or to be serious;—and I doubt extremely the wisdom of limiting the variety of amusements, for young or old, by too Puritanic a standard. A religious heart will reject all such amusements as are inconsistent with its own peace and its own purity; but a formal, rigid, arbitrary proscription of particular amusements will not create a religious heart. It is more likely to create an irreligious, impatient, rebellious one.

But even into the sphere of social recreations and amusements,

a Christian spirit, a spirit of moderation and temperance, of mutual deference and politeness, of true gentility and nobility,—for all these belong to the best elements of the Christian character,—may be, and ought to be, and will be carried. Under their influence the relations and associations of the sexes will assume a more dignified and refined, though by no means a less cheerful footing; the pervading and prevailing spirit of selfishness and sensuality will be exorcised; and those flamting and frivolous gallantries will disappear, which threaten to turn even the sacred tie of matrimony into nothing better than a mere *beau-knot*. The shameless doctrine of affinities superior to marriage-vows will be strangled in its cradle, and we shall be spared the horror of scenes like those which have recently made us almost ready to disown and forswear the capital of our country. Young America, too, will be less eager to signalize itself in inventing and employing derisive appellations for parents and elders, and the good old words, “father” and “mother,” will resume their sacred significance in the daily domestic vocabulary. A tyrannical fashion, too, will abate somewhat of its preposterous exactions and its absurd prescriptions, and will at least take care to accommodate the hoops of its votaries to the dimensions of our pew-doors.

There is a most remarkable passage, my friends, in Paley’s celebrated “Essay on the Evidences of Christianity,” which is worthy of being listened to even as a specimen of the most felicitous and forcible style, and which contains sentiments certainly entitled to the gravest consideration: —

“The influence of religion,” says he, “is not to be sought for in the councils of princees, in the debates or resolutions of popular assemblies, in the conduct of governments towards their subjects, or of states and sovereigns towards one another; of conquerors at the head of their armies, or of parties intriguing for power at home (topics which alone almost occupy the attention, and fill the pages of history); — but must be perceived, if perceived at all, in the silent course of private and domestic life. Nay, more: even *there* its influence may not be very obvious to observation. If it check, in some degree, personal dissoluteness, if it beget a general probity in the transaction of business,

if it produce soft and humane manners in the mass of the community, and occasional exertions of laborious or expensive benevolence in a few individuals, it is all the effect which can offer itself to external notice. *The kingdom of heaven is within us.* That which is the substance of the religion, its hopes and consolations, its intermixture with the thoughts by day and by night, the devotion of the heart, the control of the appetite, the steady direction of the will to the commands of God, is necessarily invisible. Yet upon these depend the virtue and the happiness of millions. This cause renders the representations of history, with respect to religion, defective and fallacious, in a greater degree than they are upon any other subject. Religion operates most upon those of whom history knows the least: upon fathers and mothers in their families, upon men-servants and maid-servants, upon the orderly tradesman, the quiet villager, the manufacturer at his loom, the husbandman in his fields. Amongst such, its influence collectively may be of inestimable value, yet its effects, in the mean time, little upon those who figure upon the stage of the world. *They* may know nothing of it; they may believe nothing of it; they may be actuated by motives more impetuous than those which religion is able to excite. It cannot therefore be thought strange that this influence should elude the grasp and touch of public history; for what is public history, but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels of those who engage in contentions for power?"

True, indeed,—alas, too true,—is this eloquent and masterly analysis of the influence of religion, as manifested in the history of the world, when Paley penned it and published it, more than sixty years ago; and I fear that the more than half a century which has since elapsed, boastful as it has been of its progress in civilization and Christianity, has done little to diminish its accuracy. It is still in the daily decencies and proprieties and integrities and purities of private and social life that the influences of religious faith and fear are to be most distinctly, if not altogether and exclusively, looked for; and if they should ever fail to be found and recognized there, we may, indeed, begin to despair of their efficacy anywhere over the human heart. But

Heaven forbid, that we should accept this as the predestined and unalterable current of history in all time to come! Why, why shall not the influence of religion be sought for, and be found, in the councils of princes, in the debates and resolutions of popular assemblies, in the conduct of governments towards their subjects and towards one another? Why shall it not be sought for, and be found, in the conduct of conquerors at the head of their armies abroad, and of parties, not "intriguing," indeed, but honorably striving for power at home? Why shall any who figure on the stage of the world know nothing of religion, believe nothing of it, and be actuated by motives more impetuous than any which religion is able to excite? And why, why shall public history continue to be only a register of the vices and follies and quarrels of those who engage in contentions for power?

But let us hear Paley once more, in another of his most impressive and powerful passages, before I conclude this discourse by a brief reply to these questions: —

"The truth is," says he, " (and pity 'tis, 'tis true), there are two opposite descriptions of character, under which mankind may generally be classed. The one possesses vigor, firmness, resolution: is daring and active, quick in its sensibilities, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachments, inflexible in its purposes, violent in its resentments; the other, meek, yielding, complying, forgiving, — not prompt to act, but willing to suffer, — silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation where others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrong-headedness, the intractability of those with whom it has to deal.

"The former of these characters is, and ever hath been, the favorite of the world. It is the character of great men. There is a dignity in it which universally commands respect. The latter is poor-spirited, tame, and abject. Yet so it hath happened, that, with the Founder of Christianity, this latter is the subject of his commendation, his precepts, his example; and that the former is so in no part of its composition. This (he maintains), and nothing else, is the character designed in the following remarkable passages: 'Resist not evil; but whosoever

shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain; love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' This certainly, says he, is not commonplace morality. It shows at least (and it is for this purpose we produce it) that no two things can be more different than the Heroic and the Christian character."

No two things more different than the Heroic and the Christian character! I will not pause to ask where was Paley's remembrance of those earlier and later martyrs of Christianity, who submitted themselves without flinching to the fury of the lions or the raging of the flames. Was there no heroism there? I will not pause to ask where was his remembrance of Stephen or of Paul, of Ridley or of Latimer,—of Cranmer, thrusting his right hand into the fire that it might be burned to cinders first and alone, because it had offended by writing a recantation of the truth,—or of poor Lady Jane Grey, whose unshaken constancy to the cause of Christ has stirred the sympathy of so many hearts, and drawn tears from so many eyes, during the more than three centuries which have elapsed since her youthful form was laid upon the block. Was there no heroism there? I will not pause to suggest that the profound and eloquent moralist has pressed his contrast to an extreme, in speaking of the Christian character as ever necessarily "poor-spirited, tame, and abject," in the reproachful sense in which those epithets would now be understood. Let me rather ask again, Is this discouraging and fearful contrast one of perpetual necessity? Is it written irrevocably in the book of destiny, that quick and jealous and quarrelsome men, inflexible in purpose, and violent in resentment, are for ever to be the favorites of the world, are always to be the great men of the world? Is it written unchangeably in the book of destiny, that those who figure on the pages of history are to know nothing of religion, to believe nothing of religion, and to be actuated by motives more impetuous than any which religion can excite? I fear that not a few of those who aspire

to be the great men of the world, even in this day and generation, may have shaped their course upon such an hypothesis. But have there not been those already, who seem to have risen up—to have been raised up, let me rather say—to change the standard of human greatness, and who have changed it, since these passages were composed by Paley, more than sixty years ago? Are there no figures even in our own American history, which lift themselves majestically before us as we speak, to attest the possibility that there may be such a thing as ingrafting the Christian character upon the Heroic character, and blending them into an harmonious and matchless unity? Shall we admit that the character of Washington was any thing less than heroic, any thing other than Christian? Was there no union of the Heroic and the Christian character in the youthful Kane, braving those repeated winters of disease and darkness in those “thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,” ever offering up his little prayer, —“Lord, accept our gratitude and bless our undertaking,” or “Return us to our homes,”—and still reminding his despairing comrades how often an Unseen Power had rescued them in peril, and admonishing them still to place reliance on Him who could not change!

Cross the ocean, too, and gather with your Saxon brethren around the tomb of the brave Sir Henry Lawrence, or the lamented Havelock, or the youthful Vicars, or unite in the homage which is everywhere paid to those lovely, living Sisters of Charity, with Florence Nightingale at their head, braving those burning climes, and breathing that tainted air, while they ministered to the bodies and the souls of those dying soldiers,—and tell me whether these are not examples which will illuminate the brightest pages of modern history, or of any history; and bear perpetual testimony that the highest heroism is no longer incompatible with the truest Christianity!

Oh, yes, my young friends, it is not too late,—you can still redeem history from the reproach of being only the register of the vices, follies, and quarrels of those who are contending for power. The influence of religion may still, by God’s blessing, be sought for and be found, in the councils of princes and even of presidents, in the debates and resolutions of popular assem-

blies, and even of Parliaments, and of Congresses,—in the conduct of conquerors at the head of their armies, and even of parties in the heat of their strife. The day may still come when the highest illustration of the heroic character will be recognized in the conquest, not of others, but of one's self;—when the greatest heroes will be acknowledged to be those who have won single-handed victories in the unseen battle-fields of their own souls, with no witnesses but God and the angels; and when we shall all realize the truth of that saying which poor Sheridan (seeing and describing the glory which, alas, he could not achieve for himself) has put into the mouth of his Rolla: “To triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow; but in a contest with thyself be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.” The day may still come, when the Heroic and the Christian character, blended into one, shall be hailed as the only consummation which is possible in this sublunary state, of the cherished idea of a perfected humanity, and when the world shall do willing homage to the men and the women who shall display these hitherto contrasted and conflicting elements in the most complete and harmonious combination.

And you, my friends, have invented or adopted the precise enginery by which this fusion is to be effected, and this glorious change accomplished. Let the great mass of the young men of America organize themselves into associations like that before me, and persevere systematically and conscientiously in pursuing the ends which this Association has proposed to itself, and the time will come when, to their united efforts, will be traced a reformation of manners and morals, of opinion and of practice, of social, of professional, and of political life, compared with which all other reformations or revolutions will have been only so many precursors and pioneers,—only so many voices crying in the wilderness, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord!”

Our illustrious Franklin, while still a printer at Philadelphia, on the 9th of May, 1731, being then about five-and-twenty years old, recorded the result of his “observations on reading history” in the library which he had founded, in the following words:

"There seems to me at present to be great occasion for raising a *United Party for Virtue*, by forming the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body, to be governed by suitable, good, and wise rules, which good and wise men may, probably, be more unanimous in their obedience to, than common people are to common laws." It may have been a fanciful speculation on Franklin's part, and the virtue which he contemplated may hardly have had enough of the Christian element in it to give it consistency or stability. But the idea, in its best interpretation, seems almost realized and accomplished by the affiliated Young Men's Christian Associations which have recently been spread over so many parts of our country and of the world. A United Party for Christian Virtue has thus been organized. More than twenty thousand young men are estimated to have joined it already in the United States alone. It has no personal or political aims. It rallies to no elections. It seeks no spoils or offices. It appeals to no individual or even national prejudices. It looks to no sectional or sectarian triumphs. It raises no flag, blazoned with the emblems of mere worldly, earthly, temporal interests. But taking the Bible, the open Bible, as its platform, and lifting the Cross as its ensign, "putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation," it goes forth to wrestle with "the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And who doubts that God will go forth with such an army, and that "his banner over it will be Love?" Who doubts that, if faithful to itself, and yielding to no temptations to embark in secular enterprises or controversies, it will go on "conquering and to conquer," and that from line to line, from wing to wing, of its marshalled and embattled legions, shall be heard the triumphant song, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies!"

And shall there be longer a doubt, that a body of young men, numbering hardly less than two thousand in our own city, thus associated, in such a spirit, and for these high and holy ends, shall have the means of securing for themselves every accommodation which they may need, or may reasonably ask? Shall

there be a longer delay in providing them with convenient apartments and an ample hall in which they may carry on their great work of moral and spiritual improvement,—writing on its walls — Salvation,— and on its gates — Praise!

The atmosphere around us, I know, is at this moment filled almost to suffocation with projects, some of them gigantic projects, mammoth projects, for erecting edifices for every variety of purpose. The brain reels, and the most sanguine and liberal heart almost despairs, at the proposals and applications which are multiplied at every turn. Yonder "Back Bay" will have more than fulfilled the largest promise of its name, if it shall prove strong enough to bear even one half the load which seems destined to be imposed upon it. Art and science, education and literature, natural history and civil history, patriotism and charity, severally and jointly, have been beseeching and besieging our public and our private treasuries for aid. Gladly, most gladly, would I see them all successful,—not all at once, perhaps, but each in its order. Let Charity be aided in building up her hospitals and her homes for the orphan and the widow, for the indigent and the sick, curable and incurable. Let Patriotism be encouraged in preserving the memorials and monuments and precious reliques of the great and good men, who planted our colony, or achieved our independence, or who have illustrated our constitutional history. Let the Home and the Grave of Washington never be the property of any thing less than the whole Union. Let central and convenient Armories not be withheld from the old battalions or the new battalions, whose interposition with the arm of flesh may be needed, we know not how soon, to execute our laws or maintain our domestic peace. Let Education and Learning and Literature enjoy a liberal patronage for their schools, and colleges, and academies, and libraries. Let Art, in due time, have her galleries and repositories and conservatories, for all that mechanic invention and philosophical ingenuity and the most cultured and refined taste and skill, in marble or in bronze or on the canvas, can design or accomplish. Let the Natural Sciences have their spacious corridors and cabinets for the preservation and display of every thing that is rare, and recondite, and curious in the air above, or in the earth

beneath, or in the waters under the earth,—where old and young may observe and study the works of God in Nature, and where their hearts may be exalted towards the great Creator. I rejoice that this object at least is secured,—that this is to be done first of all and without delay, so that not a day of the remaining life of that eminent adopted Naturalist of ours,—Agassiz,—whom the fascinations and blandishments of foreign courts have not been able to seduce from his chosen allegiance to the cause of American science,—so that not a day of his life, even should it be, as we hope, as long as that of his illustrious friend Humboldt, may be lost to mankind through our neglect; and so that not one of all the myriad specimens which he has so laboriously collected may perish for want of a safe place of deposit. Religion has nothing to fear from science. Nature and revelation,—what are they but two volumes of the same Divine Book? “Between the Word and the Works of God (said the lamented Hugh Miller) there can be no actual discrepancies; and the seeming ones are discernible only by the men who see worst.

‘Mote-like they flicker in unsteady eyes,
And weakest his who best deservs! ’”

But neither science nor art, nor education nor literature, nor natural history nor civil history, nor patriotism, nor even charity itself, can supply any substitute for religion. There is a higher revelation, and one more worthy of our best study, than even the record of the Rocks or the testimony of the Turtles. Nay, there have been rents in the rocks themselves, which have attested more momentous things than any which geology can ever teach,—even should its excavations, with more than Artesian enterprise, strike down upon the very central fires, and uncover them before their time! There is a first and great commandment superior even to the second which is like unto it. There is a better country even than our native land. There is a more glorious liberty even than American liberty. There is a more consecrated mount even than Mount Vernon. And these young men whose faces are set towards the Mount Zion, who, without renouncing one particle of love or loyalty to the land in which they live, yet seek to secure a future citizenship

in another country,—even a heavenly,—and who would fain improve themselves and others in things which pertain to their everlasting portion and peace,—let it never be said that their moderate and reasonable claims were postponed to any which have been, or to any which can be, named. Let it never be said, that while schemes are on foot which might almost carry us along to the grandeur and magnificence of another Antioch, those who are calling themselves Christians are left without a home. If we grudged not the cost of resuing the remains of a gallant company of foreign navigators from their icy shrouds on the Arctic shores,—how can we withhold the means of resuing the souls of our living sons from the frozen realms of infidelity or indifference, or from the torrid zone of sensuality and crime! Let Religion ever have that rightful pre-eminence among us which is symbolized in the stately towers and soaring spires of her churches. Let science and art and education and patriotism be ever encircled and glorified with a halo of holiness from the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness. And let us give to the worshippers of that Sun,—who desire no gorgeous temple of Daphne, no gigantic statue of Apollo,—every moral and every material aid and comfort in our power, encouraging them to study, and to learn, and to teach others, the deep and priceless mysteries of Redeeming Love, and saying to them, as Milton represents the Archangel Michael saying to our fallen first parents, as they were sadly quitting the seats of innocence and bliss to enter upon the stern trials and discipline of this mortal life:—

“This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of Wisdom;—hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knewest by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature’s works,
Or works of God, in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoyedst,
And all the rule, one empire. Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance,—add love,
By name to come called charity,—the soul
Of all the rest; then will thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far!”

For myself, my friends, I can truly say, in conclusion, that if the results of this humble labor of love to-night should be, directly or indirectly, to secure a building for this Young Men's Christian Association, I should feel better repaid than if I could have written my name upon the Parthenon or the Pyramids; — for I do not forget the words of another of the old English poets: —

“ Virtue, alone, outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.”

LUXURY AND THE FINE ARTS, IN SOME OF THEIR MORAL AND HISTORICAL RE- LATIONS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN AID OF THE FUND FOR BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF
WASHINGTON, BOSTON, MAY 13, 1859.*

I WAS not at all surprised, my friends, on my return home yesterday from a brief Southern tour, to find that the wars and rumors of wars from abroad, which are agitating and engrossing the public mind, and the elemental revolutions at home, which precipitated us into midsummer a few days since only to plunge us back again so soon into this cold and cheerless spring, should have somewhat overclouded the prospects and the promise of this occasion.

But the glorious sunshine which we have enjoyed this afternoon, the inspiring strains of this charming band of choristers, and still more the eloquent and excellent remarks of my valued friend who has just introduced me so kindly, have dissipated all doubts and forebodings, and have assured me that the cause which I am to plead is already safe, and that we shall none of us have occasion to repent that we have "set this Ball in motion." My only apprehension is, that the occasion may hardly seem to call for so grave and formal a discourse, as that which, according to my promise, I now proceed to deliver.

It would not be easy, I think, to name a more interesting or a more instructive memorial of our Revolutionary period, than the "Journal of a Voyage to England," — with the account of what

* This Address was delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Baltimore, on the 2d of May, 1859.

he saw and heard and did there in the years 1774 and 1775,—by that eminent and eloquent young Boston patriot,—**JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr.**,—who died, alas, within sight of his native shores on his return home, just eighty-four years ago on the 26th of April last, leaving a name which, even had no fresh renown been earned for it in a later generation, could not fail to have been held in the most grateful remembrance, through all ages of our country's history, by every friend of American liberty.

This journal will be found in the admirable Memoir of its author, prepared and published in the year 1825, by his early distinguished and now venerable and venerated son. The Memoir has long been out of print, and copies of it are not always easily to be procured. But it well deserves a place in every American library, and it is greatly to be hoped that a new edition of it may be forthcoming at no distant day from the same filial hand;—a hand still untrembling under the ceaseless industry of more than fourscore years, and never weary of doing another, and still another, labor of love for his kinsfolk, his fellow-citizens, or his country.

One of the most striking passages of this journal is that which describes an interview between our young Boston Cicero, as Quincy was deservedly called in those days, and that distinguished member of Parliament and friend of America, Colonel Barré.

Among the statesmen of the mother-country, during the early part of our Revolutionary contentions, the name of no one was more familiar or more endeared to our American patriots than that of Isaac Barré. A self-made man, of humble Irish parentage, he had served upon this continent, as an officer of the British army, before the oppression of the colonies which led to their separation had commenced. He was with Wolfe, as an aide-de-camp, at the capture of Quebec, where he received a wound which was destined to cost him his eyesight before he died. Some of you may, perhaps, remember a pleasant anecdote, which Mr. Webster used to tell with the highest relish, when he was himself suffering from an almost blinding catarrh during the season of roses or of hay,—the story of Lord North, who was afflicted with total blindness before his death, saying of Colonel Barré, after he also had become blind,—“ Although the worthy

gentleman and I often have been at variance, there are few men living who would feel more delighted to *see* each other." Barré returned home, however, to become adjutant-general, governor of Stirling Castle, and a member of the House of Commons. In this latter capacity he signalized himself, within two days after taking his seat, by a bold and blunt philippic upon no less formidable and illustrious an opponent than William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham; and not long afterwards he was among the few members of Parliament who ventured to resist the passage of the Stamp Act, making a powerful and admirable reply on that occasion to the celebrated Charles Townshend, the most eloquent of all the advocates of that ill-starred,—if I ought not rather to call it, in view of all its fortunate consequences, that auspicious and glorious measure. "There has been nothing of note in Parliament," writes Horace Walpole on the 12th of February, 1765, "but one slight day on the American Taxes,—which Charles Townshend supporting, received a pretty heavy thump from Barré, who is the present Pitt, and the dread of all the vociferous Norths and Rigbys, on whose lungs depended so much of Mr. Grenville's power." This is the speech which has become so familiar to the declamation of the schools, and which will readily be remembered by those striking exclamations and replies,—"They planted by your care! No, your oppressions planted them in America! They nourished up by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them! They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence!"

Barré was also the first to foretell distinctly the result of the oppressive measures which he was so bold in opposing. "I prophesied on the passing of the Stamp Act in 1765," said he just four years afterwards, "what would happen thereon: and now in March, 1769, I fear I can prophesy further troubles,—that if the whole people are made desperate, finding no remedy from Parliament, the whole continent will be in arms immediately, and perhaps these provinces lost to England for ever." So signal, indeed, had been his efforts, on repeated occasions, in favor of the rights and privileges of the Colonies, that the people of Boston, at a town meeting in 1765,—at which James Otis presided and Samuel Adams was present and took part in the proceedings,

— not only voted an address of thanks to Colonel Barré and General Conway, but ordered that the portraits of both those gentlemen, as soon as they could be procured, should be suspended in Faneuil Hall, “as a standing monument to all posterity of the virtue and justice of our benefactors, and a lasting proof of our own gratitude.” That was among the earliest formal and public applications of the Fine Arts to historical monuments in our New England annals. And the order was duly and honorably executed. At the Boston town meeting of May 8, 1767, only a few days more than ninety-two years ago, a letter was directed to be written to Colonel Barré, announcing that his picture had been received and placed in Faneuil Hall. That of General Conway was also procured about the same time; but I am sorry to add that both these portraits, together with others, perhaps of even greater artistic value, disappeared during the occupancy of the town by the British army in 1775–6, both of them having been either destroyed or carried away.

Barré is said to have been the first person who gave to our Boston rebels the cherished title of “ Sons of Liberty.” And, as an evidence of the estimation in which he was held in Massachusetts as late as 1774, I may remind you that a noble agricultural town in the heart of the Commonwealth was called by his name, which it still bears; the odious name of *Hutchinson* having been repudiated to make way for it. And though Colonel Barré did not continue to sustain our cause,—as he could hardly have been expected to do,—after we were once at open war with his own land; although he was even betrayed into a vote for that abominable measure, the Boston Port Bill; I cannot help thinking that it would still be a most agreeable *souvenir* of those early services to American liberty, if the completion of a full century from the date when it was first placed there, should find that same portrait of him (by Sir Joshua Reynolds, I dare say), if it could anyhow be recovered, once more hanging on the walls of old Faneuil Hall, side by side with that of Quincy himself, which ought certainly to be there, also. There will be time enough, however, for Boston folks, who are proverbially full of notions, to think about this, between now and the 8th of May, 1867. Meanwhile, having refreshed your memories with a brief account of the career and

character of this young Irish friend of American freedom, let me turn to the interview between him and our patriot Quincy, as described in the journal to which I have already referred.

That interview took place on the second day of January, 1775, at Bath, well known, at that period and since, as one of the most fashionable watering-places of England, and it is thus introduced by the spirited young journalist:—"January 2d. Was visited by Hon. Mr. Temple, who spent an hour with me. Went again over Bath, in order to review the buildings. Spent the afternoon with Mrs. Macaulay,* and went in the evening to a ball at the new rooms, which was full and very splendid. The rooms are very elegant, and the paintings which cover the windows — taken from the draughts of the figures found at the ruins of Herculaneum — have a fine effect. This evening," he adds, "I had two hours' conversation with Colonel Barré, and from him I learned that he was once the friend of Mr. Hutchinson in opposition to Governor Pownall, but that he had for a long time, and especially since his last arrival in England, wholly deserted him."

In the course of this conversation, Colonel Barré made the following remarks: "About fifteen years ago, I was through a considerable part of your country; — for in the expedition against Canada, my business called me to pass by land through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Albany. When I returned to this country, I was often speaking of America, and could not help speaking well of its climate, soil, and inhabitants; — for you must know, sir, America was always a favorite with me; — but will you believe it, sir, — yet I assure you it is true, — more than two-thirds of this island at that time thought the Americans were negroes!" "I replied," says Quincy, "that I did not in the least doubt of it, — for that if I was to judge by the late acts of Parliament, I should suppose that a majority of the people of Great Britain still thought so; — for I found that their representatives still treated them as such." "He smiled," continues the Jour-

* She was the accomplished lady whose History of England was hardly less celebrated in those days than that of her distinguished namesake in these, having been pronounced, both by Horace Walpole and by the poet Gray, as "the most sensible, unaffected, and best history of England that we have had yet," although Hume's had been published long before.

nal, "and the discourse dropped ;" but Quiney quietly adds, as an intimation that the point of his own reply had not been unperceived,— "Colonel Barré was among those who voted for the Boston Port Bill."

Few things could more strikingly illustrate the ignorance which prevailed in the mother country, at that critical period, in regard to those Colonies which she was so blindly and madly goading on to rebellion, than this little dialogue ;—but interesting as it is in itself, and instructive as it would be to dwell upon it longer, it is not the part of the interview between Barré and Quiney which I have taken as the text and topic of this Address, and to which I now hasten to proceed, without further preamble.

"Colonel Barré," says Quiney, "while we were viewing the pictures taken from the ruins found at Herculaneum, said, 'I hope you have not the books containing the draughts of those ruins with you.' I replied, 'There was one set, I believed, in the public library at our College.' 'Keep them there,' said he, 'and they may be of some service as a matter of curiosity for the speculative, but let them get abroad and you are ruined. 'Tis taste that ruins whole kingdoms ; 'tis taste that depopulates whole nations ; I could not help weeping when I surveyed the ruins of Rome. All the remains of Roman grandeur are of works which were finished when Rome and the spirit of Rome were no more, — unless I except the ruins of the Emilian baths. Mr. Quiney, let your countrymen beware of taste in their buildings, equipage, and dress, as a deadly poison.' "

If this solemn and emphatic warning, to which the youthful Quiney seems to have made no reply, but which he considered worthy of being recorded at length in his private diary,—a warning which some of us, perhaps, might be almost invidious enough to intimate had been literally interpreted and practically followed from that day to this, so very little of any thing worthy of being called taste has yet been exhibited among us:—if this solemn and emphatic warning had come from some sober moralist, or some grave minister of the Gospel, it might have been regarded only as an amplification or paraphrase of one of those general injunctions against vanity and worldliness which abound on the pages of Holy Writ, and we should have listened to it, or read it,

as we read or listen to that memorable text, for example, of one of the Epistles of St. John,—"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." But here was an experienced and enlightened statesman, in the maturity of his parliamentary renown, whose vigor of intellect and force of character and felicity of style have ranked him among the few by whom even the brilliant and mysterious Letters of Junius might have been written, and to whom those letters have sometimes been ascribed,—a man who had seen the world, and was deeply read in the history of the world, and had no distaste for the pomps and vanities of the world,—a lover of liberty, too, and an earnest sympathizer with Young America in that cause of freedom, for which she was girding herself so heroically to contend even unto the death;—and it was from the lips of this man, in no spirit of religious bigotry or of moral primness and punctiliousness, but on broad, philosophical, and political grounds, that the warning has come down to us against cultivating and indulging a taste,—an extravagant and licentious taste,—not merely for equipage and furniture and dress, but for buildings and sculpture and the Fine Arts.

Such a warning, I need hardly say, was not original with Colonel Barré. So far at least as it may be construed into a protest against luxury in general, as unworthy of being countenanced by a free and enlightened people, and as leading to the decay and downfall of Liberty, it may be found on the pages of a thousand historians and poets and moralists of every age and land. Gibbon, indeed, who had gazed on the remains of the Eternal City with an agitation not less vivid than his parliamentary compeer,—for Gibbon once sat in the House of Commons by the side of Colonel Barré,—Gibbon, who traced the original idea of his great "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to the emotions excited by a company of barefooted friars singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, while he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol,—Gibbon appears to have found some compensation for the evils of this sort of extravagance in the suggestion, that "in the present imperfect condition of society,

luxury, though it may proceed from vice and folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property." Hume, too, with the ingenuity and acuteness which characterize so many of his celebrated Essays, draws a careful distinction between those luxurious indulgences which "are pursued at the expense of some virtue, as liberality or charity," and those which "entrench upon no virtue, leaving an ample surplus whence to provide for friends, family, and every proper object of generosity or compassion;" and he would seem to imply, that from this latter sort of indulgence there was no danger to be apprehended either to individuals or to nations. And Dr. Johnson, in a spirit of combative dissent from those who conversed with him, and with a singularity which can hardly be reconciled with his ordinary good sense,—while he expressed a strong and strange contempt for every thing like ornamental architecture, and severely ridiculed and satirized sculpture in particular, yet declared with more than his ordinary dogmatism to Sir Adam Ferguson, who had suggested that luxury corrupts a people and destroys the spirit of liberty,—"Sir, that is all visionary;"—adding emphatically, in a conversation with Goldsmith, on another occasion afterwards,—"No nation was ever hurt by luxury." But Goldsmith himself, however he may have been silenced and confounded for the moment, was, as we all know, by no means convinced by the dogmatic moralist; and no one has left a more earnest and unequivocal testimony on the subject, than may be found in those well-remembered and exquisite lines of the "Deserted Village":—

"Ye friends to truth, ye Statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same,
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neigh'ring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;—
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasures all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;—
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress ;—
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms, — a garden and a grave ! ”

And nearly eighteen hundred years before Goldsmith, the inimitable satirist of antiquity (*Juvenal*) had condensed the whole idea into two noble lines, for which our circumlocutory language can supply no adequate translation,— when he represented and personified Luxury, more ruthless than War itself, brooding over Rome, revelling in her streets, and wreaking a relentless vengeance for a conquered world :—

“ *Sævior armis,*
Luxuria incubuit, victumque uiciscitur orbem. ”

But there is something in the time, place, and circumstances of the dialogue between Quincy and Barré, which give it a peculiar impressiveness for every American heart,— imparting to it an interest far different from any, and far deeper than any, which could be inspired by the most brilliant flights and figures of mere poetry, whether ancient or modern, and challenging for it the gravest and most serious consideration. And at this precise moment of our history, especially, when Luxury has made such unmistakable inroads upon the old simplicities of our in-door and

of our out-door life; when its flaunting manifestations confront us at every corner of the streets of our large cities, and even of some of our smaller towns and villages; when Vice and Crime, and political degeneracy, and personal profligacy, too, in so many fearful forms, seem to be following and accompanying its track; and when, at length, a sweeping financial crisis has so recently summoned us all to a reluctant pause in our career of profuse and reckless expenditure:—at this precise moment of our history it may be wholesome as well as interesting to ponder a little upon so remarkable an utterance,—accepting and laying to heart so much of it as is just and reasonable, and not omitting, at the same time, to recognize such discriminations and distinctions, as may spare us from being called on to proscribe all encouragement and patronage of the Fine Arts, as incompatible with the purity of our social life, and dangerous to the security of our Republican Liberty.

I do not propose, in pursuing this subject on the present occasion, my friends, to occupy any considerable part of my time in trite severities or easy sarcasms upon the particular manifestations which have marked the advances of luxury in our country of late years. There have been attacks enough, certainly, and more than enough, upon our sister sex, for the costly material or the swelling proportions of modern female costume. I shall enter into no criticisms upon their laces and jewelry, their basques and bodices, their cashmeres or crinoline, their gossamer expansions “or patent adjustables:”—nor will I even venture upon the discussion whether a better balance might not be struck in the book of beauty, if a little less of whatever material they may wear should be employed in encumbering the lower half of their forms, and a little more in covering the upper half. Talleyrand once wittily said of women’s dress in his own time and land, that “it began too late and ended too soon.” The latter fault has certainly disappeared at the behest of modern milliners, and our streets and crossing-stones are daily and hourly swept by many more than those who are hired to keep them clean. There is, after all, nothing new in the fashions and follies of modern female attire, and nothing new can be said about them. Milton portrayed them all in that memorable description of the treacher-

ous wife of Samson, as he introduced her to the chorus of the Danites in his magnificent drama of *The Agonistes*, and one might almost imagine that he was prefiguring the advent of some Broadway or Washington Street or Beacon Street belle of the present day:—

“ But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,—
An amber scent of odorons perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.”

And even the idea, which is so much harped on of late, that woman is responsible for draining the country of its wealth, and robbing domestic industry of its rightful remuneration, by indulging so inordinately in foreign fashions and imported finery, is almost as old as the Christian era. It was in the year of our Lord 22, a great ancient historian informs us, that luxury had reached such a pitch in Rome, that the *Ediles* complained to the Senate, and the Senate laid the subject before the Emperor Tiberius, and called for his special and sovereign intervention. It was before Tiberius had indulged in those corrupting excesses at Capreae, which have associated his name with eternal infamy, and while he was still “addicted (as the historian tells us) to the frugality of ancient manners.” The Emperor addressed a special and serious communication to the Senate on the subject, which gives us an edifying insight into the fashions of those days:—

“ If a reform is in truth intended,” says he, “ where must it begin ? and how am I to restore the simplicity of ancient times ? Must I abridge your villas, those vast domains, where whole tracts of land are laid out for ornament ? Must I retrench

the number of slaves, so great at present, that every family seems a nation in itself? What shall be said of massy heaps of gold and silver? of statues wrought in brass, and an infinite collection of pictures, all indeed highly finished, the perfection of art?—How shall we reform the taste for dress, which, according to the reigning fashion, is so exquisitely nice, that the sexes are scarce distinguished? How are we to deal with the peculiar articles of female vanity, and, in particular, with that rage for jewels and precious trinkets, *which drains the Empire of its wealth, and sends, in exchange for bawbles, the money of the Commonwealth to foreign nations, and even to the enemies of Rome?*”—He concludes by the prudent and excellent suggestion, that sumptuary laws will not answer the purpose, that each individual must be a law unto himself, that men of rank must be restrained by principle, the poor by indigence, and the rich, if in no other way, by satiety. The whole subject was accordingly dismissed for the time, and the Roman ladies continued to wear what they pleased.*

And so, doubtless, will the American ladies continue to wear what they please, in spite of any reproaches or ridicule, any gibes or sneers, which may be cast upon them from any source. Yet American ladies are as open to the appeals of reason, of justice, and of patriotism, as those who aspire to be considered their rightful lords and masters. Let them once be convinced that the cause of virtue, of good morals, and of freedom, demands of them any sacrifice of show or of substance, any abatement of expenditure, any abandonment of display, any self-denial or self-devotion whatever, and they will be the last to shrink from such an appeal. If any one doubts this, let him recall the sacrifices of our Pilgrim Mothers and of our Patriot Mothers, as recorded on the pages of our Colonial and Revolutionary history. Let him read afresh the story of that noble North Carolina landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, who, as Irving tells us in his admirable “Life of Washington,” when the gallant Greene was resting and refreshing himself at her inn, on his way to Guilford Courthouse in 1781, “fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless,” no sooner overheard his desponding words, than she entered the

* Tac. Ann. 3 Lib. ch. 51–53.

room where he was sitting, closed the door, and, drawing from under her apron two bags of money which she had carefully hoarded, said most nobly: "Take these, you will want them, and I can do without them."

Let him read afresh that pledge which the young ladies of Mecklenburg and Rowan, in the same old North State, are said to have entered into in the year 1780, not to receive the attentions of young men who would not volunteer in defence of the country,—"being of opinion (as the pledge reads) that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave and manly spirit, which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."

Let him recall that charming incident of the ball given to Lafayette in the City of Baltimore, as he was passing along to the field of his Southern conflicts, and when to the question of one of the Baltimore belles of the Revolutionary period—"Why so gloomy at a ball, Marquis?"—he replied, "I cannot enjoy the gayety of the scene while so many of the poor soldiers are without garments to keep them warm."—"We will supply them," was the noble reply of the ladies, and lo! instead of a hundred twinkling feet on a ball-room floor, a hundred twinkling fingers of devoted wives and daughters are plying their needles, night and day, in making up the materials furnished by patriot husbands and fathers,—one lady cutting out with her own hands no less than five hundred pairs of pantaloons, and superintending the making of them for the poor soldiers.

Let him read afresh the account of that memorable association of ladies in Philadelphia, for the relief of the poor soldiers in 1780, under the lead and direction of Esther De Berdt (then the wife of General Joseph Reed), and of Sarah Franklin (the daughter of our illustrious Bostonian, then Mrs. Bache), who, having bought the linen with their pin-money, cut out and made, with their own hands, no less than twenty-two hundred shirts, marking each one of them with the name of the married or unmarried lady who had worked upon it, and then threw their trinkets and jewelry into the common treasury besides.

Let him read afresh such a memorandum as Mr. Jefferson has furnished us, of the contributions of females in Virginia in aid of the War of Independence:—

“Mrs. Sarah Cary, of Scotchtown, a watch-chain, cost £7 sterling.

“Mrs. —— Ambler, five gold rings.

“Mrs. Rebecca Ambler, three gold rings.

“Mrs. Nicholas, a diamond drop.”

Ah! if the secret history of those little rings and ornaments, of those precious souvenirs and trinkets and love-tokens, could have been copied from the hearts of those who contributed them, into records which the world might read, we should see how much woman can forget, how much woman can forego, when the perils of her Country call upon her for some signal act of self-sacrifice and self-devotion. Yes, when the men of America shall be as ready to give up their own follies and fopperies and extravagances and vices, as some of them are to rebuke and ridicule their wives and daughters, we may look for a social reformation which shall leave nothing to be desired for purity, and nothing to be feared for Liberty.

But I leave all further discussion of this point for some more convenient season.

Nor do I propose to spend much of my rapidly flying hour this evening, in any vague generalities or obvious commonplaces on the danger to freedom which is involved in what is commonly understood by luxurious indulgence. The whole argument upon this point may be summed up, as it seems to me, in two brief and simple propositions:—

1. True Liberty can only be maintained by a moral and virtuous people. One of the great elemental ideas of freedom is Self-Government. This self-government is partly to be exercised by rulers elected by the people and agreeably to Constitutions and Laws established and enacted by themselves or their representatives;— but it is to be exercised partly, and in great part, let me say, by their own individual restraint and control of their own passions and their own wills. Individual self-discipline, the government of each one of us over ourselves, constitutes the largest part of the full idea of that self-government which is

so often employed as the very synonyme of freedom. And whatever corrupts and debases the individual man, lowering his standard of integrity, dethroning the vicegerent of God within his breast, and substituting ease and indolence and pleasure and profligacy for the aims and ends and obligations which are alone worthy of a rational and responsible being, is by its very nature hostile to true freedom. It incapacitates men for the enjoyment of freedom. It incapacitates them for the discharge of those duties which are essential to the existence of freedom. There must be government somewhere, within us, or without us. And just so far as individual, internal self-government is abandoned, just so far an external, political restraint and compulsion must be substituted and must be endured. Individual indulgences, individual vices, individual crimes,—these are what occasion the necessity for prohibitions and penalties, for punishments, prisons, and scaffolds; and when the moral sense and moral condition of the men and women composing a whole community has become thoroughly infected and depraved, tyranny must soon come in, in some form or other, and by some means or other, to enforce that degree of subordination to authority, that measure of obedience to law, which is vital to the existence of every organized society. It is not written in the book of history, it is not written in the nature of man, it is not written in the will of God, that an immoral and vicious and dissolute people can ever remain a free people. There is no such thing as the permanent separation, in any such sense as this,—if, indeed, in any sense,—of morality and polities;—and no glorifications of Liberty, however boastful or however defiant, can preserve any people from those chains and fetters which immorality and vice will gradually weave and weld upon their limbs. Edmund Burke expressed the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on this point, in that inimitable passage from one of his most celebrated letters, which cannot too often be recalled and repeated:—

“ Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites: in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity: in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves.

Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

2. But there is a physical view, too, which may serve for the second proposition, to which I referred. True Liberty can only be maintained by a manly and muscular people. "Who would be free," the poet tell us, "themselves must strike the blow." And whoever would maintain freedom must be able to strike a second and a third blow in its defence, as hard and as effective as the first by which it was achieved; and must keep themselves in a condition to do so, whenever summoned to the struggle. And whatever impairs the vigor, enfeebles the nerve, dwarfs and dwindle the stature and proportions, undermines the health and heartiness of a people, melting down their manhood and their womanhood into mere courtesy and compliment, and frittering away their energies upon mere form and show and ceremony, until, like the masses of Rome in its degenerate days, they care only for two things,—*panem et Circenses*,—food and festivals, eating and enjoyment;—whatever tends to produce such enervating and emasculating results as these upon a population, does just so much to prepare them for falling an easy prey to any form of oppression or tyranny which may approach them, either from abroad or from among themselves. This is the physical view.

Now it would be a mere waste of time and of words to frame elaborate periods in order to prove, that what is generally understood by luxuriant living is to be condemned on both these grounds,—that it wars at once against mind and body, engendering those diseases and weaknesses, alike physical and moral, which are incompatible with a strenuous assertion or a successful maintenance or defence of freedom. No man or woman would for an instant dispute the doctrine in the abstract, however reluctant they might be to admit that their own individual and personal indulgence, in this or that particular luxuriant habit, could have a tendency towards producing so grave and serious a mischief. We all know, however, that a nation is but an

aggregate of individuals, as the ocean is but an aggregate of drops, and that no one can so live unto himself, as to escape his proportionate share of responsibility for the character and composition of the whole.

It is not, then, only a momentary pecuniary pressure or financial revulsion, nor is it only a consideration of permanent religious or moral obligation, which may well lead us all to abate something of our fancy for the pride and pomp and vanity of the world, and to put a seasonable curb upon our appetite for luxurious living; but patriotism, a love of country, a love of liberty, call upon us, in almost the very words of Barré to Quincey in 1775, to beware, to beware, not, indeed, of a true and refined taste, but of that meretricious and extravagant taste for equipage and furniture and dress, for balls and ballets and banquets and voluptuous excesses of all sorts, which is a deadly poison to Freedom.

It was in this spirit that John Adams, in that noble clause of our own Massachusetts State Constitution, which, in the Convention of 1820, he boasted of having written carefully with his own hand, included *frugality*, together with industry and benevolence and public and private charity, among the virtues which it was made the duty of legislators and magistrates, in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to countenance and inculcate.

And in this spirit, too, a greater even than John Adams, the immortal Father of his country himself, prepared the following paragraph for his Farewell Address, which though not ultimately retained by his advisers, and therefore not familiar even to those who reverence that document most deeply, has been fortunately preserved in the original draft, as given by him to Mr. Claypoole, the Philadelphia printer, and as beautifully printed at the expense of its present munificent owner, Mr. James Lenox, of New York:—

“ Cultivate industry and frugality, as auxiliaries to good morals and sources of private and public prosperity. Is there not room to regret that our propensity to expense exceeds our means for it? Is there not more *luxury* among us, and more diffusively, than suits the actual stage of our national progress? Whatever may be the apology for luxury in a country, mature in the arts

which are its ministers and the cause of national opulence, can it promote the advantage of a young country, almost wholly agricultural, in the infancy of the arts, and certainly not in the maturity of wealth?"

Such were the reflections which weighed on the heart of Washington sixty years ago, before the world had begun to go by steam, and when fast men and fast women were as rare as slow ones are now. What new emphasis would he not have given to the warning, could he have witnessed the social state of America, and especially of "young America," at the present day! Would he not have welcomed even worse reverses and calamities than any which have visited us of late years, if nothing else could seasonably arouse us to the dangers of a corrupting and cankering luxury?

And now, my friends, having thus given in my unequivocal adhesion to the doctrines involved in these memorable warnings which have come down to us from the distant and the dead, from the great and good of other countries as well as of our own, so far at least as they are aimed at what may fairly be included in the idea of extravagant and luxurios living, I turn to a brief consideration of the question, whether every thing like a taste for the Fine Arts is to fall under the general ban which that eloquent British statesman and ardent friend to America, in his dialogue with Quincy, would seem to have pronounced upon it, and whether architecture and sculpture and painting are, indeed, to be altogether proscribed as poisonous to liberty.

Must we, in order to save our free institutions from overthrow, fall back upon the old laws of Lycurgus, that "the ceilings of our houses shall be wrought with no tool but the axe, and the doors shaped with nothing but the saw"? Must our teeming quarries be sealed up against the chisel of the sculptor, and no counterfeit presentment of the beauties of nature or the conceptions of genius ever be permitted to glow upon the canvas, and to greet us from the walls of our public buildings or of our private dwellings? Are our infant galleries of art to be closed up and abated as schools of immorality and nurseries of corruption? Are Phidias and Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and Raphael, and our own Allston and Crawford, and Trumbull and Stuart,

and Cole and Horatio Greenough,—not to venture upon any selection among so many living names,—to be classed henceforth among the conspirators against republican liberty? Must we even hide away, among the most secret crypts of our college libraries, the drawings of the ancient ruins of Herculanum or Pompeii, of Athens or of Rome, so that while they may be of some service, “as a matter of curiosity to the speculative,” they may not get abroad and bring upon ourselves a like destruction to that which they so powerfully depict? This, you remember, was Colonel Barre’s idea; and, extravagant as it may seem, it may furnish us a theme for a few wholesome reflections.

Beyond all doubt, a taste for the Fine Arts is one of the most expensive tastes in which an individual or a community can indulge, and we should never lose sight of the idea that it may easily be encouraged to an extent which may bring the wealthiest among us to bankruptcy and beggary. This is a danger of abuse and excess; but it should not be forgotten by artists, when they are disappointed in obtaining orders for expensive works.

Beyond a doubt, too, painting and sculpture may be degraded to the service of ministering to the merest personal pride and vanity,—a service alike injurious to their own advancement and to the manliness and moral health of a community. “I entirely agree with you,” wrote Edmund Burke to an eminent member of the Royal Academy, “that the rage of the inhabitants of this country for having their phizés perpetuated, whether they are worthy of it or not, is one great obstacle to the advancement of art: because it makes that branch more profitable than any other, and therefore makes many men of great talents consider it as the ultimate object of their art, instead of the means of that object.” What would Burke have said “of the rage of the inhabitants for having their phizés perpetuated, whether they are worthy of it or not,” if he had lived in our land and in this age, when to the temptation of painting and sculpture, of crayon, engraving, and lithography, is added that of crystallotypes and ambrotypes, and even of twenty-five cent and ten-cent daguerrotypes,—and when, too, it seems to depend on the caprice of artists and publishers, or, perhaps, on the pecuniary facility of the subjects themselves, who shall be included among the champions of Free-

dom, or who shall find places in the gallery of Illustrious States men.

But this is but a trivial abuse compared with others to which the Fine Arts are peculiarly and proverbially liable. We all know that they may be, and often have been, prostituted to the most corrupting and licentious purposes. And I cannot omit the opportunity of entering my humble but earnest protest against their too common employment in pandering to the depraved and prurient appetites of vulgar and vicious minds. Away with the old maxim which is so often quoted to palliate the grossest indecency,—“Evil be to him who evil thinks.” That maxim may be allowed to retain its historical place as the motto of the Order of the Garter; and was well enough to cover the embarrassment and confusion arising out of the ludicrous accident which is sometimes said to have given occasion to the original institution of that “most noble order.” You all have heard the story. It is said that the Countess of Salisbury, at a Court ball, happening to drop her garter, King Edward III. took it up and presented it to her with these words: *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* But the maxim of modern civilization and refinement and Christianity should rather be,—Evil be to him that evil does;—whether he does it by word or act, by lip or hand, by pen, pencil, chisel, brush, or burin. The day has almost gone by, I trust, for the multiplication of indecent and lascivious pictures. We may endure them, and even sometimes admire them against our moral sense, on the cracked canvas or in the crumbling marble of an old master. Such productions peculiarly befitted the dark idolatries and corrupt obscenities of other ages. But the artist, and more especially the American artist, who, in this nineteenth century, in this age of Christianity and civilization, can find nothing more worthy of his genius than such exhibitions and exposures, may think himself well off if he meets with no sterner rebuke than that his productions should attract neither praise nor purchasers, and should be left to remain a drug—a poisonous drug—upon his own polluted hands. I know it is not always easy to fix the precise vanishing point, if I may so speak, at which delicacy ends and indelicacy begins. I do not forget how readily the cry of primness and prudery is raised against any scruples of

the sort. And I am aware how eagerly some of the amateurs and connoisseurs in art cling to its ancient prerogative of dealing in what they softly style the *nude*. And some of them might be pardoned for discarding all dress and drapery in their designs, since they have proved themselves such miserable mantua-makers and such abominable tailors ; but rarely upon any other ground.

We often hear it said, indeed, that "Art must be true to Nature." And so it must be. But it must be true to something else besides Nature. It must be true to virtue and freedom, true to purity and patriotism, true to morals and to religion, or it will cease to be worthy of the patronage of Christian freemen. What has not Religion done for art ! What has ever inspired such exquisite delineations, such sublime conceptions, such enchanting portraitures, such grand and glorious groupings, such glowing and gorgeous colorings, as the scenes of the Bible, wrought out in faith and reverence, to decorate the shrines and altars of the cathedrals and chapels of other ages and other lands ? How much of their inexpressible richness and radiance would have been lost to those glorious works of the old masters, which have received the homage of centuries, and which we all make pilgrimages over land and sea to enjoy a single sight of, — how much of their richness and radiance would have been lost, had not a devout faith in God and in Christ, not only furnished the theme, but prepared the pallet, directed the brush, and dipped it in the very hues of heaven ! Let Art, in all its departments, architecture, sculpture, and painting alike, never fail to recognize and acknowledge its obligations to Religion : and if simpler forms of worship, in later days and in our own land, afford less scope for its employment on religious themes, let it, at least, abstain from doing despite to its earliest and noblest source of inspiration, by ministering to irreligion and vice, and by employing a divine faculty on that which is not only earthly, but "sensual and devilish." Art can be true to nature, and true to itself, without groping in the chambers of imagery to bring forth whatever is most offensive and unclean ; and the artist who, in these days, presumes upon his genius to violate the decencies of society, and who thinks to make delicacy of outline or brilliancy of coloring atone for the want of decency of design, deserves the hoot of

every true friend to freedom and to virtue,—such a hoot and such a hue and cry, as recently and most deservedly followed those publishers and sellers of indecent prints and engravings in the city of New York. This is, indeed, the sort of art which, in the words of Barré to Quiney, is poisonous to freedom, and it may be that those drawings of Herculaneum were not altogether exempt from the censure.

But I turn, my friends, to the closing, and yet the principal thoughts of this address. I turn to a brief consideration of the question, whether our own land and our own condition of society do not afford ample opportunity for the enjoyment and encouragement of the Fine Arts, without danger to Liberty, and without just liability to the charge of furthering and fostering a pernicious and poisonous luxury.

And I know not how I can so well commence my reply to this question as by quoting for your instruction and admiration a few of the emphatic and noble sentences of the great orator of Ancient Greece,—the greatest orator of the world:—

“Mark, O Athenians,” said Demosthenes in his third Olynthiac, —“Mark, O Athenians, what a summary contrast may be drawn between the doings in our olden time and in yours. It is a tale brief and familiar to all; for the examples by which you may still be happy are found not abroad, men of Athens, but at home. Our forefathers, whom the speakers humored not nor caressed, as these men caress you, for five and forty years took the leadership of the Greeks by general consent, and brought above ten thousand talents into the citadel; and the king of this country was submissive to them, as a barbarian should be to Greeks: and many glorious trophies they erected for victories won by their own fighting on land and sea, and they are the sole people in the world who have bequeathed a renown superior to envy. Such were their merits in the affairs of Greece: See what they were at home, both as citizens and as men. Their public edifices and ornaments of such beauty and grandeur, in temples and consecrated furniture, that posterity have no power to surpass them. In private they were so modest and attached to the principles of our Constitution, that whoever knows the style of house which Aristides had, or Miltiades and the illustrious of that day,

perceives it to be no grander than those of their neighbors. Their polities were not for money-making : each felt it his duty to exalt the Commonwealth. By a conduct honorable towards the Greeks, pious to the gods, brotherlike among themselves, they justly attained a high prosperity."

Listen to this pre-eminent orator of antiquity once more, while he unfolds with even more distinctness this noble discrimination, which seems to have been a favorite theme with him, between public magnificence and private moderation and frugality. He is discoursing on the regulation of the State, and has just been declaiming with great boldness and severity against the degeneracy of the Athenians of his day, as compared with their fathers and ancestors.

"The edifices they have left to us," said he, "their decorations of our city, of our temples, of our harbors, of all our public structures, are so numerous and so magnificent, that their successors can make no addition. Look around you," he exclaimed, "to their vestibules, their arsenals, their porticos, and all those honors of our city which they transmitted to us." — And remember that he was standing on the Bema in the Pnyx, from which the Propylea, and the Parthenon, and so many of the exquisite and inimitable temples of Athens, could all be taken in at a glance. — "Look around you," said he, "at these magnificent structures! Yet were the private habitations of the men of eminence in those times, so moderate, so consonant to that equality, the characteristic of our Constitution, that if any of you knows the house of Themistocles, of Cimon, of Aristides, of Miltiades, or of any of these illustrious personages, he knows that it is not distinguished by the least mark of grandeur. But now, ye men of Athens, as to public works the State is satisfied, if roads be repaired, if water be supplied, if walls be whitened, if any trifles be provided. Not that I blame those who have executed such works. No! I blame you who can think so meanly as to be satisfied with such fruits of their administration. Then, in private life, of the men who have conducted our affairs, some have built houses not only more magnificent than those of other citizens, but superior to our public edifices; others have purchased and improved an extent of land greater than all their dreams of riches ever presented to their fancies."

In this forcible and most felicitous contrast, between private simplicity and moderation and public magnificence and splendor, we may find the very clue and pass-key to a policy, which marked the earlier and better periods of ancient Greece, and which may reconcile, in our own day, and in our own land, the highest and most effective encouragement of the Fine Arts, in all their departments, with entire immunity and safety to morality and freedom.

It is only in their unworthy ministrations to private vanity and voluptuousness, that painting and sculpture and architecture are dangerous to liberty and destructive to virtue. It is only in garnishing and furnishing the mansions of pride and ostentation, of ambition and arrogance, that they too often become responsible for a wasteful and ridiculous excess of expenditure, and too often engender a licentious luxuriousness of living, which are at war with all the just simplicities and equalities of republican society. I would not, indeed, forbid or discourage the modest portrait or the classic bust of the loved and the lost, or even of the honored and the living, which are the precious decorations of so many of our parlors and libraries. I would not banish from the private habitations of such as can afford them, the glowing landscape or the fragrant flower-piece, the tasteful Parian or the enduring bronze. My precept would be strangely at variance with my practice, were I to advocate or even intimate such an idea. A thousand-fold nobler and purer and worthier are the gratifications which ornaments and souvenirs like these communicate, than any which can be derived from the most gorgeous upholstery, or the most glittering mirrors, or the most massive and magnificent plate, which ever dazzled the eyes of a gaping crowd, or bedizened the halls of a vulgar fashion. And those are to be honored, at home and abroad, who do not shut up such treasures for their own selfish enjoyment, but open them wide, from time to time, for the entertainment and instruction of the community in which they live, or, better still, for some occasional purpose of philanthropy or of patriotism.

I cannot forget my own good fortune in being present, by the kind invitation of the late Sir Robert Peel, a few weeks more than twelve years ago, at the annual exhibition of his own cele-

brated gallery in Whitehall Gardens, where I found the humblest disciples of art mingling with the highest dignitaries of the realm,—Landseer and Leslie and Stansfield and Fielding and Westmacott, with the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell,—now gazing with delight at a Cuyp or a Hobbima, a Gerard Douw or an Ostade, a Wouvermans or a Vandervelde,—now gathering with rapture around the original Chapeau de Paille of Rubens (which had cost Sir Robert nearly eighteen thousand dollars),—or now pausing for another glance of admiration at the matchless portraits of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and Boswell, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But let us not forget that the true mission of the fine arts in a republican land, and in our own land especially, is to adorn the State, to exalt the Commonwealth, to elevate and ennable our country, in our own eyes and in the eyes of others; to illustrate its history, to portray its magnificent scenery, to commemorate its great events, to immortalize its sages and heroes and patriots, and to present to the daily sight and daily reverence, not of a few lordly patrons or wealthy proprietors only, but of the whole people, of every passer-by, such memorials of the great men and great deeds of the past, as shall inspire them with a generous pride in their institutions, and with a gallant determination to maintain and defend them. Ours, in a word, is peculiarly a land for free galleries and out-of-door statues, from which he who runs may read that republies are not always ungrateful, and that patriotic services and sacrifices may not always be unremembered. I should hardly be afraid to hazard the remark, that more of the common people had studied and learned something of the history of their own land, on the bas-reliefs and legends of our noble statue of Franklin, during the two years since it was completed, than in any library in our city during ten times the same period.

There will be no danger to liberty, my friends, in such indulgences in *taste* as these. Safety, security, rather. The images of the pure and good will do something to shame down vice and profligacy in our streets. The statues of the patriotic and the brave will stand like sentries over our freedom,—more vigilant and effective, and certainly less corruptible sentries than many

of our living watchmen and policemen ;— they will stand like sentinels over our institutions, challenging and rebuking the first approaches of sedition or treachery : while from our larger and loftier monuments will be repeated to the present and to the future the great lesson of the past, that in union there is strength and victory and glory ! Yes, the fabled music, which the rising sun drew forth from the image of Memnon, will find its audible antitype upon our American soil ; and from the massive bronzes or sculptures which commemorate the glories of a Washington, the risen and still soaring sun of liberty will draw forth the choral song of “ Union, Union, All’s well,” to find an ever welcome and joyous response in the hearts of twenty millions of people !

Nor can there be the slightest danger that American Art will be in want of patronage in such a line of employment,— for it will not depend on the mere caprice or favoritism of individuals, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, but the wealth of the whole community, within reasonable bounds, will be pledged and mortgaged to its support. Certainly there can be no dearth of opportunities or of subjects for the genius of our Artists, in a country whose soil is so continuously chequered over with the landing-places of Pilgrims or of Cavaliers, the council chambers of Planters or of Patriots, the birthplaces and cradles and battle-fields of Liberty and Independence.

It is hardly too much to say, that, beyond all other lands, this great and glorious Republic of ours affords scope, in its institutions and in its history, for the illustrations and embellishments of Art. We have not, indeed, as yet—I hope we shall never have—any single, all-absorbing, overshadowing Capital, like London or Paris, of unimaginable and inexhaustible wealth, with its thousands of acres of palaces and parks, and its standing army of statues and monuments and portraits,— where Art might almost be appalled at the idea that so much has been done already, and that so little seems to remain to be done, or to find any room for being done,— where genius might almost be found, like the youthful inheritor of a mighty Kingdom of antiquity, sighing over the achievements of the past and lamenting that there were not more worlds to be conquered.

We have, it is true, a National Capital, where much has been

done, and much is being done, sometimes in good taste and sometimes in very bad taste, but always with a loose and lavish profuseness of expenditure, in adorning and embellishing the offices of Government, and in commemorating the fathers of the Republic. But architecture will recognize a still wider field for its development in the two or three and thirty capitals of our separate States, and in the countless cities, larger than many, and some of them larger than any, of these political centres, which already exist, or are still springing into existence, within the limits of those States. And what richer or more picturesque and varied materials can Sculpture or Painting discover or desire, the world over, than the subjects which belong to the rise and progress of our Republic, to the settlement of so many colonies, to the struggles of the settlers with savage or with civilized foes, to the establishment of our Independence, and to the various scenes of civil controversy or military combat, through which we have reached the magnificent maturity of the present moment! We can hardly turn over a page of American history — whether we begin with the Puritan at Plymouth Rock, or with the Minute Man at Lexington, or Concord — without lighting upon subjects which appeal emphatically to the commemoration of art, and which we should all delight to see perpetuated by the pencil or the chisel.

Let me borrow the inimitable words of another in suggesting one or two such subjects by way of illustration. They are the words of old John Adams, writing to his friend Judge Tudor, in the year 1817: —

“ Is your daughter, Mrs. Stewart, who I am credibly informed is one of the most accomplished of ladies, a painter? Are you acquainted with Miss Lydia Smith, who, I am also credibly informed, is one of the most accomplished ladies, and a painter? Do you know Mr. Sargent? Do you correspond with your old companion in arms, Colonel John Trumbull? Do you think Fisher will be an historical painter? Whenever you shall find a painter, male or female, I pray you to suggest a scene and a subject for the pencil.

“ The scene is the council chamber in the old Town House in Boston. The date is in the month of February, 1761, nine years

before you entered my office in Cole Lane. As this was five years before you entered college, you must have been in the second form of Master Lovell's school.

“That council chamber was as respectable an apartment as the House of Commons or the House of Lords in Great Britain in proportion, or that in the State House in Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. In this chamber, round a great fire, were seated five Judges, with Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson at their head, as Chief Justice, all arrayed in their new, fresh, rich robes of scarlet English broadcloth: in their large cambric bands, and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated at a long table all the barristers of law of Boston, and of the neighboring County of Middlesex, in gowns, bands, and tie wigs. They were not seated on ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate, when the Gauls broke in upon them. In a corner of the room must be placed as a spectator and an auditor, wit, sense, imagination, genius, pathos, reason, prudence, eloquence, learning, and immense reading, hanging by the shoulders on two crutches, covered with a great cloth coat, in the person of Mr. Pratt, who had been solicited on both sides, but would engage on neither, being, as Chief Justice of New York, about to leave Boston for ever. Two portraits, at more than full length, of King Charles the Second, and of King James the Second, in splendid golden frames, were hung up on the most conspicuous sides of the apartment. . . .

“One circumstance more, Samuel Quincy and John Adams had been admitted barristers at that term. John was the youngest (and here he is speaking of himself); he should be painted looking like a short thick Archbishop of Canterbury, seated at the table with a pen in his hand, lost in admiration, now and then minuting those poor notes which your pupil, Judge Minot, has printed in his history. . . .

“I have given you a sketch of the stage and the scenery. . . . Now for the actors and performers. Mr. Gridley argued with his characteristic learning, ingenuity, and dignity, and said every thing that could be said in favor of Cockle's Petition. . . . Mr. Thacher followed him on the other side, and argued with the

softness of manners, the ingenuity and cool reasoning, which were remarkable in his amiable character. But Otis was a flame of fire! with a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away every thing before him. American Independence was then and there born; the seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown to defend the vigorous youth, the *non sine Diis animosus infans*. Every man of a crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against wrecks of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, namely, in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

What a picture is this to have been left so long unpainted and even unattempted! The materials still exist. The old building is still standing in State Street, and the portraits of the principal actors are still within reach. Since I first sketched this address, James Otis himself has taken his station in breathing marble at Mount Auburn, from the hands of the lamented Crawford,—

“A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

But the picture of the scene which made James Otis famous for ever still waits for the coming artist of America.

Let me give you another scene from the same glowing pen, writing to the same friend a fortnight afterwards:—

“Since our National Legislature have established a national painter (says he, referring to Colonel Trumbull), a wise measure, for which I thank them, my imagination runs upon the art, and has already painted I know not how many historical pictures. I have sent you one; give me leave to send another. The bloody encounter between the citizens and the soldiers, on the 5th of March, 1770, produced a tremendous sensation throughout the town and country. The people assembled first at Faneuil Hall, and adjourned to the Old South Church, to the number, as was conjectured, of ten or twelve thousand men, among whom

were the most virtuous, substantial, independent, disinterested, and intelligent citizens. . . . A remonstrance to the governor, or the governor and council, was ordained, and a demand that the regular troops should be removed from the town. A committee was appointed to present this remonstrance, of which Samuel Adams was the chairman.

"Now for the picture. The theatre and the scenery are the same with those at the discussion of writs of assistance. The same glorious portraits of King Charles II. and King James II.; to which might be added, and should be added, little miserable likenesses of Governor Winthrop, Governor Bradstreet, Governor Endicott, and Governor Belcher, hung up in obscure corners of the room. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, in the absence of the governor, must be placed at the head of the council table; Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, commander-in-chief of his majesty's military forces, taking rank of all his majesty's counsellors, must be seated by the side of the lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of the province. Eight and twenty counsellors must be painted, all seated at the council board. Let me see—what costume? What was the fashion of that day, in the month of March? Large white wigs, English scarlet cloth cloaks, some of them with gold-laced hats, not on their heads, indeed, in so august a presence, but on the table before them, or under the table beneath them. Before these illustrious personages appeared Samuel Adams, a member of the House of Representatives and their clerk, now at the head of the committee of the great assembly at the Old South Church. . . . He represented the state of the town and the country; the dangerous, ruinous, and fatal effects of standing armies in populous cities in time of peace, and the determined resolution of the public, that the regular troops at all events should be removed from the town. . . . The heads of Hutchinson and Dalrymple were laid together in whispers for a long time; when the whispering ceased, a long and solemn pause ensued, extremely painful to an impatient, expecting audience. Hutchinson, in time, broke silence; he had consulted with Colonel Dalrymple, and the colonel had authorized him to say that he might order one regiment down to the Castle, if that would satisfy the people. With a self-recollection,

a self-possession, a self-command, a presence of mind, that was admired by every man present, Samuel Adams arose with an air of dignity and majesty, of which he was sometimes capable, stretched forth his hand, though even then quivering with palsy, and with an harmonious voice and decisive tone, said, 'If the Lieutenant-Governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two, and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops, will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the province.'

"These few words thrilled through the veins of every man in the audience, and produced the great result. After a little awkward hesitation, it was agreed that the town should be evacuated, and both regiments sent to the Castle. . . . The painter should seize upon the critical moment, when Samuel Adams stretched out his arm and made his last speech. It will be as difficult to do justice to as to paint an Apollo; and the transaction deserves to be painted as much as the Surrender of Burgoyne. Whether any artist will ever attempt it, I know not."

But we, in this day, know that the artist will come, is coming, must come, who will attempt it, and will succeed in the attempt.

One more scene from the same source: "You inquire, in your kind letter of the 19th (wrote John Adams to William Plumer, March 28, 1813), whether 'every member of Congress did, on the 4th of July, 1776, in fact, cordially approve of the Declaration of Independence?' They who were then members all signed it, and, as I could not see their hearts, it would be hard for me to say that they did not approve it; but, as far as I could penetrate the intricate, internal foldings of their souls, I then believed, and have not since altered my opinion, that there were several who signed with regret, and several others with many doubts and much lukewarmness. The measure had been upon the carpet for months, and obstinately opposed from day to day. Majorities were constantly against it. For many days the majority depended upon Mr. Hewes, of North Carolina.* While a

* Joseph Hewes, a native of New Jersey, and a Quaker by education, but of whom it is said that when the Quakers put forth a testimony against the proceedings of Congress in 1775, he withdrew from their communion.

member one day was speaking, and reading documents from all the colonies, to prove that the public opinion, the general sense of all, was in favor of the measure, when he came to North Carolina, and produced letters and public proceedings which demonstrated that the majority of that colony were in favor of it. Mr. Hewes, who had hitherto constantly voted against it, started suddenly upright, and lifting up both his hands to Heaven, as if he had been in a trance, cried out, ‘It is done, and I will abide by it!’ I would give more for a perfect painting of the terror and horror upon the faces of the old majority, at that critical moment, than for the best piece of Raphael.”

So said John Adams, and so say we all. That is a picture for the Old North State, and one which would do more than all her Meeklenburgh pretensions, be they ever so well founded, to identify her with that glorious Declaration, of which Adams himself was the Colossus on the floor of Congress.

Certainly, my friends, no more graphic and inspiring libretto for a great work of art was ever composed, than may be found in these familiar letters of old John Adams. Too many of our American artists seem to think that there is nothing worthy of their notice on their own soil, that the first secret of all success is to expatriate themselves,—to go abroad and stay abroad to study the great models of Greece and Rome. Rogers, the poet, who knew what Italy is, and who has so helped us all to know it, and whose walls were covered with so many gems of the old masters, once told me that in his judgment nobody need go twenty miles out of London to see as fine works of art as the world afforded, referring particularly to the Elgin marbles in the British Museum and the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. But it is not too late for American artists to learn that they need not go twenty miles out of Boston to find as good subjects, certainly, as the world can afford; that it may be as well for some of them at least, to stay at home, or certainly to return home, and to study the history of their own land. They will find models and characters there, which can be but poorly supplied by the false gods and fabulous heroes of an idolatrous antiquity. And there will be no danger that their statues will go down to decorate the hall of Neptune or the eaves of the

mermaids, as those of Webster and of John Adams himself did, not long ago. There is no consideration which affords me more satisfaction in performing this humble labor of love for the artists of Boston, than that it is for the advancement of their patriotic purpose of securing an equestrian statue of Washington, designed and moulded by a native artist, and cast by native mechanics, and wholly to be completed, like yonder Franklin, on our own soil.

I cannot forget that a scene was witnessed at Washington, a little more than eleven years ago, which will one day or other furnish the subject of another of our great historical pictures. The Representatives of the people are assembled in the Hall which has so recently been abandoned. The customary acknowledgment of the God of nations has been made, and his blessing invoked on the day's labors and duties. The Speaker has assumed the chair, and the clerk has just finished the reading of the journal. A venerable figure is seen rising to address the House. Associated with the longest and most varied public service, commencing under the Presidency of Washington, and by no means ending—rather beginning again—at the close of his own Presidency: associated, too, with the purest integrity and the highest ability and accomplishments;—all eyes are riveted upon that figure as it rises. A paper is seen in the outstretched hand. A voice is heard, in broken accents, from those aged lips, trembling, but not with fear. But hand, voice, figure are at once perceived to be sinking under the effort. Affectionate colleagues, skilful physicians, and friends from his own State and from other States, hasten to his support. The still-breathing form is borne out into the rotundo, followed in silence by a House impatient of any prescribed ceremonies of adjournment. Illustrious Senators meet them from the other wing of the Capitol. The birthday of Washington intervenes, and Providence still averts a blow which might associate that day with any thing but the gladness and gratitude which must ever belong to it. In the Speaker's private room the last struggle is witnessed, not many days after, and the noblest hearts of South Carolina and Virginia are soon found mingling their sympathies with those of Massachusetts, over one whose enviable privilege it was to fall in the discharge of his duties, and to die beneath the very roof of the Capitol! Can any American

painter desire a grander subject for his pencil? One would have thought that it would have been seized upon ere now, before the traditions of that scene should have grown fainter, and the living witnesses of it fewer. An American painter, as we are proud to remember (the father of the venerable Lord Lyndhurst), won his richest reputation by immortalizing a kindred theme. But the death of Chatham was not more august than that of John Quincy Adams. The men who surrounded Chatham, though decked in ermine and decorated with orders, were not more worthy of illustration than our own Clays and Calhouns and Berriens and Bentons and Websters, all of whom would be included in such a group.

But not New-England history or New-England men alone have furnished materials for historical commemoration. In singling out the Adamses as at once the suggesters and the subjects of American art, we have literally but commenced with the first letter of the Alphabet of Patriotism. We might follow down that Alphabet, letter competing with letter to its very close,—as far down as W, certainly, the initial not only of our Webster, but of a name above every name in the annals of human liberty,—and find scarce a consonant or a vowel without its corresponding and manifold title to commemoration. Every colony, every State, every county, every city, almost every village, has its great names and its glorious associations. And I need not say, that there are some names and some associations which belong everywhere,—which are the property of nothing less than the whole nation, and the commemoration of which can never be confined to any territorial localities, nor exhausted by any number of repetitions.

As I passed along the streets of Baltimore, a few days since, I saw in a niche constructed for the purpose, on the front of a new and noble store, a really beautiful full-length statue of Washington, in pure white marble, recently erected by a successful trader of that city, wholly at his own expense, and executed among the latest works of the accomplished and lamented Bartholomew. The "Monumental City" has long had a statue of Washington, surmounting a magnificent column, of which it may well be proud:—but nobody in Baltimore dreams that there can be too many Washingtons.

I commenced this address, my friends, with a memorable saying of a distinguished British statesman in his dialogue with Quincy. Let me conclude it by a no less memorable and far more discriminating utterance from a young and gallant French soldier,—the Marquis de Chastellux,—who served so bravely with our army of Independence for two years,—a grandson of the great Chancellor D'Aguesseau,—to whom Washington paid the tribute, so unusual with him, of saying in a letter of farewell, “I can truly say, that never in my life have I parted with a man to whom my soul clavé more sincerely than it did to you,”—to whom he paid the still more unusual and unique tribute of writing a humorous letter to him on occasion of his marriage six years afterwards. I wish I had time to make a parenthesis here and read you a part of this letter; a very funny one it is, and exhibits Washington most gracefully and felicitously unbending from his constitutional and habitual gravity;—but you will find it in the admirable collection of Dr. Sparks.

This gallant soldier of France, as you may all remember, wrote an account of his travels in America, which has been published both in French and in English, in two octavo volumes. In one of these volumes, he included, also, a letter of his own, addressed “to Mr. Madison,* Professor of Philosophy in the University of Williamsburgh” (Virginia), a friend and near relative, I believe, of the illustrious James Madison. The letter was dated on board the Frigate L'Emeraude, in the Bay of Chesapeake, on the 12th of January, 1783, and contained the following remarkable, and I had almost said exquisite, passage:—

“ Henceforward, sir, let us enlarge our views; the Fine Arts *are* adapted to America: They have already made some progress there, they will eventually make much greater; no obstacle, no reasonable objection, can stop them in their career: these are points at least on which we are agreed. Let us now see to what purposes they may be converted by the public, the State, and the government. Here a vast field opens to our speculation, but as it is exposed to every eye, I shall fix mine on the object with which it has been most forcibly struck. Recollect, sir, what I have

* Afterwards Bishop Madison, the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, and President of William and Mary's College.

said above, relative to officers and public dignities. I have remarked that a jealousy, possibly well founded in itself, but pushed to the extreme, had made honors too rare, and rewards too moderate amongst you. Call in the Fine Arts to the aid of a timid legislation; the latter confers neither rank nor permanent distinction; let her bestow statues, monuments, and medals. Astonished Europe, in admiring a Washington, a Warren, a Greene, and a Montgomery, demands what recompense can repay their services; behold that recompense, worthy of them and of you. Let all the great towns in America present statues of Washington with this inscription: — *PATER, LIBERATOR, DEFENSOR PATRIÆ*; let us see, also, those of Hancock and of Adams, with only two words, *Primi Proscripti*; that of Franklin, with the Latin verse inscribed in France below his portrait — (*Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptritumque tyrannis*). What glory would not this reflect upon America! It would be found that she has already more heroes than she could procure marble and artists, — and your public Halls, your *Curiæ*, why should they not offer in *relief* and paintings, the battles of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Trenton, of Princeton, of Monmouth, of Cowpens, of Eutaw Springs. Thus would you perpetuate the memory of these glorious deeds; thus would you maintain, even through a long peace, that national pride, so necessary to the preservation of liberty; and you might, without alarming even that liberty, lavish rewards equal to the sacrifices she has received."

The gallant Marquis did not live to see any part of his suggestion accomplished. Our country was not in a condition, at that period of its history, to spare any of its time or its means for the commemoration of its heroes or patriots. Boston did, indeed, as early as 1790, set up on Beacon Hill a simple Doric column, surmounted by our then newly adopted national emblem — the Eagle — in commemoration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and of the great Revolutionary events by which it was preceded. But Beacon Hill itself was long ago removed into the midst of the sea, and the shaft reduced to its original elements of brick and stone. The old tablets, however, are still to be seen in the Doric Hall of the State House, and I have sometimes wished that the whole column might be set up again, in its pri-

mal proportions and simplicity, peering above trees and flagstaff, on the highest elevation of Boston Common, with the original tablets in its pedestal.

But the memorials of that day were few and economical. Nor can I regret that such honors were not awarded to living men, however illustrious. It is time enough for such distinctions, when death has closed the account and set his seal upon the record, and when the judgment of posterity has confirmed the impressions and ratified the decrees of contemporaries. It is rash to accept the applauses of the hour for the verdict of history. It is dangerous to pronounce upon the ultimate merits of a whole life, from the brilliancy of its opening, or even from the steadier lustre of its middle passages. Had their daring and chivalrous exploits during the early stages of the Revolution been crowned with such rewards, Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr would have had statues in all our streets, to be hurled from their pedestals long before this time, dashed into pieces and crumbled into powder beneath the feet of a betrayed and outraged people!

But there is no longer any fear in commemorating, by suitable and proportionate monuments, the truly great men of the Colonial or of the Revolutionary period. Their fame is beyond the reach of accident, and their forms may well be seen decorating our halls and squares. The work has been auspiciously commenced. The wish of the Marquis de Chastellux is in process of being accomplished. The great chapters of our history may be read on the walls of our National Capitol, and even his own portrait is not wanting to at least one of the groups. Franklin may be seen, in marble or in bronze, in the cities of his burial and of his birth. Warren is on Bunker Hill. James Otis is at Mount Auburn, and Adams will soon be there with him. While there is scarce a city in our land, in which the peerless presence of the transcendent Washington—*Pater, Liberator, Defensor Patriæ*—may not be hailed upon the canvas or in sculpture. The exquisite portrait statue by Hondon came first, and nothing will ever surpass or equal it, in interest or in beauty. But the ancient and illustrious State of Virginia has now worthily set the example of a more elaborate and composite memorial,—no huge unmeaning pile of stone, exhibiting nothing but the fidelity of

the commonest mechanic art,—no grotesque combination of allegorical and exaggerated shapes,—but a glorious group of her own sainted sons, Henry and Jefferson, Nelson and Lee, Mason and Marshall, as they stood proudly and loyally and lovingly in life, clustering around him who was ever above them all, and challenging, alike for him and for themselves, the affectionate remembrance of a grateful posterity! Coming from the hands of an American artist of the highest genius, and whose early loss the country and the world have not yet ceased to deplore,—it has every title to the admiration of all who shall be privileged to behold it. I have just returned from seeing it for the first time, and no one can leave it without the reflection, that the great mission of American Art has here at least been successfully exemplified,—to adorn the State, to exalt the Commonwealth, to illustrate its history, and to perpetuate, for the admiration and emulation of mankind, the memories of those matchless men, by whom the union and liberty and independence of our country were so nobly established and defended.

And now the artists of Boston—incited by the spirited and admirable design of a most meritorious brother artist—have appealed to us to aid them in placing Massachusetts by the side of Virginia in this precise mode of commemorating the Father of his Country. I rejoice that our native artists have thus spoken out, unitedly and earnestly, for themselves, and I trust and believe that their appeal will meet with a cordial and generous response. I do not forget that other and excellent designs for a similar work have recently been produced,—one by Mr. Ball Hughes, who has so long resided in our neighborhood, and another by our own Richard Greenough, lately residing in Paris, and just returned to his native country. I trust that both of them will be called for and cast, somewhere or other, at no distant day. Philadelphia cannot do better than adopt one of them: while the other may well be taken, in due time, to decorate those consecrated grounds at Mount Vernon, which the efforts of American ladies, aided and inspired by the eloquence of our incomparable Everett, will soon have redeemed from all proprietorship less comprehensive than that of the whole people of the Union.

Yet, my friends, the end of my Address must not forget its beginning. We may go too far, we may go too fast, in these memorials. We may exhaust upon single works and single subjects all that art can rightfully claim from a whole generation. We may bestow upon monuments and memorials that which is wanted, that which is needed, for the relief of the destitute, for the education of the young, or for the institutions of religion and the worship of God. We must not forget that the soul of the humblest living man is of more worth than the dust of the mightiest dead that ever trod the ways of glory or sounded all the depths and shoals of honor. State Statues, merely, will not sustain and shore up these cherished institutions of freedom. Graven images, even of our most saintly heroes, are but a poor substitute for the worship of that Almighty Being to whom we owe it, that our horse and his rider, instead of being thrown into the sea like those of Egypt of old, have become associated for ever with the most glorious triumphs of Liberty. We must not rob our charities, or starve our churches, to decorate our squares or even to magnify our benefactors,—and fortunate, fortunate, is it, when both objects can be worthily blended, as in the Memorial Church of the Puritans in London, for which an eloquent English voice is at this moment pleading among us. But no such considerations are involved in this design. It is one which contemplates no extravagant or disproportionate outlay. A single Fair, in this very Hall,—like that which finished the monument on Bunker Hill, or endowed the Asylum for the Blind, or relieved the treasury of the Boston Provident Association at a moment of its utmost need, or more recently assured the erection of a Hospital for Incurables, under the auspices of ladies like those I see before me,—will accomplish the entire work. And it will be accomplished. The artists and the lovers of art, in our city, have pronounced the imperative decree, that this admirable design of Washington,—as he mounted his charger under the Old Cambridge elm on the 3d of July, 1775, to take command, for the first time, of an American army for the relief of Boston,—or as he stood on yonder heights and witnessed his first great victory, while the British fleet and the British forces sailed out of our harbor on the 17th of March, 1776,—or as he reined up in

yonder street to receive the homage of every true Boston heart, as First President of the United States, on the 24th day of October, 1789,—that this design shall no longer remain in precarious, perishable plaster, but shall assume a form as durable as our gratitude or his own fame. And to that decree, as well as to this Address, I feel assured that all who hear me will give a hearty and unanimous Amen!

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1860.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE UNION RATIFICATION MEETING IN BOSTON,
SEPTEMBER 25, 1860.

I THANK you, fellow-citizens, for these generous greetings. I thank my friends behind me, Colonel Saltonstall and Mr. Curtis, for their words of compliment and kindness. I am not insensible to such manifestations of welcome and regard, and yet I would gladly have been excused from this occasion. I would gladly have been still longer, if not altogether, excused from any active participation in these political proceedings. Not because I have had any doubt where to go, or under what banner to take my stand: but because, having so recently returned from a protracted and by no means unclouded tour in foreign lands, and having hardly yet recovered from the fatigues of travel and the dizziness of an ocean voyage,—with a ponderous pile of unacknowledged letters, too, staring me in the face, and no small arrearage of private business to be disposed of,—I have found myself quite out of condition to do justice either to you or to myself. Nor can I deny that I should have liked a little longer opportunity for exchanging friendly greetings with neighbors and fellow-citizens of all opinions and all parties, before being plunged into the vortex of an angry partisan conflict.

But one cannot always be the chooser of times and seasons. One must take his place in the cars when the bell rings, or they will be off without him. Indeed, the train is already in motion, and there seems no alternative but to jump on to the platform, just as I am.

Seriously, my friends, I am here, as your committee well understand, to make no long or labored speech, but I could not

find it quite consistent with my convictions of duty to resist their solicitations that I would be present with you this evening, to listen to others who had been invited to address you, and to express in a few plain words the views which I entertain of the pending political campaign.

I have said already, and I repeat, that I have not desired delay because my decision was not made up, or because there was the slightest wavering or hesitation in my mind, as to the cause or the candidates to be advocated and supported. I found on my table, indeed, on my return the other day, among many other letters awaiting a reply, one evidently written in ignorance of my absence from home, in which it was suggested that my long silence had been construed, in some quarters, into a change of political sentiments;—a change, too, in the direction of the self-styled Republicanism of the day! And were I ambitious of finding a foothold in what has been for some years past the dominant party of this Commonwealth,—among those who have recently been denominated the Masters of Massachusetts,—it has been whispered in my ear that such an interval might afford me a favorable chance for doing so. I dare say it would. A much shorter interval, if I mistake not, has often answered the purpose for a much more considerable conversion. But it is not more true, Mr. President, that by an accidental and most agreeable coincidence, I sailed from Boston on the fifteenth day of June, 1859, and returned to Boston on the eighth day of September, 1860, in one and the same staunch old Steamer, with the best of all possible names,—the *America*,—than it is that I brought back with me the self-same political opinions and principles with which I embarked,—unchanged, and, I think, unchangeable. Yes, I am with you, fellow-citizens, in all your aims and efforts to maintain and uphold the Constitution and the Union of our beloved country. I am with you in all your exertions to arrest the progress of sectional strife and discord. I am with you, too, in the earnest support of the candidates who have been nominated for the highest offices of the Nation and of the State, by the Constitutional Union Conventions at Baltimore and at Worcester. Every thing that I have seen abroad, and every thing, I may add, that I have heard from home during my absence,

has confirmed me in my adhesion to the cause, which is so comprehensively and significantly summed up in those noble words of Henry Clay, which are emblazoned upon all your banners—“The Union—the Constitution—the enforcement of the Laws.” Oh, for an hour of Henry Clay himself,—to press home that sentiment once more on the hearts of his fellow-countrymen!

It is, without all question, my friends, one of the best influences of a sojourn in foreign lands, upon a heart which is not insensible to the influences of patriotism, that one forgets for a time, or remembers only with disgust and loathing, the contentions and controversies which so often alienate and embitter us at home. There is no room on that little map of his country which every patriot bears abroad with him, photographed on his heart,—there is no room on that magical miniature map for territorial divisions or sectional boundaries. Large enough to reflect and reproduce the image and outlines of the whole Union, it repels all impression of the petty topographical features which belong to science and the schools. Still more does it repel the miserable seams and scratches by which sectional politicians have sought to illustrate their odious distinctions and comparisons. And so, the patriot traveller in foreign lands, with that chart impressed in lines of light and love on his memory, looks back on his country only as a whole. He learns to love it more than ever, as a whole. He accustoms himself to think kindly of it, and to speak kindly of it, as a whole; and he comes home ready to defend it as a whole, alike from the invasion of hostile armies or the assaults of slanderous pens and tongues. He grasps the hand of an American abroad as the hand of a brother, without stopping to inquire whether he hails from Massachusetts or from South Carolina, from Maine or Louisiana, from Vermont or Virginia. It is enough that his passport bears the same broad seal, the same national emblem, with his own. And every time his own passport is inspected, every time he enters a new dominion or crosses a new frontier, every time he is delayed at a custom-house, or questioned by a policeman, or challenged by a sentinel,—every time he is perplexed by a new language, or puzzled by a new variety of coinage or currency,—he thanks his God with fresh fervency, that through all the length and breadth of that land

beyond the swelling floods, which he is privileged and proud to call his own land, there is a common language, a common currency, a common Constitution, common laws and liberties, a common inheritance of glory from the past, and, if it be only true to itself, a common destiny of glory for the future !

And does any one imagine for an instant, that, coming home from such influences and such impressions, I could be found giving in my adhesion to a party — of which I would say nothing disrespectful, for it includes not a few of those whom I most esteem in private and social life, but so many of whose accredited organs and orators are busily engaged in arraying one half of the Union against the other half, and in pouring out a torrent of abuse, invective, and vituperation against a whole class, against a whole section, of their fellow-citizens ? Could any one imagine that I should take this opportunity, of all others, to unite myself with those whose selected candidate for the highest honors of our own Commonwealth, would seem to have expressed something more — something more — than a sympathy with the deserved fate of an avowed and convicted instigator and organizer of slave insurrection and treason against the United States ?

I have said, Mr. President, that every thing which I had heard from my own land, during my absence, had confirmed my attachment to the cause in which you are assembled. I shall not soon forget the emotions with which I received at Vienna, last November, the first tidings of that atrocious affair at Harper's Ferry. They came in the form of a brief telegraphic despatch, without details, without explanations, simply announcing that an armed and organized band of abolition conspirators had taken forcible possession of the National Arsenal, in furtherance of a concerted insurrection of the blacks, and that blood had already begun to flow. I think there could have been no true American heart in Europe at that moment that did not throb and thrill with horror at that announcement. But I confess to have experienced emotions hardly less deep or distressing, when I read, not long afterwards, an account of a meeting — in this very hall, I believe — at which the gallows at Charlestown, in Virginia, was likened to the Cross on Calvary, and at which it was openly declared, that the ringleader of that desperate and wicked conspiracy was right.

Sir, if it had been suggested to me then, that before another year had passed away, the presiding officer at that meeting would have been deliberately nominated by the Republican party of Massachusetts for the Chief Magistracy of the Commonwealth, I should have repelled the idea as not within the prospect of belief,—as utterly transcending any pitch of extravagance, which even the wildest and most ultra members of that party had ever prepared us to anticipate. But the nomination is before us. The candidate, I am told, is a most amiable and respectable gentleman, and I have no wish to say an unkind word of him or of those who indorse him. But I should be false to every impulse of my heart, if being here at all this evening, if opening my lips at all during this campaign, I did not enter my humble protest,—as one to whom the cause of Christianity and of social order is dear, as one who would see the Word of God and the laws of the land respected and obeyed,—if I did not enter my humble but earnest protest, against such an attempt to give the seeming sanction of the people of Massachusetts to sentiments so impious and so abominable.

But I am glad to remember that the reports of other meetings, on the same subject and on other subjects, were not long afterwards forthcoming: meetings at Faneuil Hall, Conventions at Baltimore, and Ratification meetings in all parts of the country. It was in Paris, if I remember right, that I received the account of that patriotic and glorious gathering at which John Bell and Edward Everett were nominated for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. Wherever it was, you may be sure that I ratified those nominations at sight, rejoicing with all my heart that names had been selected which represented no extreme opinions, which recognized both ends of the Union, and for which men of moderation and justice could vote with a clear conscience and a hearty good-will.

I have had the good fortune to know Mr. Bell for more than twenty years, and have been a humble witness to his labors and services in the Cabinet, and in both branches of Congress. Shame, shame upon the perversions and misrepresentations which would implicate him in the ultraisms or extravagances of either section of the Union! There is no truer friend to his

whole country than John Bell; not one who would be more anxious, or more able, to administer the Government with an even hand upon the true principles of the Constitution, without fear or favoritism; not one who is less disposed to give any undue preponderance to the peculiar institutions of the section from which he comes; not one whose record contains nobler evidence of his courage to stand up singly and alone, if need be, against the South as well as against the North, whenever a sense of justice and of duty should call upon him to do so; not one, whose election at this moment would do so much to restore harmony to our national councils, and give us four years more of assured prosperity and peace at home and abroad.

As to Mr. Everett, it is for others in other places to speak of him. He needs no commendations here. His spotless character, his unrivalled accomplishments, his matchless eloquence, his ardent patriotism, are all too familiar to us to require an allusion. But it is not here alone that he is known; it is not here alone that he is appreciated. I express no off-hand, unconsidered, individual opinion, but the deliberate judgment of thousands at home and abroad, when I say that the result of a Presidential election which should place Edward Everett in either of the two highest offices of the National Government, would do more even than his own masterly address on the 4th of July—more than any words or acts of any or all other men—to vindicate our country in the estimation of the world from the impression which has been so lamentably prevalent of late, that our free institutions have proved a failure, that our national character and our national career are already marked by degeneracy and decline, and that all honorable, accomplished, and virtuous men are practically excluded from the management of our public affairs. He has himself furnished us with the best arguments against many of these foreign assaults: but the people of the United States, in electing him to one of the two highest offices in their gift, would supply the proof, illustration, and living example.

I have but little to say, my friends, about other candidates. I have no wish to institute odious comparisons. It was my fortune to be in the House of Representatives with Mr. Abraham Lincoln during his only term of Congressional service. You will

be sure that I remember him with interest, if I may be allowed to remind you that he helped to make me the Speaker of the Thirtieth Congress, when the vote was a very close and strongly contested vote, and when certain gentlemen of the West and the East, whom I remember with no unkindness, refused me their support. I certainly thought well of Mr. Lincoln then, and I have not a syllable to say against him now. If he should become President of the United States by fair constitutional means, he shall have my best wishes for his success; and I will stand by the Union and the Constitution with him and under him as long as he stands by them himself. I think none of us Constitutional Union men in New England are of that party, if there be any such, which would overturn the coach, because they may have had no hand in selecting the driver; or which would scuttle the ship, because they may have been overruled in the choice of a captain. And I repeat the remark, and rejoice at the emphatic response which you have given to it once, and are ready to give to it again,—that if Mr. Lincoln should be fairly chosen President of the United States, I will stand by the Union and the Constitution with him and under him, as long as he will stand by them himself. There are, indeed, some things in his old record, if I mistake not, which are much better calculated to satisfy other people, my friends, than they are to satisfy those who have nominated him. When one of our own Massachusetts delegation of that day moved a summary resolution, or bill, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, Mr. Lincoln gave a bold, plump, manly negative to the proposition; and he repeated his *Nay* to the same substantial measure when it was presented in another form by Mr. Joshua R. Giddings. I commend this record to those who are dealing so critically and so calumniously with the record of Mr. Bell on the same subject. I should like to hear them read these votes of Mr. Lincoln fairly and squarely to their abolition friends in New England. They may find that these old records are two-edged swords.

Why, Mr. President, our friend Colonel Sever informed me, just as I was entering the Hall, a few moments since, that a pamphlet had recently been published in the Southern States, which proved conclusively, from these old records, that John Bell and Edward

Everett were the veriest free-soilers and abolitionists in the whole country! But I do not suppose that the Republican party of Massachusetts will give them their support exactly upon that showing. There is no public man, among the living or the dead, of our own land or of any other land, whose record—if not too insignificant to have any record—may not be twisted and distorted by malicious adversaries.

But the question is not where a man was twelve years ago, but where he is now,—with whom he is now acting,—in what direction he is now moving, to whom and to what he is now committed. Old records are nothing. Names are nothing. Men are nothing, in a campaign like the present. There is but one, simple, but all-sufficient and all-embracing consideration, certainly, which will govern my own vote at the coming election; and if it could govern the vote of every other man in the Union, I should have no fears for the result. It is no consideration of slavery or anti-slavery. It is no question of personal or of party triumph. It is the conviction which has taken possession of my whole heart and soul and mind, that the best and highest interests of our country, and of every human being who inhabits our country,—yes, I will not scruple to include black as well as white, bond as well as free,—that all our dearest moral and religious interests, as well as our highest political and social interests, demand a truce, a long truce—if possible, a final truce and termination—to the fratricidal strife which has been so long waged between the North and the South. Peace, concord, the restoration of national harmony, of mutual good-will and of individual good nature,—this is the one great want of our land, in all its relations, at this moment. Nothing but mischief—nothing but mischief—has thus far resulted from the sectional animosities and recriminations which have so long formed the whole web and woof of our public debate. Extravagant and untenable doctrines have been advanced and advocated, both at the North and at the South, in mere spite towards each other, and measures have been set on foot which would never have been dreamed of, except in a spirit of retaliation and revenge. Bad blood has been engendered; bad language has fallen from lips educated to better utterances; and blows, alas, have some-

times followed words. Both the Northern and the Southern mind need rest and repose, in order to recover from the fever and frenzy which recent domestic struggles have produced. A four years' truce to all these dismal and dreary and wholly abstract disputes and bickerings about squatter sovereignty, and Dred Scott decisions, and Southern oligarchies, and sectional aggressions, would do more to restore and advance just views of the Constitution, and just views of freedom, and just views of slavery too, than all the harangues and philippies which have been composed and uttered since the days of Demosthenes and Cicero.

It is not often I find any thing on this subject in an English paper to agree with, but here is a slip from the London "*Athenaeum*," published on the very day I left Liverpool, and which comes very near to expressing the whole truth of the matter. It is a paragraph from a brief review of a book called "*Slavery Doomed*," by a Mr. Edge,—who I should think might be a twin-brother or at least a cousin-german of a certain Mr. Helper,—and who hails Mr. Lincoln as the first anti-slavery President of the United States, and looks forward to the extinction of slavery, and of the Union too, and of the cotton crop more especially, as the result of his election. After speaking of this book, and after alluding to the rejection, many years ago, of what it calls Mr. Jefferson's scheme of emancipation, the writer in the "*Athenaeum*" says as follows:—

"Since then, wild schemes have been propounded, and wilder plans attempted; the whole question has become imbibited, and a life and death feud has sprung up where the sole chance lay in friendly and unimpassioned relations. Steady-going minds have flung themselves with heat and ardor into the fray; gentlemen have become ruffians while discussing the best mode of dealing with it; Christians have developed into savages; while the few calm men, at least on the pro-slavery side, who can really hold their own in times of tumult, have withdrawn from the contest altogether, seeing no chance for rational philosophy to be heard in a company of madmen hacking at each other's throats. Thanks to certain indiscreet partisans. Abolition, as a feasible and practicable good, has been delayed yet another generation, to the grief of all honest men, and the confusion of all wise ones."

Now, whether this writer is correct or not in what he says about Abolition as a practicable and feasible good, he has presented a most forcible and graphic picture of the condition of things at this moment in our country, and has placed the responsibility where it belongs—where it justly belongs—for the delay and indefinite postponement of any measures, which have ever been either feasible or practicable, for ameliorating the condition of any portion of the African race on this continent.

I repeat, fellow-citizens, we need a restoration of national harmony; of that fraternal feeling between different members of the Union which was so eloquently and admirably advocated by the gallant and true-hearted Crittenden in his late noble speech, in order that all the great interests of our country may once more be calmly and justly considered and provided for. And national harmony can never be restored by the triumph of either of the extreme parties, whether of the North or the South. Certainly, it cannot be restored by the triumph of a party, which has wholly refused to recognize the Southern States in the selection of their candidates, and which does not pretend to rely upon, or to anticipate, a single electoral vote from any one of those States. Certainly, it cannot be restored by the triumph of a party, at least one of whose candidates is so identified with those who would award the holiest crown of martyrdom to the very instigator and organizer of insurrection and treason, and so many of whose organs and orators are daily denouncing the South as a land of barbarism, and daily exulting in the proclamation of an irreconcilable and irrepressible conflict between the slave States and the free States. It would be madness to expect from such a triumph any thing but renewed agitation, renewed irritation, renewed outbreaks of fanaticism at one end of the Union and fury at the other, which no patriot and no Christian can contemplate without a shudder.

For myself, my friends, I have nothing to seek from any candidate or any party, and I can take but a humble share in what remains of this campaign. Neither my health nor my engagements will allow me to mingle often in the strife of tongues. But I rejoice that I am here in season to give a vote for the candidates whose nomination you are assembled to ratify: to give

a vote which shall virtually and practically say, "That man of blood, and treason, and massacre, was not right. The men of the South are no barbarians, to be reviled and defied, but our brethren, with whom we delight to dwell, and mean to dwell, in unity. And there is no conflict between the free States and the slave States which moderation, and reason, and justice, and patriotism cannot repress, and ought not to repress, at once and for ever."

That vote may be in a minority or in a majority: one of many or one of few. I have not been at home long enough to calculate the chances of success, even if I desired to do so: but, whatever may be the result, it will at least secure to him who gives it the cheering consciousness, of having done what he could to arrest the progress of as mad and mischievous a strife as ever disturbed the peace or endangered the union of a great and glorious country.

TRIBUTE TO HON. NATHAN APPLETON.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
AUGUST 8, 1861.

WE have been called on so often of late, gentlemen, to notice the departure of those whose names have adorned our Honorary or our Resident rolls, that the language of eulogy may seem to have been almost exhausted. Yet I am sure you would not excuse me, nor could I excuse myself, were I to fail to make some brief allusion this morning to a valued and venerable associate, who died only a day or two after our last monthly meeting.

Lowell, the revered pastor; Shaw, the illustrious jurist; White, the accomplished counsellor and scholar; Bowditch, the faithful conveyancer and genial humorist, whose diligence has illustrated so many title-deeds, and whose wit has illuminated so many title-names:—all these and more have received, in sad succession, our farewell tributes within a few months past. The wise, upright, and eminent merchant presents no inferior claim to our respectful remembrance, nor will his name be associated with less distinguished or less valuable services to the community.

Not many men, indeed, have exercised a more important influence among us, during the last half-century, than the late Hon. Nathan Appleton. Not many men have done more than he has done, in promoting the interests, and sustaining the institutions, to which New England has owed so much of its prosperity and welfare. No man has done more, by example and by precept, to elevate the standard of mercantile character, and to exhibit the pursuits of commerce in proud association with the highest integrity, liberality, and ability.

The merchants of Boston have already recognized his peculiar claims to their respect, and have paid him a tribute not more honorable to him than to themselves. But he was more than a merchant. As a clear and vigorous writer on financial and commercial questions; as a successful expounder of some of the mysteries of political economy; as a wise and prudent counsellor in the public affairs of the country, as well as in the practical concerns of private life; as a liberal friend to the institutions of religion, education, and charity; as a public-spirited, Christian citizen, of inflexible integrity and independence,—he has earned a reputation quite apart from the enterprise and success of his commercial career.

Few of those whose names, for thirty years past, have been inscribed with his own on the rolls of our Society, have taken a more active and intelligent interest in our pursuits. Few have been more regular in their attendance at our meetings, or more liberal in their contributions to our means.

Tracing back his descent to an early emigrant from the county of Suffolk in England, where his family had been settled for more than two centuries before, he was strongly attracted towards our Colonial history, and was eager to co-operate in whatever could worthily illustrate the Pilgrim or the Puritan character. He was a living illustration of some of the best elements of both.

This is not the occasion for entering into the details of his life and services; but, should the Society concur with the Standing Committee in the Resolutions which they have instructed me to submit, there may be an opportunity of pursuing the subject more deliberately hereafter. Let me only add, before offering them, that, on many accounts, I should have been disposed to shrink from the responsibility which they impose on me, had not our lamented friend so far honored me with his confidence as to express the wish, that I would undertake any little Memoir of him which might be customary in our collections,—accompanying the expression with some sketches of his life, which will form the largest and best part of whatever I may be able to prepare.

I offer the following Resolutions:—

Resolved, That, in the death of the Hon. NATHAN APPLETON, our Society has lost a valued member, a liberal friend, and one whose enterprise and integrity as a merchant, whose ability and accomplishments as a writer, and whose distinguished services as a public man, have rendered his name an ornament to our rolls.

Resolved, That the President be requested to prepare the customary Memoir for our next volume of Proceedings.*

* The Memoir of Mr. Appleton, which was prepared in conformity with this vote, is contained in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1860-1862, pp. 249-308.

THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

A SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, ON BOSTON COMMON, OCTOBER 8, 1861.

COLONEL WILSON,—I am here at the call of a committee of your friends, by whom this beautiful banner has been procured, to present it, in their behalf, to the regiment under your command.

I am conscious how small a claim I have to such a distinction; but I am still more conscious how little qualified I am, at this moment, to do justice to such an occasion. Had it been a mere ordinary holiday ceremony, or had I been called to it only by those with whom I have been accustomed to act in political affairs, I should have declined it altogether.

But it was suggested to me by the committee, that the position which I had occupied in former years, in regard to some of the great questions which have agitated and divided the public mind, and the relations which I had borne to yourself, politically if not personally, might give something of peculiar and welcome significance to my presence here to-day,—as affording another manifestation, more impressive than any mere words could supply, that in this hour of our country's agony, and in view of the momentous issues of national life and death which are trembling in the scale, all political differences, and all personal differences, are buried in a common oblivion, and that but one feeling, but one purpose, but one stern and solemn determination, pervades and animates the whole people of Massachusetts.

To such a suggestion, sir, I could not for an instant hesitate to yield; and most heartily shall I rejoice if any word or any act of

mine may help to enforce, or even only to illustrate, that unanimity of sentiment which ought to make, and which I trust does make, a million of hearts this day beat and throb as the heart of one man.

Sir, you will not desire — this crowded assembly will not desire — that in discharging the simple service so unexpectedly assigned to me, I should occupy much of your time in formal words of argument or of appeal. Still less could such a detention be agreeable to these gallant volunteers, who have been called to commence their campaign under skies which have damped every thing except their courage and their patriotism ; who are impatient to find themselves fairly on the way to their distant scene of duty, and who are entitled to spend the few remaining hours before their departure in exchanging farewells with the friends and relatives who are gathered around them.

Yet I should hardly be excused by others, or by yourself, if I did not attempt, in a few plain words, to give some expression to that pervading sentiment, to that solemn purpose, to that stern resolve, which animates and actuates each one of us alike.

Sir, there is no mystery about the matter. There ought to be no concealment about it. There can be no mistake about it. Your venerable chaplain has embodied it all in that sparkling lyric — “*E Pluribus Unum*” — which might well be adopted as the secular song of your noble regiment. It is nothing more, and nothing less, than a sentiment of duty to our whole country : of devotion to its Union ; of allegiance to its rulers ; of loyalty to its Constitution : and of undying love to that old Flag of our Fathers, which was associated with the earliest achievement of our liberty, and which we are resolved shall be associated with its latest defence. It is nothing more, and nothing less, than a determination that neither fraud nor force, neither secret conspiracy nor open rebellion, shall supplant that flag on the dome of our Capitol, or permanently humble it anywhere beneath the sun : — that the American Union shall not be rent asunder without catching in the cleft those who may attempt it : nor these cherished institutions of ours be cast down and trampled in the dust, until, at least, we have made the best, the bravest, the most strenuous struggle to save them, which the blessing of Heaven

upon our own strong arms, and in answer to the prayers of a nation on its knees, shall have enabled us to make.

Massachusetts, I need not say, has arrayed her numerous regiments at the call of the National government, and under the direction of her own untiring Executive,—for no purpose of subjugation or aggression; in no spirit of revenge or hatred; with no disposition and with no willingness to destroy or impair any constitutional right of any section or of any citizen of the Republic. She would as soon wear a yoke upon her own neck, as she would aid in imposing one on the neck of a sister State. She sends forth her armed battalions—the flower of Essex and Middlesex, of Norfolk and Suffolk, of both her Capes and of all her hills and valleys—in no spirit but that of her own honored motto, "*Ense quietem;*"—only to enforce the laws; only to sustain the government; only to uphold the Stars and Stripes; only to aid in restoring to the whole people of the land that quiet enjoyment of liberty, which nothing but the faithful observance of the Constitution of our Fathers can secure to us and our posterity.

“Union for the sake of the Union;” “our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country”—these are the mottoes, old, stale, hackneyed and threadbare, as they may have seemed when employed as the watchwords of an electioneering campaign, but clothed with a new power, a new significance, a new gloss and a new glory, when uttered as the battle-cries of a nation struggling for existence; these are the only mottoes which can give a just and adequate expression to the cause in which you have enlisted. Sir, I thank Heaven that the trumpet has given no uncertain sound while you have been preparing yourselves for the battle.

This is the cause which has been solemnly proclaimed by both branches of Congress in resolutions passed at the instance of those true-hearted sons of Tennessee and Kentucky,—Johnson and Crittenden,—and which, I rejoice to remember at this hour, received your own official sanction, as a Senator of the United States.

This is the cause which has been recognized and avowed by the President of the United States, with a frankness and a fearlessness which have won the respect and admiration of us all.

This is the cause which has been so fervently commended to us from the dying lips of a Douglas, and by the matchless living voices of a Holt and an Everett.

This is the cause in which the heroic Anderson, lifting his banner upon the wings of prayer, and looking to the guidance and guardianship of the God in whom he trusted, went through that fiery furnace unharmed, and came forth, not indeed without the smell of fire and smoke upon his garments, but with an undimmed and undying lustre of piety and patriotism on his brow.

This is the cause in which the lamented Lyon bequeathed all that he had of earthly treasure to his country, and then laid down a life in her defence, whose value no millions could measure.

This is the cause in which the veteran chief of our armies, crowned with the laurels which Washington alone had worn before him, and renouncing all inferior allegiance at the loss of fortune and of friends, has tasked, and is still tasking to the utmost, the energies of a soul whose patriotism no age could chill.

This is the cause to which the young and noble McClellan, under whose lead it is your privilege to serve, has brought that matchless combination of sagacity and science, of endurance, modesty, caution, and courage, which have made him the Hope of the hour, the bright particular Star of our immediate destiny.

And this, finally, is the cause which has obliterated, as no other cause could have done, all divisions and distinctions of party, nationality, and creed; which has appealed alike to Republican, Democrat, and Union Whig, to native citizen and to adopted citizen: and in which not the sons of Massachusetts or of New England or of the North alone, not the dwellers on the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna only, but so many of those, also, on the Potomac and the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri, on all the lakes, and in all the vast Mesopotamia of the mighty West,—yes, and strangers from beyond the seas, Irish and Scotch, German, Italian, and French,—the common emigrant and those who have stood nearest to a throne,—brave and devoted men from almost every nation under heaven,—men who have measured the value of our country to the world by a nobler stand-

ard than the cotton crop, and who realize that other and more momentous destinies are at stake upon our struggle than such as can be wrought upon any mere material looms and shuttles,—all—all are seen rallying beneath a common flag, and exclaiming with one heart and voice, “The American Union,—it must be, and shall be, preserved.”

And we owe it, sir, to the memory of our fathers, we owe it to the hopes of our children, we owe it to the cause of free institutions and of good government of every sort throughout the world, to make the effort, cost what it may of treasure or of blood, and, with God’s help, to accomplish the result.

Nay, we owe it to our misguided and deluded brethren of the South,—for I will not forget that they are our brothers still, and I will call them by no harsher name,—we owe it even to them, to arrest them, if it be possible, in their suicidal career: to save them from their worst enemy,—*themselves*: and to hold them back from that vortex of anarchy and chaos which is yawning at their feet, and into which, in their desperate efforts to drag us down, they are only certain of plunging themselves and engulfing all that is dear to them.

Would to Heaven, this day, that there were any other mode of accomplishing, or even attempting, this end, but the stern appeal to battle! But from the hour of that ungodly and unmanly assault upon the little garrison at Sumter they have left us no alternative. They have laid upon us a necessity to defend our country,—and woe, woe unto us if we fail to meet that necessity as men and as patriots!

I congratulate you, Colonel Wilson, with all my heart, on the success of your own efforts in this great work of National defence. Returning from the discharge of your laborious and responsible duties as Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs in the Senate of the United States, you have thrown out a recruiting signal for a regiment; and lo! two regiments have responded to your call; yes, and with Sharpshooters and Light Artillery enough in addition to make up the measure of no ordinary brigade. And though one of your regiments is not yet quite ready for the field, it will follow you in a few days, and you will march to the capital as the virtual leader of them all.

Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the National ensign, pure and simple: dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm-cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself, far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There's magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging,—“the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not.” But before all and above all other associations and memories,—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places,—its voice is ever of Union and liberty, of the Constitution and the laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night. Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and, whatever else may happen to it or to them, it will never be surrendered to rebels: never be ignorinimously struck to treason; nor ever be prostituted to any unworthy and unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

TRIBUTE TO HON. WILLIAM APPLETON.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF CITIZENS AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
BOSTON, FEBRUARY 18, 1862.

In the absence of Mr Everett, who, to his own regret not less than to the regret of us all, is prevented by severe indisposition from being with us this morning, I am here, my friends, at short notice, and with less preparation than I could have desired for such a service, to second the resolutions which have just been read, and to pay my humble tribute to the memory of the excellent man whose loss will be so deeply felt in this community.

I shall attempt no elaborate eulogy. He does not need it. He would not have desired it. He was not a man of many words himself; and, in view of what has already been so well said by others, I may be pardoned for summing up his character, his services, and his claims upon our respect and gratitude, with something of the same directness and brevity which would have characterized any similar tribute of his own.

Our lamented friend was a person of many marked peculiarities, both physical and mental. No one, I think, could have observed his slender form and sunken cheek, at any time within a half-century past, without wondering how he had escaped an early doom, or certainly without supposing that he must always have been destined to lead the life of an invalid. He has told me himself, that more than forty years ago, he embarked from one of yonder wharves on a voyage to the Mediterranean, without an expectation on the part of his friends that he could live to return home. But within that seemingly feeble frame there was an indomitable will; there was a cheerful and courageous spirit, and a mind of extraordinary activity.

Descended from an ancient and honorable stock, whose memorials are abundant in Old England and in New England,—the son of a worthy Massachusetts clergyman,—he enjoyed, in his boyhood, the unspeakable advantages of a good school education and of a religious home. But his tastes were not for literary pursuits, and he never entered on a collegiate course. Nature had plainly endowed him with qualities peculiarly adapted to a practical, business life, and he was not slow in finding it out. He was a man of quick and keen perception: reaching results by a sort of intuition or instinct, which others would have attained by long processes of thought and study. He was a man of prompt and firm decision: relying upon his own impressions, obedient to his own convictions, not troubled with many doubts on any subject, and rarely leaning upon the counsels of others. He was a man of marvellous despatch and energy in the execution of his plans and purposes: impatient of delay in accomplishing whatever his judgment had once approved as right and best under the circumstances before him. Whatever his hands found to do, he literally “did it with all his might.”

Entering early upon mercantile pursuits with these natural adaptations, and refusing to yield to a condition of physical infirmity which would have forced so many others into retirement before they had reached their maturity, he persevered in his chosen calling, with unabated activity, until within a short period of his death at the advanced age of seventy-five years. From first to last, the most signal success attended him in almost all his business transactions. He amassed a great fortune, and he was by no means indifferent to its increase. He never disguised the satisfaction with which he saw it grow and roll up under his careful and skilful management.

But happily for him, and happily for the community in which he lived, his acknowledged love of wealth, and his unsurpassed sagacity in acquiring it, not only never obtained the mastery over his higher and nobler attributes, but served rather to secure a wider scope for their development and exercise. He ever cherished and cultivated,—not out of any mere philanthropic or sentimental impulse, and still less out of any unworthy ostentation, but as a matter of Christian principle and conscientious

obligation,—a spirit and a habit of the largest liberality and beneficence. It seemed as if his capacity for acquisition could only be surpassed by his readiness to give and his gladness to distribute.

The public institutions which have been the subject of his bounty are known to us all. We may see them on all sides of us. The noble structures which he erected, the excellent establishments which he endowed, are his best monuments; and the blessings of those to whose temporal or spiritual comfort they were consecrated are his just and all-sufficient eulogy. Yet, if I mistake not, these public endowments would make up but a small part of the history of his life-long beneficence. The private charities which he has dispensed, year by year and day by day,—when his left hand was hardly permitted to know what his right hand was doing,—could they ever be recounted in full, would occupy even a larger and a brighter page. And if they are never recounted on earth, we know they will have secured for themselves, and will have secured for him, a record on high, compared with which all earthly celebrity is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Mr. President, the character and career of our departed friend may be regarded in many different aspects. As a merchant of eminent sagacity and unsullied integrity; as a public man who has rendered valuable and patriotic services to his country, both in his early relations to the Bank of the United States, and in his more recent connection with the National Legislature; as a fellow-citizen and friend, faithful to every private duty, given to hospitality and good neighborhood, and never withholding his time, his counsel, or his purse from the exigencies of others; as a benevolent and munificent patron of so many of our noble institutions of religion, education, and philanthropy,—in all these respects alike, he has been distinguished among the most distinguished, and in some of them he has hardly left his peer.

Yet I hazard nothing in saying, that he would himself have desired to be remembered, above all, as a humble, sincere, devoted Christian; not bigoted, not boastful; of the largest toleration and most comprehensive charity, rather; but adhering with open and unswerving allegiance to the precepts and doctrines of

the Gospel as he understood them, and to that faith in Christ, which he told me, as he pressed my hand for the last time a few days since, was the sure and steadfast anchor of his soul. That faith had sustained him in life, under a succession of domestic afflictions such as had fallen to the lot of few other men, and it could not and did not fail him in the hour of death. That was the very hour of its richest consolations and its most assured triumphs.

Sir, the merchants of Boston, and not the merchants only, but our whole community, may well be saddened, as one after another of our most eminent and excellent men are taken away from us. Their loss would have been deeply felt at any time, but we miss them especially in this hour of our country's agony, when we have so much need of the wisest counsels and the best men. Our Perkinses, and Lawrences, and Appletons, our Lyman, and Eliot, and Josiah Bradlee, and good Moses Grant,—I cannot recall them all,—but how much of the proudest and worthiest part of our local history is associated with names like these!

Let us have no fear, however, that the race of our public-spirited men is yet exhausted. Let us not even linger around the honored remains which we are about to follow to the grave, as if it were possible that the succession of public benefactors, with which we have so long been blessed, were coming to an end. *Uno aulso, non deficit aureus alter.* Such examples can never be lost on the generations which are rising up to occupy the vacant places. Nor can Boston ever be without sons who will uphold her ancient renown for liberality and munificence.

Yet at this hour, perhaps, we may not be quite able to repress a doubt, whether in the long centuries of prosperity which we trust may still be in reserve for our beloved city, there will be found, among those who shall successively inhabit it, a name which will be associated with greater purity and greater beneficence, or one around which will be clustered more precious memories,—precious for time and precious for eternity,—than that of the lamented friend to whom we have assembled to pay this farewell tribute of respect and gratitude.

It only remains for me to second the resolutions, which I do with all my heart.

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT FELTON.

REMARKS MADE AT THE MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
MARCH 13, 1862.

It may not, perhaps, have been forgotten, gentlemen, that at our January meeting, in reporting the nominations of two Resident Members, the acceptance of one of whom has just been announced, it was remarked from the Chair, that their election would complete the number to which our Society is limited by its charter, and that, for the first time since our original incorporation, there would then be a hundred living names upon our roll. But it is for man to propose, and for God to dispose.

On the morning of the very day on which the election was to take place, and when our roll was to be thus auspiciously completed, the tidings reached us, that one of our number had already fallen a victim to the privations and exposures of the camp, while devotedly employed in the medical service of the army of the United States. A few days only intervened, before it was announced that another of our honored associates, in our immediate neighborhood, had passed away from these earthly scenes. And now, within a week or two past, a third name has been added to the list of those whom we may never again be permitted to welcome within these walls.

The death of Dr. Luther V. Bell was briefly noticed at our last meeting; and if the tributes which were paid to his memory, on the impulse of the moment, were somewhat less formal and less finished than they would have been if the tidings had reached us at an earlier day, they had the freshness and fervor of an immediate sorrow, and were by no means wanting in appropriate manifestations of respect for his character and regret for his loss.

After many years of varied and most valuable service to the community, his declining health had compelled him to seek retirement from the active labors of his vocation; but, when the Government of the country was heard calling upon the people to take up arms in defence of the Capital and of the Union, he forgot all physical infirmities of his own, and volunteered at once to discharge such duties in the field as belonged to the profession of which he was an honored member. Having already passed through the grades of regimental and brigade surgeon, and having rendered conspicuous services in the most memorable conflict of the war, he was just proposing to seek the relief which he required, and to which he was so richly entitled, in a post of even greater responsibility, but of less immediate exposure and fatigue. His desire was fulfilled in a way which he thought not of. The rest which he was about to claim at the hands of the Government, he received at the hands of God. A brief and sudden illness soon prostrated his enfeebled frame; and he died in the camp which had been the scene of his humane and unremitting labors for the lives of others. We shall remember him proudly, as the first, and we trust we may be permitted to say, when peace and concord shall again be restored to our land, as the only one, of our members who has fallen in the military service of our country.

It would hardly be quite just, however, to the memory of another lamented associate,—the Hon. William Appleton,—whose death we are next called on to notice this evening, were we to forget that his immediate decline was undoubtedly accelerated by the labors and cares with which his strength had been overtasked in the civil service of the Union. As a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, he remained faithfully at his post, during the anxious and agitating session of the last summer, long after his health had become so seriously impaired as to excite the just apprehensions of his friends. His commercial information and financial experience were indispensable to the committee of which he was a member, and his colleagues on that committee were unwilling to spare him from their councils. He returned home at last, debilitated and exhausted; and resigned his seat only in season to make final preparations for the change which so soon awaited him.

It has already been my privilege to unite with our fellow-citizens in paying a tribute to this excellent man and public benefactor; and I forbear from adding any thing on this occasion to the simple announcement of his death.

Nor do I propose to dwell long on the third name which has been so sadly stricken from our roll, and from other rolls where it will be still more missed, since our last monthly meeting. There are those present to whom it fitly belongs to deal with the character and accomplishments of the late President Felton; yet I should be false to the impulses of my own heart, were I to withhold all expression of sorrow for the loss of one so honored and so loved. Few persons, I think, have known, better than he, how to combine the cheerfulness and cordiality which belong to the companion and the friend, with the seriousness and earnestness which belong to the student and the instructor; and we hardly know which will be most missed in the sphere from which he has been so prematurely removed,—his thorough scholarship or his genial fellowship. His long and faithful services to the University, of which he had so recently become the honored head, were hardly more remarkable than his untiring readiness to lend his counsel and his experience to the cause of our common schools. He shrunk, indeed, from no labor which could be demanded of him,—from no service which he could anywhere find an opportunity to render,—in the cause of education, science, or literature; and yet he never denied himself to the claims of social life or to the offices of hospitality and friendship. His modest estimate of his own acquirements was in striking contrast with his generous appreciation of the accomplishments and efforts of others; and he never seemed better satisfied with himself than when he was paying a hearty tribute to the merits of a friend.

His connection with our Society was not of many years' standing; but we shall not soon forget the eager interest with which he entered into our proceedings on more than one occasion. His voice has again and again been heard here, in eloquent eulogy upon those who have gone before him; and some of his utterances on these occasions seem almost prophetic of his own early end. It seems but yesterday, that, after paying an affectionate tribute to the memory of the late Judge White, he reminded us,

in a tone of almost triumphant anticipation, that “the grave is but the gateway that leads to immortality ;” bidding us “follow courageously in the heaven-illumined path of the good and famous men who have gone before us.”

It seems hardly more than yesterday, since, in speaking of the sudden death of Prescott, he told us, that, “with the loveliness of returning spring, the announcement would be heard, even to the shores of Greece ;” and that, “under the matchless glories of the sky of Attica, a sense of bereavement would mingle with the festivities and Christian welcomes of that joyous season.”

He little imagined how soon these words would become applicable to himself. His own modesty may have repressed the imagination that they would ever be applied to him. Yet no one, who recollects how closely he had identified himself, during more than a quarter of a century past, with every thing which relates to that classic soil,—with the study of its ancient and of its modern language, with its matchless literature, with its marvellous history, with its reviving hopes,—no one, certainly, who has had an opportunity of knowing the esteem, respect, and affection which he won there during the two visits which were almost the only relaxations of his laborious life, can doubt for an instant that the tidings of his death will touch many a heart in the land which he so delighted to illustrate, and that his loss will be deplored by not a few of those who have inherited the language of Homer, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

It was my own good fortune to be able to give him his first introduction to the English ambassador at Athens (Sir Thomas Wyse), with whom he formed the most intimate and cordial friendship, and through whom I have repeatedly heard how deep and lasting an impression had been left there of his kind and generous nature, his thorough and comprehensive scholarship, and his ardent and almost romantic affection for that land of glowing skies and glorious memories.

There is one precious memorial of his interest in that land, and of a better land also, which cannot soon be forgotten, either there or here, and the recollection of which is in peculiar harmony with an hour like this. I refer to the communion-plate which he exerted himself so eagerly in procuring, on his first

return home, for a little Episcopal chapel at Athens, then under the care of Dr. Hill, whose character and services he ever spoke of with the highest admiration. The twofold glories of the spot, as the scene of the grandest efforts of the two noblest orators of the world,—the classic and the Christian Demosthenes,—inspired him with even an unwonted enthusiasm: and few things gratified him more (if I may judge by repeated expressions of his own), than to have secured for himself, and for a few of his American friends, the privilege of offering this little pledge of Christian sympathy to those who should assemble beneath the shadows of Mars-hill—where Paul so triumphantly confronted the Epicurean and the Stoic, and that whole inquisitive and jeering crowd of Athenians and strangers—to partake of the supper of our Lord, and to commemorate the transcendent reality of the resurrection from the dead. Not long afterwards, he took “Paul, as an Athenian Orator,” for the subject of a popular lecture.

But I will detain you no longer, gentlemen, from the worthier tributes which others are prepared to pay to the memory of our departed friends, and for which I have been instructed to open the way by introducing the following resolution:—

Resolved. That this Society has heard, with the deepest regret, of the deaths of their esteemed and respected associates, the Hon. WILLIAM APPLETON, and CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, LL.D.: and that Dr. Chandler Robbins be requested to prepare the customary Memoir of Mr. Appleton: and Mr. Hillard, that of President Felton.

TRACTS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
BOSTON, MAY 27, 1892.

I HOLD it a high honor, ladies and gentlemen, to be called on to take the chair on this occasion, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the old American Tract Society, whose history for four and thirty years is an illuminated calendar of Christian labors: and I return very grateful acknowledgments to those to whom I am indebted for so valued a compliment.

I cannot forget, in entering on the discharge of my duties, that the year which has elapsed since your last Anniversary Meeting, has witnessed not a few changes in your official roll. The late venerable President of the Association has been called from these earthly scenes, within a few months past, to enter, as we trust, upon the rich rewards of a long and useful life. His place has already been filled, at the late meeting of the Society at New York, where tributes of the most enviable character have been paid to his memory. But it becomes us here also, to give at least some passing expression to our sense of the loss which we have sustained by the death of so distinguished a son of New England.

Few men, certainly, of our age and generation, have left a more precious memory in the hearts of good men throughout the country, than the late Chief-Justice Williams of Connecticut. The eminent places which he has held, in so many different spheres of public duty, form but the slightest part of his claim to the remembrance of posterity. I will not attempt to recount them: for official position, alas, has ceased to furnish any safe criterion of private virtue or personal merit. But his pure and spotless

character: his noble illustration of Christian principle: his untiring activity in every good work of philanthropy and benevolence: and the signal liberality of his contributions, both living and dying, to so many of our great and best institutions for the promotion of moral and religious improvement, will secure an honored place for his name among the benefactors of our land.

Nor can we forget that more than one of our most distinguished Vice-Presidents have preceded or followed him to the grave, during the same short period. Among them I may be permitted to recall a venerable and venerated Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia: of whom one may well say, in view of all the deplorable events of which he was a witness, and something more, I fear, than a witness, during the latter months of his life, that "had he but died an hour before this chance, he had lived a blessed time."

Among them, too, I cannot fail to remember the excellent Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, whose whole character and career, through a life of more than threescore years and ten, presented so noble a combination of the scholar, the statesman, and the Christian gentleman.

The genial and brilliant Bethune, too, has suddenly fallen in a foreign land, and has hardly left his peer as an orator, whether for the pulpit or the platform.

But we may not dwell too long upon the dead. Our duties are to the living, and we cannot but feel those duties pressing upon us all the more heavily, when so many of our associates are stricken down upon our right hand and upon our left.

I am not here to-day for the first time, my friends, to bear my humble testimony to the importance of this Association: and I do not propose to detain you with any general advocacy of its objects or its operations. I turn at once to a very brief consideration of the peculiar work which it has been called on to discharge, in common with other Associations of a kindred character, in the existing emergency of our national condition: and of the urgent demands which that work makes upon us all for our active co-operation and support.

I need hardly remind any one of the widely extended field which has been opened, by the existing civil war, for every variety

of benevolent and philanthropic enterprise. The mere statement of the stupendous fact, that more than half a million of the young men of our land, almost three-quarters of a million — the numbers are rapidly mounting up while I speak — have been suddenly summoned from their homes and their altars, to contend for the defence of the Union, and to encounter all the exposures of the camp, and all the dangers of the battle-field, — is enough to awaken every thoughtful mind and every earnest heart to the duty which rests upon those of us who remain behind.

And what is that duty? It is to accompany and to follow our gallant volunteers, not merely with words of approbation and shouts of encouragement, but with ample and substantial supplies of whatever may afford them the greatest comfort and support in the hardships and deprivations to which they are subjected, and of whatever may best prepare them for meeting, bravely and heroically, the great issues of life or death which await them.

We all rejoice in the successful operations of those sanitary commissions which have been organized in so many parts of the country: and no one can have witnessed without the highest admiration and the warmest sympathy, the unwearied efforts of the mothers and daughters of the loyal States, to make every needful, and I had almost said every conceivable, provision for the bodily comfort of their sons and brothers.

But we all know that there are other and higher needs than those of the body. We all know that in the camp and in the hospital, in the exposures of the day and in the watches of the night, in every hour of temptation from within or of danger from without, in the anguish of disease, in the agony of conflict, in the sharpness of death, there is a want which cannot be met by any mere material supplies.

This is the want, sometimes most needed where it is least felt, for which the Association before me, and others of a similar character, have undertaken to provide: and for which, to so considerable a degree, they have already provided. The Bible, the Prayer Book, the Hymn Book, the precious pages of your little Tracts and Messengers, scattered like leaves for the healing of wounds beyond the reach of all other surgery: — some of them reproducing the Scripture texts which nerved the hearts of the

Puritan soldiers of Cromwell in the great Civil Wars of England, and some of them recounting the triumphs of prayer and faith in the peculiar conflicts of our own Pilgrim or Patriot Fathers:— who shall estimate the value of supplies like these for our young soldiers and young sailors in their hours of trial!

Whose heart has not swelled with emotion, and been animated to higher hopes for our cause and for our country, as he has remarked that under influences like these, and by the example and authority of our Scotts and McClellans, our Wools, Andersons, and Footes, profanity, intemperance, and gambling have been disengaged and rebuked in our camps; that the Sunday has been so generally observed as a day of rest and of worship, even on the very verge of battle; and that so often around the evening watch-fires, the glorious notes of Old Hundred and the Army Hymn have resounded to the skies, in fit alternation with Hail Columbia and the Star-spangled Banner!

God forbid that there should be any lack of means for keeping up supplies of this sort, from whatever source, or from whatever society, they may come! and I trust that whatever else may be done, or left undone, during this Anniversary week, the amplest provision may be made for securing the full amount which may be necessary for carrying on this noble work of mingled piety and patriotism.

Doubtless, my friends, among the eighty-six or eighty-seven millions of pages, which have been printed by this Society, since your last anniversary meeting; or even among the more than fifty millions of pages which have been gratuitously distributed by it, during the past year; there might be found some, which would not altogether approve themselves to the judgment or the taste of us all. But what is the chaff to the wheat?

For myself, certainly, I can say, that in one particular policy of your worthy Publishing Committee I have heretofore most heartily concurred. I rejoice especially to remember that, up to the moment when the relations of the North and the South were so wantonly and treacherously broken up, not a line had been printed under their authority which could not have free and welcome circulation among Christian men and women of all sections of the Union.

It is a pleasant thing for us to remember at this hour, that a considerable quantity of the publications of this Society were still on hand in our Southern depositaries at the outbreak of the rebellion, and that they may have done something towards supplying the religious wants of those who are so madly arrayed against us. That is a sort of aid and comfort which I do not believe you will be charged with treason for having furnished. I heartily hope that the day is not far distant when there will be once more a free course and circulation for all that you can supply throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country: and I trust that you may be in a condition to avail yourselves fully of such an opportunity, whenever in the good providence of God it shall have arrived.

More than any thing else, more than any thing else, we shall need hereafter a renewal, a revival, of those common religious influences and sympathies, which these great National societies have done so much to kindle and keep alive. Every thing has been going on as prosperously and as triumphantly for the Union cause as we had a right to expect, so far as our armies and navies are concerned. Victory after victory has gladdened our hearts in the West and in the South: and there is nothing in the recent retreat of that brave little band in the valley of the Shenandoah, which ought seriously to disturb any one except those who are responsible for leaving it exposed to such overwhelming odds.

Every thing is still in the way of being accomplished, so far as military force can reach, for the rightful vindication of the National authority, and for the restoration of the old Constitution, the old Union, and the old Flag of our Fathers.

But there is one conquest which will remain yet longer to be achieved. There must be a change of heart in the rebellions breast. The terrible spirit of rebellion must be assuaged or exorcised at the South: and if there be any spirit of mere vengeance or injustice of any sort, growing up among ourselves, under provocations to which none of us can be insensible, — that, too, must be seasonably checked. The words of the great Apostle are as applicable at this hour, as when they were first addressed to the Romans: “Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good.”

If there be "a devil in secession," as that fearless Tennessee patriot has recently told us, we all know what is the only power which has ever succeeded in casting out devils. It was not the power of Beelzebub. Nor was it the power of man. No military stratagems, no civil statesmanship, no policy of man's device, no wholesale confiscations or emancipations, can reach it. It came of old, and it must come again, from higher than human sources or influences. We must look, in God's good time, for a spirit of reconciliation, breathed forth from the very throne of the Most High, to turn back our hearts to each other and to Himself: and we must invite it, and invoke it, and prepare the way for it, by all the instrumentalities in our power.

In a word, my friends, the influences of a common religion, the sympathies of a common faith, the blessing of a common Father and Saviour, must come to our aid in this great crisis of our country's fate, or all our blood and treasure may still fail of accomplishing that restoration of National unity and concord, which is the only aim of all true patriots.

Once more, then, let me express the earnest hope, before taking my seat, that while every thing in our power is done to sustain and uphold the physical strength and military power of the Government, these religious associations whose anniversaries have so long shed a hallowed influence over this last week of May, may still be counted, as they deserve to be counted, among the best sanitary commissions, not only for our own armies, but for the whole country: and that their treasuries may not fail of being replenished with abundant means for carrying on the glorious work to which they are pledged and consecrated.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY, MAY 28, 1862.

AFTER the interesting and admirable address of the gentleman from New York (the Hon. William E. Dodge), which we have all heard with so much gratification, I shall detain you, ladies and gentlemen, but a very few minutes. I came here rather to listen than to speak. Your worthy Secretary will bear me witness that I declined to be responsible for any formal address on this occasion. But I could not resist the appeal of your President, a day or two since, that I would give expression in a few brief sentences to the interest which I feel in the cause in which we are assembled.

Beyond a doubt, my friends, the cause of African colonization has assumed a new interest, a new importance, in view of the existing condition of our country. Whatever indifference any of us may have heretofore felt in regard to it, there is now an emergency to which no one can be altogether insensible. And no one I think, can help rejoicing that there is a society already in existence; with an established national organization; with branches in so many of the States; with most valuable experience already acquired; with carefully considered and deliberately adopted plans; and prepared, providentially prepared, to meet, in so considerable degree, the precise emergency which has now arisen.

There need be no question here, upon subjects which are giving occasion to so much angry controversy elsewhere. I need hardly say that I am no advocate of any wholesale projects of emancipation,—whether under the color of confiscation, or upon

any pretence of the imaginary necessities of martial law. The adoption of any such scheme would do nothing but aggravate and protract the war in which we are engaged. The mere agitation of it has already increased the embarrassments of the Government and the perils of our patriot volunteers. But none of us can be blind to the fact, that whatever policy may prevail on points like these, a vast number of the African race will be, and indeed have already been, thrown upon the Country by the unavoidable contingencies of the existing rebellion, for whom a policy of some sort must be adopted. And the simple question submitted to us now, is whether the means shall be supplied for transporting to the land from which they sprung, such of these persons as may be found willing and ready to go there, and who would otherwise be destined to a reluctant and wretched existence upon our own shores.

Let it never be forgotten, my friends, that, under the auspices of some of the wisest and best men of all sections of the Union,—men for the like of whom our country is looking, and looking in vain, in this hour of its agony,—men like Henry Clay, whose bugle-note at this moment would be better than a hundred thousand men for the defence of the Union,—the American Colonization Society was originally formed, and has been steadily maintained, altogether upon the principle of voluntary emigration. It is nothing more or less than a great Emigrant Aid Society: not designed to drive out from our land any who may deliberately desire to remain here, but only to afford the means of transportation to those who may wish to return to the old, original, and only true home of the African race.

Of that home it has been well said, by the worthy President of the parent society (Mr. Latrobe), that “Liberia is the portal.” There, a noble colony has already been planted: there, churches and schools have been instituted: a college, even, inaugurated; and a constitution of government, framed after the model of our own republic, and provided with all the securities of a just and equal administration, is there already in successful operation. There, at that open gateway,—better than any *Port Royal* which we are likely to establish on our own Continent,—Africa stands, ready to welcome back to a condition of peace and prosperity

those of her children, or their descendants, who may have been torn from her in the prosecution of a barbarous traffic.

It may be that other and larger colonies may be found necessary hereafter. It may be that other and nearer places may hereafter be found, for carrying out more conveniently and more effectively the great scheme of colonization, as it may be developed by future events. For the present, however, Liberia is sufficient: and with its established institutions, its increasing trade, and its now recognized independence, it presents the most favorable opportunity for accomplishing the great ends for which this Society was formed.

My friends, if the only effect of promoting the welfare of that colony were to establish a permanent foothold for civilization and Christianity in Africa, the cause would be worthy of our most favorable attention, and might well be ranked among the most interesting and important Missionary enterprises of the age.

But when it is regarded in connection with the present emergencies of our own land; when it is contemplated as furnishing the first successful example of a movement which may, at some future day, relieve our country from the difficulties and dissensions which are inevitably incident to the continuance of such vast and rapidly increasing numbers of the African race, whether bond or free, within our limits,—it calls for a still more earnest and zealous support.

The President of the United States, whose wisdom, moderation, and patriotism we all concur in acknowledging and admiring,—whether as exhibited in the measures he has taken to overcome the assaults of his enemies, or to overrule the mad and monstrous projects of some of his friends,—has urgently and repeatedly insisted, as we all remember, that a well-devised scheme of colonization is one of the great necessities of the present hour. I believe that, in doing so, he has expressed the opinion of nine-tenths of the people of the United States out of New England; and I trust it may prove, in New England also.

For myself, certainly, I say amen to this declaration of President Lincoln with all my heart. Every consideration of justice both to the black man and to the white; every regard for the

welfare both of Africa and America; every dictate of humanity both to bond and free—concur, in my opinion, in commanding the cause of Colonization this day to a general sympathy and a generous support which it has never before received; and I am glad of an opportunity to give this brief but heartfelt “God speed” to all who are engaged in it.

A STAR FOR EVERY STATE, AND A STATE FOR EVERY STAR.

A SPEECH MADE ON BOSTON COMMON AT THE MASS MEETING IN AID OF RECRUITING,

AUGUST 27, 1862.

I AM here, fellow-citizens, at short notice, and I hope to make a short speech. Would to Heaven that I could make it as short, as sharp, and as burning, as the battle must now be which is at length to bring back peace to our afflicted land! Would to Heaven that I could say any thing, or do any thing, which might contribute to the success of this occasion, and of the cause which it is designed to promote! It is a time when every one of us should ask himself, day by day, and night by night, at morning, and at evening, and at noonday, "What can I say, or what can I do, for my country, and for those who are engaged in its defence?"

Yet I cannot help feeling how powerless are any mere empty words in presence of such a multitude as this, and still more in presence of such events as those which have called us together. The scene around us, and the sounds which have attended it, are more eloquent and more impressive than any human oratory. The rolling drum, the pealing bells, the tramp of marching battalions, the shouts of surging multitudes,—these are the only sounds to-day which seem to fill or satisfy the ear: and the only adequate words which the vocabulary of American Patriotism can supply for such an hour as this, are, "Reenlist, enlist, gird on your armor, and go forth to the rescue of our brethren in the field, and to the deliverance of our beloved country."

What else can any one say? Every form of argument and of

appeal has been exhausted. It is vain to review the past; we cannot recall it. It is vain to speculate on the future; we cannot penetrate its hidden depths. It is vain, and worse than vain, to criticise and cavil about the present. We must have confidence in somebody. We must not only trust in God, but we must trust in the Government which is over us, and in the generals whom that Government has commissioned. For one, I mean to hold fast my faith in them all,—Halleck, McClellan, Pope, McDowell, Burnside, Banks, and all the rest,—until something besides bad fortune, or malignant rumor, or base suspicions, shall have occurred to shake it.

Meantime we must not shut our eyes to the real state of the case. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that our country has now been engaged for more than a year past in one of the fiercest and bloodiest wars which the world has ever witnessed. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that three-quarters of a million of the loyal men of the land have been found inadequate to overcome the wanton and wicked rebellion which has lifted its parricidal hands against the nation. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that though so many glorious successes have been accomplished, and so many deeds of heroic daring performed, our gallant army has recently encountered a series of checks and reverses which have once more put almost every thing in peril. The stern and startling fact is before us and upon us, that the President has been constrained to call for twice 300,000 more men to rescue us from defeat, and to give us a hope of finishing successfully the Herculean labor of restoring the national authority.

Who can hesitate for a moment what answer shall be given to this call? Who can hesitate for a moment to say, that every thing which is needed, every thing which is asked for, in such an emergency, shall be supplied, to the last man and the last dollar, —even though another 300,000, and still another, should be demanded hereafter?

I rejoice, my friends, to be able to bear witness to the feeling which exists in some other parts of our Commonwealth and of our country. Absent from home for six weeks past, I have visited more than one of our sister States of the North. At

Buffalo, I was in company with some of my old conservative friends, such as the late Governor of New York, Washington Hunt, and the late President of the United States, Millard Fillmore. The best illustration of their views is found in the fact that the patriotic ex-President is in actual command of the Home Guard of that beautiful Lake City; and is seldom, or never, absent from their evening drills. I was at Niagara; but not even the roaring of that mighty cataract could drown the cries of the country struggling in the rapids of this gigantic rebellion, and a new and noble regiment was just beginning to be organized there, under the gallant Peter A. Porter, which has now already taken up its march for the Potomac.

Standing, at Saratoga, on the piazza of one of the hotels, with the present worthy Governor of New York, just at the moment when the order for the new draft was first promulgated, he said to me, "The North has not yet put forth a quarter of its strength. It must now put forth its whole strength." And, since the words were uttered, no less than fifty new regiments have been organized in the Empire State, and no less than seventeen of them are already under marching orders for Washington.

At West Point, I had the privilege of passing a portion of several days in company with our ever-honored veteran chieftain, — Winfield Scott; and though I may not quote any words of private conversation, I did not leave him without the undoubting assurance, not only that the warmest wish of his still-glowing heart was that the new levies of six hundred thousand men should be promptly supplied, but that the sober conviction of his judgment was that with these re-enforcements promptly supplied, we could scatter the Confederate army, scare out their infernal guerilla hordes, and finish the war triumphantly at no distant day.

There, too, I met the generous and true-hearted Crittenden. I accompanied him to the camp of the Cadets, and saw the emotion with which he grasped the hand of the young Kentuckians who clustered around him. One of them was a son of that noble preacher and patriot, Robert J. Breckenridge, of Danville; and another, whose name I am ashamed to have forgotten, but

which history will not forget, was a young Kentuckian of only sixteen years of age, who, having been already wounded while serving as a volunteer at the battle of Shiloh, had now come to prepare for future responsibilities by studying the science of war.

All honor from this great assembly on Boston Common to these loyal and patriotic men of the Border States, who have endured so many of the worst hardships and sharpest trials of this terrible struggle, and who have still been found faithful among the faithless!

Nor have I been without some recent opportunity of observing what is going on in a remote part of our own Commonwealth. No sooner had I entered her limits than I was called on to address a war meeting in one of the lovely villages of Berkshire. At Pittsfield, too, I visited the camp of an almost completed regiment. Everywhere the flag was flying, everywhere the drums were beating, everywhere the alarm bell was ringing. And what else—what else can we do? What else—what else can we say but “enlist, recruit, gird yourselves for the battle!” For myself, clinging to the hope of adjustment to the last moment: hoping and praying, as I have done, that the policy of man or the good Providence of God might still open a door of escape from this bloody arbitrament of a most unnatural and abhorrent family quarrel; and holding myself ever open to conviction, even now, if any way of reconciliation and restoration should present itself, —I can see, as the case now stands, nothing, nothing whatever to be done, but to put forth our whole strength, to summon up all the energy we possess, and to overcome and overwhelm this rebellion by every means in our power.

Boston, I need not say, is alive to the emergency. Though I have been at home little more than four and twenty hours, I have seen enough at every corner of the street, I see enough before me at this moment, to assure me that all will be right with her. New England expects every man to do his duty, and the capital of New England will not be wanting to the call. Let Suffolk and Essex, and Norfolk and Worcester, and Plymouth and Bristol, and Berkshire and old Hampshire emulate each other, as they are now doing, in furnishing their full quota, in anticipation of

any draft, and history will still record of old Massachusetts, that she was second to no other State in defending that Union, which all the world knows she was second to no other State in establishing.

In conclusion, let us all remember, my friends, that it is the Union, and nothing more nor less nor other than the Union, for which we are contending. Let us keep ever in mind those excellent words of Mr. Seward, that it is enough for us now to strain every nerve in putting down the Demon of Rebellion, without stopping to quarrel among ourselves about any lesser demons, whether imaginary or real.

Let us keep ever in mind that noble, and still more recent and emphatic declaration of our patriotic President, that if there be any man who would not save the Union unless he could either destroy or save something besides the Union,—no matter what it is,—he is not of that man's party.

Let us remember that we are not engaged in a war of the North against the South, but a war of the Nation against those who have risen up to destroy it. Let us keep our eyes and our hearts steadily fixed upon the old flag of our fathers,—the same to-day as when it was first lifted in triumph at Saratoga, or first struck down in madness at Sumter. That flag tells our whole story. We must do whatever we do, and whatever is necessary to be done, with the paramount purpose of preserving it, untorn and untarnished, in all its radiance and in all its just significance. We must be true to every tint of its red, white, and blue. Behold it at this moment streaming from every window and watch-tower and cupola of our fair city. It has a star for every State. Let us resolve that there shall still be a State for every star. Let this be our watchword, in speech and in song, and still more in the whole civil and military policy of the war,—**A STAR FOR EVERY STATE, AND A STATE FOR EVERY STAR**,—and, by the blessing of God, and our own strong arms, we may once more see that flag waving in triumph from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

But let us not forget that the time is short,—that what we have to do must be done quickly; and let us make a short, sharp, strenuous effort, and finish the work at whatever immediate sacri-

fee of treasure or of blood. We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to all the world, to bring this terrible struggle to a decisive issue with the least possible delay. "Now or never," was the legend upon one of the banners which just caught my eye. It is now or never with the Union; now or never with the Constitution; now or never with the wide arch of our ranged Republic. Let us take a lesson of desperate energy from the rebels themselves, —yes, or from the Prince of Rebels, as he cries to his apostate host in the immortal epic, "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

IRISH RECRUITS.

A SPEECH MADE AT A MEETING FOR ENLISTING A NEW IRISH REGIMENT AT
FANEUIL HALL, SEPTEMBER 9, 1862.

I HAVE come, fellow-citizens, to say a few words to you this evening, not because I have any confidence that I can say any thing worth your hearing,—and still less from an idea that any thing would remain to be said after Mr. Everett had spoken,—but because I was unwilling to decline any service which the Committee of Arrangements for this occasion have thought me capable of rendering to the cause in which you are assembled.

I need hardly say that I am not here as an Irishman. I may be pardoned for remembering, however, in this presence, that if there be any little Irish blood in my veins, and very little there is, I know, it is of a sort not to be disowned or ashamed of; coming as it does—remotely and sluggishly, I confess, but still directly—from the same old family fountain with that which coursed along the arteries and kindled at the heart of one who loved his country “not wisely, perhaps, but too well,”—your own patriot martyr, Emmett.

I wish I had a fuller measure of his fervid eloquence for meeting such a call as this. But with such measure as I have, I am here, as a Bostonian, to unite with the Mayor and our fellow-citizens generally, in expressing the deep sense we all entertain of the noble part which has been taken by so many of our Irish brethren in the unhappy national struggle in which we are engaged, and the hearty sympathy we all feel in the efforts they are making to organize still another Irish regiment.

And now, my friends of the Emerald Isle, I need enter into no consideration of the condition of your adopted land,—that land which has so long been the hope and the refuge of the oppressed

of every clime. You all know too well the history of the past year. You all know too well the circumstances of the present hour. Your own gallant Corcoran, who has as few superiors in using the tongue as he has in wielding the sword, and who seems to possess the art of raising regiments,—yes, of raising brigades and legions,—as well as of commanding them, he has told you the whole state of the case in terms more felicitous and more forcible than any which I can employ.

Indeed, if any Irishman desires to know this night the cause in which he is called to enlist, he will find it illustrated in full by the words and by the deeds of his own compatriots. If it is not enough to tell him that it is the cause in which the heroic Corcoran endured that long and cruel imprisonment, and came out a more unyielding defender of it than ever before: tell him, too, that it is the cause in which Meagher and Mulligan and Shields have perilled their lives, and in which our lamented Cass has just gone down to a hero's grave. And if he needs still farther information, tell him it is the cause in which the venerable and eloquent Archbishop of New York traversed a wintry ocean to confront the prejudices of the Old World, not officially, indeed, but with an authority more imposing and impressive than that of any commissioned diplomatist, and returned to render an account of his mission in a public discourse, whose trumpet tones ought to find an echo, and I trust have found an echo, in every Irish heart throughout the land.

What Irishman, or what American, desires better testimony, or worthier witnesses than these? They have each presented to you the simple facts that the American Union has been wantonly and wickedly assailed: that the best and most beneficent Constitution and laws which the world has ever witnessed have been causelessly and treacherously set at defiance: that the old flag of our fathers has been madly torn down and trampled in the dust by those who were bound by every tie of duty and of honor to defend it. They have each exhorted you to discard all party prejudices, to renounce all sectional issues, and to rally without delay to the rescue of that flag, and to the restoration of the national authority which it has so long and so proudly represented.

And if they were here with us to-night, they would tell you that the demand for your services is greater and more urgent than ever before; that the enemy are even now thundering at the gates of our capital; that their advanced battalions are already far along within the lines of Maryland, and their scouts and pickets hovering along the borders of Pennsylvania. And they would add that the moment had at last arrived, when, if we could only succeed in striking a sharp, sudden, vigorous, united blow, we might sever the very neck of the rebellion, and leave it gasping in the bed of the Potomac or the Susquehanna; but that delay, hesitation, half-way and halting measures might cost us the best and even the last hopes of a united country.

And what more can any one tell you? What other incitement could you have to rush to arms, to close up your ranks, and to march forward to the great decisive battle of the Republic?

I have sometimes heard it whispered, indeed, and even more than whispered, that we needed a new watchword and a new war-cry,—that the old appeals for the Union and the Constitution and the Stars and Stripes had lost their magic spell, and would no longer wake the souls of the people. Away with all such suggestions,—emanating, as they so often do, from those whose wish is father to the thought! As soon would I believe that the green banner of Erin had lost its charm over those who had once been privileged to hail it as their own! Away with such suggestions! there is no place for them in Faneuil Hall. They cannot abide the visible frown even of these pictured patriots. How would they endure the living presence of a Washington or a Webster! From every one of these honest Irish and American hearts, which are beating here to-night in perfect accord to the music of the Union, I hear the cry,—Away with all such suggestions at an hour like this!

This is not the time, my friends, as I think, and as I know you think, for advancing any policy except the single, simple, straightforward policy of standing by the flag and defending the country. More especially is it not a time for attempting or agitating any policy which may aggravate or complicate still further the existing burdens and responsibilities of the Border States. Heaven knows they have load enough to carry at this moment. The

enemy is at their doors,—not quite yet at ours. It is comparatively easy for us to be Union men, and to do our duty as Union men, especially those of us who have passed the age of service in the field. We are called upon, indeed, to send forth to the battle our sons, our brothers, and our dearest friends; and too often we receive them back again, maimed or wounded, bent down with disease, or it may be in the cold embracess of death. But our houses and our hearthstones, though some of them may be desolate, are still secure. No merciless marauders are prowling around our dwellings. No desperate guerillas are plundering our warehouses or threatening our lives. And Faneuil Hall is still left to us undisturbed, where we may not only consult in safety about our duties to the living, but where, as to-day, we may pay the last sad honors to such as have added lustre to the noblest names by dying in defence of the Constitution.

But how has it been — how is it now — with many of our loyal sister States? with Tennessee and Kentucky, and Missouri and Maryland? How, even at this hour, with Ohio and Pennsylvania? Who can think of the horrors which so many of our brethren of the Border States — men, women, and children — have suffered, and are suffering more than ever at this instant, without yearning for an opportunity to strike an effective blow in their behalf?

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, Irish and American, let me not conclude without a few solemn and earnest words from my deepest convictions of duty. We know not how much longer this terrible struggle is to last, and we cannot foresee its future incidents. If we have much to hope, we are certainly not without much to fear. Our first duty is never to despair of the Republic. But, next to that, as things are at this moment, I know of no higher obligation resting upon us all than to do what we can, and to do all that we can, and to do it as speedily as we can, for the relief and rescue of our afflicted brethren of the Border States. And I know of no higher obligation or interest than to forbear from pressing upon the President, or upon anybody else, any policy, military or civil, which could weaken their hands, or increase the fearful odds against which they are contending.

The great Central and Western States,—Pennsylvania and Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, Missouri and Maryland, Tennessee

and glorious old Kentucky,—destined, I fear, to be again, as of yore, “the dark and bloody ground,”—these great Central and Western States have at this moment, under God, the destinies of this republic in their hands. They are the very pivot States of the Union cause. Upon them hangs and hinges at this hour the whole great struggle. New York, with her pre-eminent commercial wealth and power, and her close proximity to many of them, may well assert a leading influence in their movements and counsels. But oh! let us in New England be content to devote ourselves to the single end of sending aid and re-enforcements to our brethren in the field. And even if any of us have ever so sincerely or ever so ardently at heart any peculiar policy of our own, let us sacrifice the poor satisfaction of an untimely utterance and advocacy of it—at the risk of throwing discord into our own ranks—for the sake of that Union which ought to be the supreme object of all our efforts. Let us sustain the President in holding up the flag of the Union, pure and simple. Let us rally around the gallant Halleck and the noble McClellan in fighting the simple battle of the Constitution. Let us keep in mind their repeated injunctions, that “this is not a war of rapine, revenge, or subjugation,” and that it “should be conducted on the highest principles known to Christian civilization.” Let us breathe no challenges or defiance towards foreign nations, nor indulge in any boastful and savage threats about extinguishing sister States or exterminating their inhabitants. And let us look up, humbly and devoutly, to Him who presideth over all States and sitteth above all stars, to enlighten the minds of our rulers, to strengthen the hands of our defenders, and to spare our beloved country from confusion and chaos.

THE CHURCH AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

REMARKS AT THE TRIENNAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH A REPORT AND RESOLUTIONS. NEW YORK, OCTO-
BER 9, 1862.

I CHEERFULLY comply, Mr. President, with the call which the Reverend Chairman of the Committee has just made upon me, by reading to the House a Report with which I am, perhaps, more familiar than he himself is. It is true that I held the pen of the Committee in putting into final shape the Resolutions on which they have agreed. I wish that the pen had been more adequate to the occasion. I feel bound, however, in justice to others as well as to myself, to say, that neither the Report nor the Resolutions are precisely what I originally proposed; and that while I shrink from no responsibility in regard to them, and am ready to defend them to the best of my ability, I am quite unwilling to monopolize any credit, or any criticism or censure, which may attach to them.

The results at which the Committee have arrived, have been reached, as all other results must be reached, in Committees or in the House, and everywhere else in this world, by many comparisons of opinion, and by many mutual concessions of individual preferences, both as to matters of phraseology and as to matters of substance; and I heartily hope, for the sake of that peace and unity in the Church, which would be one of the best omens of future peace and harmony for our beloved country, that there will be as much disposition for mutual conciliation and concession in the Convention as there has been in the Committee.

It may not be uninteresting for me to add that the final unanimity of the Committee was attained yesterday, immediately after

the Solemn Service in which we had all united, and under the very roof beneath which that Service was held,—while from the magnificent spire above us the Flag of the Union was waving in all its purity and pride, only lower, in all our eyes and in all our hearts, than the hallowed emblem of our religion. If any thing has resulted from our deliberations, under such circumstances, which may tend to the harmony of the Convention and the peace of the Church, let the influence be ascribed to that impressive Service, and to Him to whom we trust our prayers were not offered in vain.

REPORT.

The Special Committee of Nine, to whom were referred the several propositions offered successively by Messrs. BRUNOT, CARPENTER, ANDREWS, HOFFMAN, and WARREN, and by the Rev. Mr. BURGESS and the Rev. Dr. LEEDS,—all of them relating to the condition of our Church as affected by the condition of our country,—respectfully submit the following Report:—

The Committee have been deeply impressed with the importance and with the difficulty of the duty assigned to them. They have examined with care all the various Resolutions which have been referred to them, and have not lost sight of the subsequent suggestions, which have been made in debate, by members of this Body from many different parts of our country.

In framing the Resolutions which they have at length, after much deliberation, agreed upon, they have had three leading objects in view. They have designed to leave no room for honest doubt, or even for invidious misconstruction, as to the hearty loyalty of this Body to the Government of the United States. They have desired to confirm and strengthen the unity of the Church, as represented in this Convention. And they have attempted so to refer to the course of our brethren who are not represented here, as to shut no door of reconciliation which is still open, and to afford the best hope that they may still be induced to reconsider and retrace their steps, and to renew their relations, in Christian love and loyalty, to a common church and a common country.

The Committee have felt that it was not fit for this Convention

to act or to speak as if they despaired, or in any degree doubted, of the ultimate restoration of the legitimate national authority over our whole land. They have felt, too, that the question before them was not so much as to what might be done, or what might be said, by this Body, as a matter of stern justice, in vindication of the authority or the dignity of the Church: but as to what it was wise to do or say at this moment, consistently with our own convictions, and with a view to preserve, unbroken and undisturbed, every remaining link or tie of religious association and Christian sympathy, which might be of use hereafter in accomplishing the great end of restoring our National Union.

The Committee are unwilling to conclude their Report without one other suggestion. While there could have been no hesitation, under any circumstances, in expressing, now and always, our earnest and abiding loyalty and devotion to our country, its Constitution and its Laws, and to all its duly constituted authorities, they have felt that there yet rested upon this Convention the most solemn obligation to abstain from entering upon any narrower questions, which peculiarly belong to the domain of secular polities. Our Blessed Lord, in declaring that His Kingdom is not of this world, and in directing us to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, has clearly taught us, that whether as Ministers or as Legislators and Councillors of His Church, we are to refrain from those matters which He has not committed to our care. There is doubtless a difficulty in the minds of many, in clearly discerning the precise boundary line between the subjects which come within our jurisdiction and proper sphere of duty as Christian Ministers and Ecclesiastical Councillors, and such as belong exclusively to secular polities. But the Committee can hardly doubt that there will be a general concurrence in the opinion that, in this most critical period in the history of our Church and of our country, when words are things, and when rash utterances at one end of the Union may co-operate with rash acts at the other in extinguishing the best hopes which remain to us, it is wise for such a Body as this to err on the safe side, if we must err at all: and to keep ourselves clearly within the limits which the Councils of our Church have hitherto so uniformly observed.

In accordance with these general views, the undersigned recommend the adoption of the following Resolutions: —

Resolved, by the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of this stated Triennial Convention, that assembling, as we have been called to do, at a period of great national peril and deplorable civil convulsion, it is meet and proper that we should call to mind, distinctly and publicly, that the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States hath ever held and taught, in the language of one of its articles of Religion, that "it is the duty of all men who are professors of the Gospel to pay respectful obedience to the Civil Authority, regularly and legitimately constituted;" and hath accordingly incorporated into its Liturgy "a Prayer for the President of the United States and all in Civil Authority," and "a Prayer for the Congress of the United States, to be used during their session;" and hath bound all orders of its Ministry to the faithful and constant observance, in letter and in spirit, of these and all other parts of its prescribed ritual.

Resolved, That we cannot be wholly blind to the course which has been pursued, in their ecclesiastical as well as in their civil relations, since this Convention last met in perfect harmony and love, by great numbers of the ministers and members of this Church, within certain States of our Union which have arrayed themselves in open and armed resistance to the regularly constituted Government of our Country; and that while, in a spirit of Christian forbearance, we refrain from employing towards them any terms of condemnation or reproach, and would rather bow in humiliation before our common Father in Heaven for the sins which have brought His judgments on our land, we yet feel bound to declare our solemn sense of the deep and grievous wrong which they will have inflicted on the great Christian Communion which this Convention represents, as well as on the country within which it has been so happily and harmoniously established, should they persevere in striving to rend asunder those civil and religious bonds which have so long held us together in peace, unity, and concord.

Resolved, That while, as individuals and as citizens, we acknowledge our whole duty in sustaining and defending our country in the great struggle in which it is engaged, we are only at liberty, as Deputies to this Council of a Church which hath ever renounced all political association and action, to pledge to the National Government — as we now do — the earnest and devout prayers of us all, that its efforts may be so guided by wisdom and replenished with strength, that they may be

crowned with speedy and complete success, to the glory of God and the restoration of our beloved Union.

Resolved. That if, in the judgment of the Bishops, any other forms of occasional prayer than those already set forth, shall seem desirable and appropriate, — whether for our Convention, our Church, or our Country, for our Rulers or our Defenders, or for the sick and wounded and dying of our Army and Navy and Volunteers, — we shall gladly receive them and fervently use them.

Resolved. That a certified copy of the foregoing Report and Resolutions be transmitted to the House of Bishops, in evidence of the views and feelings of this body in reference to the afflicting condition of our Church and of our Country.

WM. COOPER MEAD.	ROBT. C. WINTHROP.
ED. Y. HIGBEE.	WASHINGTON HUNT.
W. D. WILSON.	JOHN N. CONYNGHAM.
SILAS TOTTEN.	CHARLES B. GODDARD.
S. C. THRALL.	

NEW YORK, October 9, 1862.*

* There are no speeches which I would more gladly have included in this volume than those in which I advocated the adoption of the above Resolutions; but they were made without notes and never reported at length, and I have found it impossible to recall them. The Resolutions were adopted by the House of Delegates, and happily prepared the way for the complete re-union of the Church at the last Convention.

A FLAG TO THE FORTY-THIRD.

A SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, ON BOSTON COMMON, NOVEMBER 5, 1862.

COLONEL CHARLES L. HOLBROOK.—You have been honored with the command of a regiment which has been enlisted under the auspices of the old “Boston Light Infantry,” and which has recognized its filial relations to that corps by calling itself “The Tiger Regiment.” The officers and members of the Boston Light Infantry, past and present, and of the Second Battalion, of which it has recently formed a part, have accordingly desired to manifest their regard for your command by some substantial and visible token, which may accompany you in your tour of patriotic service, and which may serve to remind you that there are those at home who will watch your movements with an eager interest and a jealous pride, and whose hearts will be with you in every hour of prosperous or adverse fortune which awaits you,—whether of endurance or of struggle, of tribulation or of triumph.

Sir, I need hardly recall, in this presence, the history of that old corps, whose familiar designation you have adopted, and whose character may seem in some sort committed to your keeping. You yourself, certainly—who have risen to the successive command of a regiment in peace, and now of a regiment in war, after so long and honorable a service in its ranks—must know its history by heart. You have not forgotten how it sprung into existence, just four and sixty years ago, in that memorable year 1798, when our infant Republic was menaced, and more than menaced, by the madness of revolutionary France; and when it seemed as if that gallant and generous nation, which had done so much to aid us in establishing our Independence, and whose arms

had so recently been united with our own in the crowning and consummate glories of Yorktown, were about to be made the instrument of a despotic Directory in subjecting our youthful energies to a cruel, and perhaps a fatal, test. Our own John Adams—John *Yankee*, he was sometimes called—was then seated in the executive chair: and the august and venerated Washington, having finished a career of military and civil service which has no parallel in the annals of mankind, had nobly consented to waive all considerations of previous rank or present dignity and ease, and to assume the subordinate position of Lieutenant-General of the Provisional Armies of the United States. The pulse of patriotism at that hour, as at this, beat high throughout the land, and every bosom was animated with the same desire to do something for the defence of the country, which is burning at this moment in every heart around me. It was then that the young men of Boston, having united in one of those patriotic addresses which were among the peculiar features of the period, a reply was received from the President containing those memorable words—“To arms, to arms, my young friends.” To that appeal, which was publicly read at Faneuil Hall by the first elected commissioned officer of the corps, Ensign Francis J. Oliver, the establishment of the Boston Light Infantry was the immediate, practical response.

You have not forgotten, sir, the solemn agreement which was forthwith adopted among the fundamental articles of its Constitution,—“that every man should pledge himself to support at all hazards his Country and the Government which protects him, and that, unless commanded, he never will quit his standard till forced from it by an Honorable Death,”—a pledge which was afterwards inscribed upon that standard itself in the simpler and more compact phraseology of “Death or an Honorable Life.”

Sir, as I have looked, many a time and oft, on that old motto, emblazoned on the colors or accoutrements of our corps, in those piping times of peace when I had the honor of being one of its officers, I have thought to myself that the sentiment was perhaps rather superfluously stern and solemn; and that, so little probability was there that it would ever again become applicable to any circumstances which could arise in our free and happy land, that

it might better be changed for something less heroic and defiant. But I rejoice this day that it never was changed. I rejoice that no false confidence of our own, and no flippant ridicule of others, ever induced us to obliterate that time-honored legend from our banner or from our breasts. The day and the hour have at length arrived when we comprehend and appreciate its full significance. "Death or an Honorable Life:" you can go forth to the field of duty under no more appropriate or impressive motto, endeared to you, as it will be, by so many memories of the past, and breathing, as it does, the precise spirit which should animate the present. Adopted with a view to sustain the civil authority of John Adams, and the military lead of George Washington, it will ever be associated with their noble names and glorious examples, and cannot fail to inspire you with something of that devoted constancy and courage in the defence of our Union, which they so signally displayed in establishing it.

It was in the spirit of this pledge and this motto, that our old corps, at their dinner at Concert Hall, after their first public parade on the 18th of October, 1798, gave utterance to their earliest recorded toast: "The United States of America; as they have drawn the sword of justice with reason, may they never sheathe it with disgrace." Oh, sir, if at that festal board, at which our honored first commander, Daniel Sargent, presided, and around which were gathered more than one of those who bore the names and the blood of the patriot mechanic, Paul Revere, and the patriot statesman, James Otis, and the patriot martyr, Joseph Warren,—for each one of these illustrious men had a son or a nephew or a near relative on our original roll,—if in the midst of that festal scene, a vision of this day and this hour could have been unrolled before the eyes of those ardent and patriotic volunteers of '98, with what mingled grief and pride, with what contending emotions of agony and exultation, would they not have contemplated it! Grief and agony, that the grand triumphal arch of Constitutional Union, which it had cost so much toil and treasure and precious blood to construct and cement, was so soon to be assailed and threatened with overthrow by an unnatural and an unholy rebellion;—pride and exultation, that when that dark day should arrive, these noble

battalions of patriotic young men should be heard responding, as they had responded, to another President's appeal "To arms, to arms," and should be seen mustering and marching forth to the defence of the country and the support of the Government, under the influence of their example, and under the very motto of their banner!

In view of such a scene as this,—destined in the decrees of a mysterious Providence to occur while at least one survivor of their patriotic band is still living to witness it,—in view of such a scene as this, could it then have been unfolded to their aching sight, with what renewed fervor, with what redoubled emphasis, with what reiterated cheers, would they have responded to that first toast and that original pledge, "Death or an Honorable Life,"—"The United States of America: They have drawn the sword of justice with reason; may they never sheathe it with disgrace!"

I think it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive that if the founders of our corps had been initiated into the mysteries of a certain unearthly sound, which has almost become an *institution* with their successors, there would have been added to those cheers more than one Tiger growl.

Nor, Mr. Commander, will this name of Tiger, which you have adopted from the more recent history of our corps, as the distinctive designation of your regiment, be without its own peculiar significance, now that your martial exercises are to be transferred from the parade ground to the battle-field. There are those around me who remember how often, in years long past, we have recalled at our anniversary festivals those familiar lines of the immortal dramatist:—

" In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the *Tiger*."

Little did we dream in our hours of recreation that we should ever have occasion to apply those lines to any exigency more serious than the skirmish or sham-fight of a militia muster. But we find them rising to our lips this day in all the solemn earnest-

ness and stern severity in which they were first put by the great poet into the mouth of the Monarch-Hero of Agincourt. We feel that they are the very words for the hour, embodying the exact idea of that quick, sharp, strenuous, and overwhelming onset, which alone, so far as human eyes can reach and human instruments are concerned,—would to Heaven we could see any other way!—which alone can bring this deplorable and dreadful war to an early and successful conclusion. They are words, I trust, which are destined to be familiar on the battle-fields to which you are bound, in more applications than one. Not only may we hear them recalled, in spirit if not in letter, by not a few of these brave volunteers, when rousing themselves to confront some sudden and appalling danger, or to attempt somefeat of desperate and daring valor; but haply we may hear them, too, from the lips of some gallant commander,—it may be the noble McClellan, or the heroic Hooker, or our own intrepid Banks,—when, in the perilous front of battle, some deadly breach is to be entered, or some murderous battery to be stormed, or some forlorn hope to be led up. Then may the cry be heard, “Imitate the action of the Tiger;” or, better still, “Summon up the Tigers themselves;” “Send for the Forty-third;” “Tell Colonel Holbrook to bring on those sturdy Massachusetts boys, with the strange device on their banner.” And then, though your ranks may be thinned, and your flag riddled, and the ground beneath your feet crimsoned with the gore of your bravest and best, then may you strike a blow and achieve a renown, which will make the action of the Tiger as memorable on the pages of American history, as it is in the matchless verse of the great English drama.

Yet let me not for a moment be thought to imply, by such an allusion to your chosen and cherished designation, that any mere brutal ferocity is all that you are called upon to exhibit and exercise in the campaign before you. You will not forget that humanity is one of the noblest attributes, and one of the most unmistakable evidences of true courage. You will not forget that the foe you are to encounter is a brother—one of your own household—whom you would rather, a thousand times rather, conciliate than conquer; and whom you would rejoice to see abandoning this mad struggle against his own best interests and

his own highest obligations, and returning to his old allegiance to the Constitution and the flag of his fathers. You will not forget that admirable conclusion of a recent and most memorable order from the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac: "In carrying out all measures of public policy, this Army will be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity which have ever controlled its conduct toward the defenceless." You will not forget how many of the noblest and most successful warriors of our own age and of other ages, of our own land and of other lands, have been those who have combined most perfectly the heroic with the Christian character: whose valor has been but one manifestation of their virtue; whose patriotism has been intertwined with piety; and whose bravery toward man has been at once inspired and tempered by their fear of God.

Sir, I may detain you no longer. These historical reminiscences and allusions, which I should hardly have been pardoned for omitting on such an occasion, have left me no time for dwelling on the circumstances under which you have been called forth, or on the cause in which you are engaged. But the banner at my side will more than supply all such deficiencies. Indeed, however precious and however sacred may be the freedom of opinion and of discussion to the citizen at home,—to the soldier in the field, the order of his commander, and the flag of his country, are the only and all-sufficient chart and compass of his duty. I will make no vain effort to give a new glory, or even a new gloss, to that flag. All that could be done to invest it with the charms of eloquence and poetry, has already and long ago been done. The genius of our land has inwoven itself upon every tint and thread and fibre of its hallowed texture. Yet its own majestic presence is more eloquent and more inspiring than all that ever has been, or ever can be, said of it. It is the Flag of our Fathers; the Flag of Washington; the Flag of the Union. It is the symbol of no party less comprehensive than the whole people; of no policy less broad and general than the whole Constitution; of no region, or territory, or district, or section, less extensive and wide-spread than our whole country. The stars are all there,—shining out from its field of blue and red, like the glory of those who first unfurled it from the fields of their wounds

and blood. The stars are all there. We count them wistfully day by day, and hail each one of them—still and always as the cherished emblem of a sister State. And most fervently do we hope and pray that, by the blessing of God, the day may soon return when each one of them may again be hailed as the emblem of a loyal and a loving sister; when a spirit of reconciliation may have been poured out effectually over all those alienated hearts; and when the blended radiance of our whole glorious constellation may once more illumine the pathway of Constitutional Liberty for all the nations of the earth!

It only remains for me, sir, to present to you, as I now do, the standard which has been prepared for you. In the name of the Boston Light Infantry Association, and of the friends of your regiment who are gathered around me, I commit it to the sacred guardianship of the regiment under your command: and may the blessing of God be upon you, whenever and wherever you may be called on to display it or defend it. And not upon you only, but upon all your gallant compeers, who have been your associates in yonder camp, and who go forth with you this day to a common field of duty and of danger:—God bless and prosper and protect them all!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

A SPEECH AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON BY THE
BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY 22, 1863.

I THANK you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for this friendly and flattering reception. I thank you still more for any humble part which I may be allowed to appropriate to myself of the compliment which you have paid to the past commanders of the Boston Light Infantry. I may be pardoned, however, for reminding you that I am not here as an invited guest, and that I might fairly claim an exemption from the responsibilities which belong to those who are at your table in that capacity. I have come here as a member of your association, who has not forgotten his old relations to the corps from which it has derived its name and its existence, and who would not willingly be forgotten by those to whom he owes so many of the most agreeable honors of his earlier life. I was not willing to be absent from the roll-call on Washington's birthday, and most gladly did I welcome the circular note of your committee, calling on us all, without distinction of past rank, to assemble here this evening, in commemoration of that hallowed anniversary.

The day which gave Washington to his country and to mankind can never lose its hold on any true American heart. Nor ought it ever to dawn upon us without awakening a new thrill of gratitude to God, and a quicker and deeper throb of devotion to the Union. No lapse of time, no change of circumstances, can impair our veneration for his memory. No failures of others can dim the brilliancy of his triumphs. The very clouds and darkness which surround us at this moment serve only to lend additional lustre to his transcendent character and his matchless

career. To him, more than to any other human being, we owe it that we this day have a country to fight for; a Constitution to maintain; a Union to defend. That Constitution itself may be overthrown. That Union may be rent asunder. That great country which has so long been his best and only adequate monument, may survive only in dissevered fragments. An unnatural and deplorable war may continue to rage around his very ashes. Even the precious souvenirs of his household may be scattered and trampled in the dust. But his fame is embalmed beyond the reach of accident or of malice. His precepts and principles will remain as just, as true, and as worthy of all acceptation, as when they first fell from his lips or were first embodied in his life. His great example will still live and shine, a light to lighten the nations, and the glory of the American people.

Yes, my friends, even were we willing to contemplate the wholly inadmissible idea that the unholy rebellion against which we have been so long contending were destined to be successful in the end, we still could never acknowledge that Washington had lived in vain, or that he and his compatriots had labored and toiled and poured out their treasure and blood to no effect. It is not in our power to frustrate the influence of such labors and such lives. The past, the glorious past, is secure. More than seventy years of successful self-government, with all the triumphs of art and science, of popular education and of popular liberty, at home and abroad, with which those years have been crowned and crowded, would have been worth more than all they have cost. A grand experiment has been tried. It has been tried successfully. It has been tried triumphantly, so far as those who instituted it are concerned. And if American history as the history of a united republic, were to be brought to a conclusion this day, if the last leaf of the last volume of that history were already turned, it would still close with a tribute of praise and honor and gratitude to the men who achieved our independence, established our Union and framed our Constitution; and to Washington as first and foremost among them all. Upon us, and not upon them, would rest the responsibility of such a catastrophe. Upon us, and not upon them, would fall

the reproach for such an eclipse of the world's best hopes. And the only verdict of posterity would be, that we of this generation had been wanting in the wisdom, the courage, and the virtue which were necessary to preserve the noble inheritance which our fathers had won for us.

Would to Heaven that, by some human or divine influence, a renewed reverence for Washington and his associates of every part of our land—for Adams and Jefferson, for Hamilton, Madison and Jay, for Warren and Franklin, and Lee and Laurens, and Pinckney and Sumter—could once more be kindled in every American heart, North and South, re-awakening that spirit of mutual concession and conciliation by which alone our Union and Liberty were first secured, and inspiring us all with a determination to withhold no sacrifice, not merely of time and treasure and life, but of party feeling, of sectional prejudice, of pride and persistency of opinion, in order to accomplish the one great end of saving our country! Then we might hope to see other scenes besides those which are now crimsoning the fields of our fathers' glory with the best blood of their children. Then we might even look for such a sight as was once witnessed in the environs of ancient Rome, a little more than four centuries after it was founded. There had been a revolution there, or a rebellion of some sort: a secession, it is called by more than one historian, resulting in civil war. Hostile armies were marching against each other, and were on the very verge of a desperate conflict. But the old associations and the old memories overruled the madness of the hour. When the opposing parties approached each other, we are told, and citizens were seen arrayed in order of battle against citizens, all shrunk alike from bringing their contests to such an issue, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, the soldiers, instead of joining battle, first welcomed each other with friendly greeting, then, as they drew nearer, grasped each other's hands, till at last, amid mutual tears and expressions of remorse, they rushed into each other's arms. Peace and concord were once more restored, and Rome was once more on her way to be the mistress of the world.

I fear it is too late to hope that this exquisite picture from the old Roman legends can be reproduced in our American history.

But if such a spirit as it portrays could have been breathed from on high upon the hearts of the confederate hosts, as they first gathered around the capitol of the Old Dominion, where that imitable statue of the Father of his Country is enshrined, or as they marched over the fields which had been the scenes of his childhood and his youth, or as they drew near to the sacred precincts of Mount Vernon, and filed around the spot on which all that was mortal of him still reposes: if, as they saw the old flag and recognized those who had come out to defend it, a realizing sense could have come over them of what they were doing, of what a country they were endeavoring to destroy, of whose work they were about to break up,—what a glorious fraternization we should have seen! What a succession of Washington's birthdays we might then have commemorated! What Fourth days of July we should then have celebrated! What an independence of all the world would then have been ours and our children's for ever!

Let us not altogether despair, my friends, that, by the blessing of Heaven, the memories of the fathers may still have an influence in assuaging the madness of the sons, and may once more prove a bond of union and concord which shall endure to the latest generations of our posterity. Let us keep those memories bright, that they may do so. Meantime, nothing remains for us now but to cling fast to the Union ourselves. We must uphold the Constitutional Government of our country, whoever else assails it. We must stand by the Flag of our Fathers in whatever keeping we find it. Above all, we must strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of our armies in the field, assuring them that however we may differ about measures or about men, we all agree in the most earnest wishes for their success, and are eager to afford them every aid and comfort in our power.

This is the spirit in which our association was formed. This is the spirit in which it has already sent forth a noble regiment to the seat of war. Let us all unite in sending our best wishes to that regiment from this board,—from this festal celebration of the birthday of Washington, where we are honored with the presence of a gallant veteran of the army,—General Wool,—who, though late at the feast, was never late on the battle-field.

Let us renew to them, on this occasion, and in this presence, the expression of our confidence, that they will do their whole duty in the struggle to restore that Union and vindicate that Constitution with which the name and the fame of Washington will be for ever associated. I give you, sir,—

COLONEL HOLBROOK AND THE FORTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS — We rejoice to know that their banner already bears the names of three battle-fields, on which they have fulfilled their pledges of devotion to the Union cause.

TRIBUTE TO CRITTENDEN.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
AUGUST 13, 1863.

IT may not have been forgotten, that at our February meeting, in 1859, the Hon. John J. Crittenden was unanimously chosen an honorary member of this society. He was not elected, I need hardly say, on account of any peculiar claims which he was supposed to possess, either as a writer or as a student of history. He was known to some of us, indeed, who had been associated with him elsewhere, as being more than commonly familiar with the early, as well as with the later, history of our own land: and as having a strong taste, and even an eager relish, for the peculiarities and quaintnesses of the early history of New England in particular. But his name was selected for a place on our honorary roll on far different grounds. He was recognized as one of the few veteran statesmen then left in our National Councils, whose name had become identified with the honor and welfare of the American Union, and whose character and fame were destined to be among the treasures of our national history. And now that we are called on to part with that name, not only from our own roll, but from all its associations with earthly dignities and duties, we feel that we were not mistaken in our estimate of its historical significance.

Mr. Crittenden died at his residence in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 25th of July last, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years. Entering into the service of his country as a volunteer soldier in the war of 1812, his life for more than half a century past has been a continued record of public employment and patriotic effort. In the Legislature of his native State, and more

recently as its Governor: as a member of the Senate of the United States, in which he first took his seat forty-six years ago: as a member of the Cabinet of more than one President: and finally as a Representative in Congress, an office which, like our own Adams, he felt it no compromise of his dignity to accept and hold as the closing honor of his life,—he was everywhere distinguished, admired, respected, and beloved. Whatever differences of opinion may, from time to time, have been entertained as to any particular measures which he proposed or advocated, his patriotism was never doubted, nor his devoted and disinterested fidelity to his conscience and his country ever impeached.

In the sad struggles which have grown out of the present unholy rebellion, he was called on to play a part of no doubtful or secondary importance. Whether the precise measure of adjustment which he proposed, in order to arrest the unnatural blow which was aimed at the American Union, ought to have been, or could have been, adopted, and how far it would have been successful in accomplishing its object, if it had been adopted, are questions on which there will never, probably, be a perfect unanimity of opinion. But the name of Mr. Crittenden will not the less proudly be associated, in all time to come, with an honest, earnest, and strenuous effort to avert the dread calamities of civil war, and to preserve unbroken the Union and domestic peace of his beloved country.

As the leading statesman of the border States, his course was full of delicacy and difficulty. It is hardly too much to say, that had he failed or faltered in sustaining the cause of the government and of the Union, or had he sustained it on any other grounds, or in any other way, than he did, the State of Kentucky might have been lost to that cause. Nor can any one doubt that the loyal and noble attitude of that honored Commonwealth at the present hour, on which the best hopes of the Union may even now hang, is in a large degree owing to his powerful influence, his inspiring appeals, and his unwavering patriotism.

This is not the occasion for speaking of the personal qualities which so endeared Mr. Crittenden to his friends, and which made friends for him of all who knew him. Others have possessed faculties more adapted for commanding and enforcing a com-

pliance with their wishes, their ambition, or their will; but no one of our day or generation, certainly, had more of that magnetic attraction, which secured the willing sympathy, confidence, and co-operation of all within its reach. The charm of his manner, the cordiality and generosity of his whole nature, the music of his voice, and the magic power of his eloquence, as well in conversation as in formal discourse, will be among the lasting traditions of the circles in which he moved: and his death will be long felt, not only as a great public loss at such a period of his country's need, but as a personal sorrow to all who have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship.

CONCORDIA.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 14, 1863.

I THANK you, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, for this kind notice. I thank you still more for the privilege of being present here on this occasion, and of taking my seat at your table not merely as an invited guest, but as one of those honorary members to whom you have so kindly alluded. Let me congratulate you, in their name as well as in my own, on the recurrence of your Anniversary under so many gratifying circumstances. The arrival of your Association at the ripe age of threescore years is happily signalized by the fact, that you have not only been able to lend a commodious and beautiful building to our municipal councils, during the erection of their new City Hall, but have been able to furnish a man from your own ranks, and for the second time, to preside over those councils.

For the second time, did I say? I referred only to the fact that our worthy Mayor, having once withdrawn, after several successful terms of most acceptable and faithful service, had now again been called on to occupy the Municipal chair. I did not forget—the portraits on yonder wall would not have permitted me to forget—that at least three of his predecessors in the mayoralty—an Armstrong, a Wells, and a Wightman—had also been taken from the ranks of your Association. Each one of them rendered valuable service in his turn; yet it may well be the peculiar pride of our excellent friend that he has been allowed to conduct the city safely through one of the most perilous periods of its history; and that, under his administration, renewed evidence has been given, that, however odious or onerous any particular Act of Congress may be, its execution and enforce-

ment are not to be prevented or delayed by lawless violence. It is no small matter at this moment to have proved afresh, in the face of friend and foe, at home and abroad, that the American Liberty Cap is not a Mob Cap!

Sir, we are accustomed to talk of Boston as a great commercial city. And so it is; and we are all justly proud of those enterprising, sagacious, and munificent merchants who have done so much to make our city known and honored in our own and in other lands. Their names are as familiar as household words to you all. Many of them are inscribed on your own honorary roll. But Boston is a great Mechanic City, as well as a great Mercantile City; and no class of its citizens has done more to build it up—I do not mean materially only, but morally, socially, politically, historically—than that of which your Association is composed.

And there is one service which the mechanics of Boston rendered long ago, not indeed to our own city alone, nor to our own Commonwealth only, but to our whole country and to mankind, which, at this moment of all others, must not be, and cannot be, forgotten. I allude, as you may have anticipated, to the leading and decisive part which they played, just three-quarters of a century ago, in securing the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by the Convention of Massachusetts. You all, I am sure, remember the story. There is nothing more worthy of remembrance in the history of Boston mechanics.

You all remember that meeting at the old Green Dragon, in January, 1788, and those resolutions which were transmitted to Samuel Adams, for the special instruction of himself and John Hancock, by the hand of your first President, Paul Revere. Yes, sir, both Samuel Adams and John Hancock needed the instruction of the Boston mechanics at that day; and they received it and conformed to it. It is hardly too much to say, that but for those resolutions, then and there passed by the Patriot Mechanics of '88, the adoption of the Federal Constitution would have failed. And need I add, that of all the mighty and marvellous enginery, to the invention or to the operation of which the mechanic mind or the mechanic arm has ever contributed, the Constitution of the United States is still the master-piece. For, sir, when I speak of the Constitution, I speak of the Union which was its direct and

designed result. There could have been no effective and permanent Union without that Constitution. There could have been none at that day. There can be none at this.

True, Mr. President, it is no simple machine. It is somewhat complex in its construction. It has wheels within wheels, which may sometimes get clogged, and sometimes be thrown out of gear. And like every thing else of merely mortal mould, it is not proof against such wanton and wicked attempts to obstruct its operation, and destroy its checks and balances, and overthrow its entire organization, as those from which we are now suffering. Yet, taken for all in all, tested by its practical operation for more than threescore years and ten, the world has seen nothing wiser or better,—nothing so wise or so good; and the most earnest effort and the most fervent prayer of each one of us should be, that it may come out safely from the great trial to which it is now subjected, and be once more restored to us in all its original proportions and in all its matchless symmetry.

I do not forget, Mr. President, that this restoration must primarily be accomplished by force of arms. We must fight, and fight on, and woe unto us if we do not fight, with all our might, against those who are striving to break up this great machine of Free Government! There is no alternative, and no substitute at this moment for hard blows in its defence. We must sustain the powers that be, in re-enforcing the military arm of the nation, and in bringing it down with the whole strength of the loyal States on the head of the insurgents. Most heartily do I wish that any word of mine could aid in animating my fellow-countrymen to such a united and vigorous onset as might overwhelm this unholy rebellion at once and for ever. Most heartily do I wish that the whole population of the loyal States could be seen rising at last as one man, without regard to present polities or to future policies, and resolving that the military power of the rebellion should be overthrown at any and every cost. We ought at least to achieve such success, without further delay, as shall enable us to defy foreign intervention and dictate our own terms of peace.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I am not one of those, if any such there be, who believe that nothing besides hard blows is required for the restoration of our beloved Union. A re-en-

forced and triumphant army is the first thing, and should have the foremost place in all our thoughts and efforts. But it is not the only thing. I have always been of opinion that a just, generous, conciliatory policy should accompany our advancing hosts, or at least follow close behind them. Do not imagine, my friends, that I am going to discuss that policy here. A dinner table is no place for dogmas. But the ladies will pardon me, perhaps, for venturing on a few words of illustration.

You all know that there are revolving in the firmament above us what are supposed to be the fragments of a once brilliant and beautiful planet. Year after year, and month by month, the searching gaze of modern science has discovered another, and still another, of the members of what may once have been a glorious Union, but which by some process of secession or disruption has been broken into almost insignificant pieces. The Asteroids, as they are called, which have thus far been detected in their hiding-places, already outnumber, more than two-fold, I believe, the stars on our National Flag. Now, it happened, sir, that a few weeks only before the original bombardment of Fort Sumter, it became my duty, as one of an Examining Committee, to visit that admirable Observatory at Cambridge, which was so long under the charge of your late honored Vice-President, Mr. Bond, and which is still under the direction of his worthy and accomplished son ; and there the ominous announcement was made to us, in the annual report of the Director, that while several new Asteroids had been observed, *Concordia* was missing from its accustomed place in the heavens, and had eluded the most diligent search of the great refractor. Again, at the close of another year, on visiting the Observatory, in the fulfilment of a similar duty, I did not fail to inquire whether *Concordia* had yet been found. "Not yet, not yet," was the reply ; and for aught I know, it may be missing still.

Now, sir, I am no superstitious believer in the signs of the sky, or in the influences of either planets or comets. There is One that sitteth on the circle of the heavens, above all stars, who shapes our ends and controls the destinies of nations as well as of individuals. But we may at least extract a moral from this celestial mystery. It is not only from among the glittering orbs

of light above us that Concordia has of late been missing. It had been most unhappily driven from its place among the stars which emblazon our national banner, and from among the States which those stars represent, long before this abhorrent rebellion came to a head. And it must somehow or other be won back again, and re-instated in its old position of authority and influence over us, or, let the success of our arms be as complete and triumphant as we all hope it will be, we can rely on no permanent restoration of union and peace.

This is one of the great wants of the times, symbolized in the heavens, felt and realized on earth. We must prepare the way for bringing back that old spirit of fraternity and harmony out of which the Constitution and the Union first sprang into existence, or, though they may be rescued for the moment by force of arms, they will soon be again in jeopardy. Would to Heaven that the inventive genius and mechanical skill with which our land abounds, and of which I see so much around me at this table, could contrive an enginery adequate for accomplishing the great end of diffusing harmony throughout the land, and of re-awakening in every heart something of that old spirit of concord, of mutual regard and respect, and of common pride in a glorious history, which animated our fathers! But why need we wish that such an instrument might be contrived? It has been invented already, and is in daily practical use among us at this moment.

I do not refer, Mr. President, to that gigantic new organ which has just been set up in our beautiful Music Hall,—though as I gazed upon that a few days ago, in company with a few favored friends, and saw one of its massive pipes lifted to its place, and listened to the deep thunder tones of its pedal bass, it seemed to me as if there could be no limit to the flood of harmony which it was capable of pouring forth over the land. But I refer to another and still more miraculous organ, whose sounds have literally gone out to the ends of the earth, and to whose influence there is neither circumscriptiⁿon nor confine. I mean that greatest of all mechanical engines, so many of the operators on which are around us at this moment, and from one of whose conductors we have just listened to a patriotic and brilliant address. What a flood of harmony, and alas! what a flood of discord, too, is the Press capable of pouring out! .

Sir, it is in the power of the loyal Press of the loyal States of this country, while it urges and stimulates, as it ought uneasinessingly to urge and stimulate, by every appeal to interest, obligation, and patriotism, the discharge of our first great duty,—that of re-enforcing our army and navy to the utmost practicable extent, and with the utmost practicable despatch, so that we may be able to strike a vigorous and crushing blow upon this hydra-headed rebellion wherever it appears,—yet so to deal with the great questions of the future, so to abstain from wanton irritation and vituperation, so to abandon all savage threats of indiscriminate and wholesale vengeance, as to prepare the way, or at least to leave the way open, for that ultimate restoration of fraternity and concord, without which all the successes of our armies and navies will prove vain and worthless.

We must not forget that he who overcomes by force, overcomes but half his foe. There is an old maxim that we should so deal with our friends, as not forgetting that they may one day become our enemies. The reverse of that maxim is not less wise, and is more Christian,—that we should so deal with our enemies, as remembering and hoping that they may soon once more become our friends. Sir, if the Press of the loyal States could be conducted in such a spirit, and if all our pens and tongues could be similarly inspired, both toward enemies at home and neutrals abroad, we might well feel a confidence that the day was not far distant when the old Constitution for which the mechanics of 1788 struck so decisive a blow, might once more be restored over the land, and when our flag might have a star for every State, and our country a State for every star.

But I dare not dwell longer on this topic, or trespass further on your time. I yielded too rashly, I fear, to your solicitation, Mr. President, that I would come here and address you, and I could only give utterance to what was uppermost in my heart. Let me hasten to conclude by proposing as a sentiment:—

THE MECHANICS OF BOSTON — They have proved themselves as eager and as resolved to defend the Constitution of the United States, as their fathers of 1788 were to adopt and ratify it. May their efforts be as successful!

DEATH OF LORD LYNDHURST.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

THE Right Honorable John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, died in London on the 12th of October last. He was elected an honorary member of this Society in February, 1858, and his letter of acceptance was reported by our Corresponding Secretary at the ensuing May meeting. He was a native of this city, having been born in Boston on the twenty-first day of May, 1772. His father, who was also a native Bostonian, left America in 1774, with a primary view to the more favorable pursuit of that career, as an artist, in which he afterwards acquired such eminent distinction. For this purpose, he went first to Italy; but in the following year he sent for his family, who had remained in Boston, to join him in London. The young Copley was thus taken, at only three years of age, to the land which was chosen for him by his parents, and which was destined to be the scene of his long and brilliant life. He is said to have been a passenger, with his mother and sisters, in the very last ship which left our shores under British colors before the battle of Bunker Hill,—sailing on the 27th of May, 1775.

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the bar in 1804, and continued for twelve or thirteen years in the assiduous and almost uninterrupted practice of the law. The care which he bestowed on his cases at this period, is well illustrated by the fact, for which I have the authority of one of his American relatives, that in order to do better justice to the defence of the patent of an English lacemaker, he not only passed a week at the factory studying the loom and its processes, but actually tried

his own hand at the manufacture of the article. The familiarity with the machine, which he displayed in the course of his argument, having led to the remark from the Judge who presided at the trial,—“I should think, Sergeant Copley, you were a lace-maker yourself,”—he instantly acknowledged that the piece which had been brought into court to illustrate the case was his own handiwork. I need hardly add that he won the case, and secured the fortune of his client.

An earlier illustration of the same eager and persevering spirit of inquiry and investigation is found in the story which has often been told of him in his family, that when a mere boy, he got up one morning before anybody else in the house was stirring, and took the kitchen clock to pieces, in order to find out exactly how it was made; and then, having satisfied his curiosity, put it safely together again.

In the year 1817, or, as some accounts have it, in 1818, he entered the House of Commons, and from that time became conspicuous in public life. His energy and self-reliance, his industry, ability, and eloquence, soon secured for him the highest legal and political honors of the British Empire. The details of his public career belong to more extended notices, and to other occasions. It is enough to say here, that he became successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and three times Lord Chancellor.

Since his retirement from all official duties, except those which devolved on him as a member of the House of Lords, by virtue of the peerage conferred on him in 1827, he has been hardly less prominent in the public eye than when he held the great seal. He was one of the few parliamentary orators, of late years, who commanded attention beyond the limits of his own land, and whose speeches, on foreign and domestic questions alike, were read with interest and eagerness in all parts of the world. There are those who remember well how emphatically Mr. Webster spoke, on his return from England many years ago, of the clearness, cogency, and true eloquence which characterized a speech of Lord Lyndhurst's which he had himself been fortunate enough to hear. Like Mr. Webster, he was especially remarkable for the power and precision with which he stated his case, and for the lucid

order in which he arranged and argued it. His advancing age seemed only to add mellowness and richness to his eloquence, while it greatly enhanced the interest with which he was listened to. As late as 1860, when he was on the verge of his eighty-ninth year, he made a speech on the respective rights of the two houses of Parliament, which was regarded as a model of argument and oratory, and which made London ring anew with admiration of "the old man eloquent."

Lord Lyndhurst revisited his native land in 1796, when he was only twenty-four years of age, and while he was still connected with the University at Cambridge as a travelling Fellow. Two letters written by him in Latin, agreeably to the requisitions of his fellowship, during this visit, are still extant, and our honored associate, Mr. Everett, promises to send us copies of them at some future day. I know not whether his presentation to Washington is mentioned in either of them, but he seemed always proud of recalling that fact. He ever evinced a deep interest in the condition and welfare of our country,—keeping up a constant correspondence with relatives and friends in Boston, and always giving a cordial welcome to such Americans as were commended to his acquaintance. No one who has enjoyed his hospitality will soon forget his genial and charming manners, and the almost boyish gayety and glee with which he entered into the amusements of the hour. The last time I saw him, less than four years ago, he rose from his own dinner-table, and placing one arm on the shoulder of our accomplished associate, Mr. Motley, and the other on my own, he proceeded towards the drawing-room,— remarking playfully, as he went, that he believed he could always rely safely on the support of his fellow-Bostonians.

Living to the great age of nearly ninety-two years, with almost unimpaired faculties, taking a lively and personal interest to the end both in public affairs and in social enjoyments, and dying at last the Senior Peer of England,—his name and fame will not soon be forgotten. It may safely be said, that Boston has given birth to but few men,—perhaps only to one other, *Franklin*,—who will have secured a more permanent or prominent place in the world's history. A portrait of him might well be included, at some future day, in the Historical Gallery of illustrious Americans

which we are gradually accumulating, and would form an appropriate companion-piece to that of our venerable senior member (Mr. Quincy), of whom he was a cotemporary, correspondent, and friend. Meantime the Society may not think it unfit to place upon their records the following resolution:—

Resolved. That in the death of our late distinguished Honorary Member, Lord Lyndhurst,—a native Bostonian, and whose life covers the whole period of our existence as a nation,—this Society cannot fail to recognize the close of a great historical career, which has reflected honor at once on the land of his birth and on the land of his adoption.

BIRTHDAY OF SHAKSPEARE.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL 14, 1864.

You will hardly need to be reminded, gentlemen, that we are now within a few days of the great "Tercentenary Commemoration" of the birthday of Shakspeare; and, though our Society has made no arrangements for any formal observance of the day, we can none of us be insensible to the interest of the occasion.

It is eminently appropriate that the principal celebration of the event should take place in the land and on the spot where it occurred; and we shall all look eagerly for the report of what shall be said and done at Stratford-upon-Avon on the successive days which have been designated for the commemoration. Our own land, unhappily, is hardly in a condition for engaging in the festivities of such an anniversary with all the zeal and heartiness it is so well calculated to excite. Yet we all feel that it might well become us to take a part in the jubilee. We all feel, that, as the descendants of English ancestors who were contemporary with Shakspeare, we have a full share both in the large inheritance of his fame, and in the world's great debt to his memory.

We do not forget that he had finished his marvellous work, and gone to his rest, four years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock; fourteen years before the Massachusetts Company embarked at Southampton.

We do not forget that it was the wreck of Sir George Somers in the Bermudas in 1609, when on his way to Virginia for the re-enforcement of an American colony, which is said to have suggested the scene and some of the most striking incidents for

that one of his dramas which stands first in his printed volumes, and which, for the sublimity of its conceptions and the exquisite beauty of its language, is second to nothing which he ever wrote.

It is interesting to us to remember, too, that the same Earl of Southampton who was Shakspeare's earliest patron and especial friend, and to whom he dedicated his first poem, was among the earliest friends of New-England colonization; and that to the influence of his son, then Lord Treasurer of England, some of the most valuable privileges of at least one of our New-England charters were afterwards ascribed.*

But, above all, we cannot forget the inexhaustible wealth which Shakspeare has contributed to that English literature, which, down to the period of our National Independence, certainly, we have a right to speak of as our literature, and to that English language, which, thank Heaven! is ours, and will be ours for ever.

Nor can we fail, as an Historical Society, to remember Shakspeare as an historian, as well as a dramatist and poet. The original title of his collected works, as published successively in 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, was, "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." And what historian has ever done so much as he to give life and individuality to the great characters which he portrays, or to make the events which he describes familiar as household words for ever? It may be that he was not always exact in following the old chronicles of Holinshed, or that he may have sometimes indulged a poetic license in dressing his figures for the stage. Yet no one will doubt that the common mind of the last two centuries has owed its most vivid impressions—I had almost said its only impressions—of the Richards and the Henrys, of Macbeth, King Lear, and King John,—to say nothing of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony,—to the historical dramas of Shakspeare.

Unhappily, he that has given us so many grand delineations of others has left but few records of himself. Even the day of his birth, which is about to be celebrated, is but a matter of in-

* See Sir H. Ashurst's Dedication to the Lady Rachel Russell of Cotton Mather's Funeral Sermon on Governor Fitz John Winthrop, as reprinted in London, 1710.

ferenee: it is only known, certainly, as the day of his death. We know the date of his baptism and of his funeral. We know where he was born, and where he was buried. We know that he married Anne Hathaway, and had three children. We know that he went to London, wrote plays, and helped to perform them at the "Globe" and the "Blackfryers." We know that he returned to Stratford-upon-Avon; made a will, "commending his soul into the hands of God his Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ his Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting;" and soon afterwards died at fifty-two years of age.

Almost every thing else is inference, conjecture, uncertain tradition. And so it happens that we know least of him, of whom we should all desire to know most. Not one familiar letter; not one authentic conversation; hardly a domestic incident; only three or four known autographs, and those but signatures: not a scrap of his original manuscripts, a single line of which would outsell the collected autographs of all the monarchs of the world,—not a scrap of those priceless manuscripts, though the players must have had them all, when they said, in their preface to the first edition of his works, that "his mind and hand went together; and that what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

And this brings before us a fact most important to his character. We know that so insensible was he to the worth of his own writings, or so indifferent to their fate, that he never collected or revised them for publication; and that it was seven years after his death before they entered upon that world-wide career of immortality which the press and the stage, the art and the literature, of almost every land beneath the sun, have since united to secure for them, and which they seem destined to enjoy, generation after generation, age after age, above all other writings, except the Holy Scriptures.

Nor would we willingly forget that the only epithets coupled with his name by his contemporaries and friends were "our gentle Shakspeare," "our worthy Shakspeare," "our beloved Shakspeare."

But it is not my purpose, gentlemen, even were it in my power, to anticipate the eloquent eulogies which will be pronounced on the great English dramatist, at home and abroad, during the approaching commemoration-week. I only designed, by these few remarks, to prepare the way for the following resolution, which your Standing Committee have authorized me to submit for your adoption:—

Resolved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, That, in view of the near approach of the Tercentenary Commemoration of the birthday of SHAKSPEARE, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by this, our seventy-third Annual Meeting, to enter upon our records an expression of our profound reverence for the genius of that marvellous man; of our gratitude to God for the matchless gifts with which he was endowed for the instruction and delight of mankind; of our deep sense of the inexhaustible riches which his writings have added to the literature and the language which were the birthright of our fathers, and which are ours by inheritance; and of our hearty sympathy with all those, whether in Old England, in our own country, or in any other part of the world, who shall unite in celebrating so memorable a nativity.

MORE TRACTS FOR THE CAMP.

ADDRESS MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON,
MAY 24, 1864.

I CONGRATULATE you most heartily, my friends, on the signal success which has attended the operations of the American Tract Society since our last annual meeting. You have heard the detailed statements of your Advisory Committee in regard to the work of our own New England branch. And you have seen an abstract of the report of the parent Society at New York on the printed programme which I hold in my hand. I will not recapitulate what they have abundantly set forth. It is enough to say, that no single year since our first organization has witnessed such an increase in every department of our labors as the year which has just closed. Never before has there been so great a demand for our publications: and never before, I believe, so large an aggregate of distributions and receipts. Among other most welcome statements made in the last annual report at New York, you will not fail to have noticed the fact that more than fifty millions of pages of our publications have been gratuitously circulated among the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy. Another not less welcome part of that report was that which described the highly successful labors of our agents among the colored freedmen who have been committed to their care. One of those agents, I am happy to say, is here with us this afternoon, and will give you an account of what has been attempted and accomplished in this new and interesting enterprise.

And thus, my friends, although we are not privileged to-day to listen to any historical discourses, or to partake of any semi-

centennial breakfasts,—as some of our neighbors, who have nothing but our best wishes, are about to do,—we may yet really and rightfully regard this as a jubilee anniversary: as an occasion, certainly, when our hearts should be full of satisfaction and gratitude for the past, and full of hope and confidence for the future. Especially should we be grateful that we are still associated with a great National society, whose field is nothing less than our whole country; whose operations during the past year have extended over all the loyal States of the nation, and are destined soon again, we trust, to embrace the whole American Union. It is a cheering reflection for us all to-day, that we are standing side by side with good men and true from every one of those sister States whose sons are now jeopardizing their lives in defense of a common flag. Who of us does not rejoice, that whatever schisms or secessions may have taken place on our right hand or on our left, nothing has occurred to separate us, at an hour like this, from our brethren of the Middle and Western States, and that we may still look forward to the day when worthy and patriotic men from the South, as well as from the North, will be once more included in the comprehensive and catholic organization of the American Tract Society?

Never, certainly, was there greater need than now of earnest and united efforts, among Christians of all sections and of all sects, to stay the flood of vice and crime, of immorality and irreligion, which is sweeping so wildly over our land. I would not exaggerate the pernicious effects of this deplorable civil war upon public and private morality. Doubtless there have been developments of courage and patriotism, of benevolence and munificence, of self-denial and self-sacrifice, among the men and among the women of our land, during the last two or three years, which are worthy of all admiration, and which furnish no small set-off to the balance of evil on the other side of the account. But no one can be unconscious of the fearful influences of times like the present, in enfeebling and almost extinguishing that sense of individual responsibility, moral and religious, which is the great safeguard of social virtue. No one can be blind to the reckless extravagance, the dishonest contracts, the gambling speculations, the corrupting luxury, the intemperance, profligacy,

and crime, which have followed with still accelerating steps in the train of the terrible struggle in which we are engaged. No one can fail to perceive the danger that a real or even a professed patriotism may be made the cover for a multitude of sins, and gallantry on the field of battle be regarded as a substitute for more than all the duties of the decalogue.

It is indeed a glorious sight, my friends, to see so many of our young men going forth bravely and heroically, at the call of their country, to contend against secession and rebellion, and to encounter all the perils and hardships of this gigantic conflict. God bless them all! May his banner over them be love, and may he be their shield and buckler in the day of battle! But it must not be forgotten that there is a secession worse than that from any political or earthly Union: the secession of the soul from its allegiance to its God and Saviour. It must not be forgotten that there is a rebellion worse than that against any human government: the rebellion of man against his Maker. This, alas, is a rebellion in which we are all more or less deeply involved. I have sometimes thought that the relations of the whole human family towards its Creator were nowhere so concisely and exactly summed up as in that well-remembered verse of one of the old prophets, in which he represents the Almighty as saying, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." And you will all anticipate me in recalling that correlative verse of another of the old prophets, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." Rebellion, rebellion seems to be the favorite figure under which the Bible represents the attitude of earth towards heaven. And though this is a rebellion which may never wholly be suppressed while poor human nature is what it is, yet every man is called on to enlist for its overthrow, to struggle and fight against it, and to vanquish it, so far as may be, in his own soul and in the souls of others.

And we must not forget this, my friends, nor suffer others to forget it, even at a moment when we are engaged in a struggle for national unity and national existence, which is so well calculated to absorb all our thoughts and all our energies. On the contrary, this is the precise moment for remembering it, and for

calling upon others to remember it. The two campaigns, thank Heaven, are by no means incompatible with each other. The war can be carried on at one and the same time against earthly and against spiritual foes; and every victory which is achieved over temptation and sin will strengthen our hearts and nerve our hands for striking a stronger blow against the assailants of our national peace. And what is a hundred-fold more important, every such victory will aid in calling down upon our arms that blessing of God, without which we can have no success. Even the camps of our armies have proved to be among the choicest fields for labors like those in which this Society is engaged. There is a yearning and a craving, we are told by our agents, for the word of life, among those to whom the prospect of death is so immediately present as it is to soldiers on the perilous edge of battle. There is a hunger and thirst after tidings of a better world among those who feel how soon they may be summoned away from this world. And woe to us all, if we fail to meet the full demand for these moral and religious supplies! Woe to our country, if it fails to cherish and sustain this and other kindred societies which make up together the great Christian Commissariat of the war!

Let us hope and pray, my friends, that this terrible struggle may soon be brought to a triumphant termination. Let us hope and pray that the heroic Grant may follow up with vigor and success the blows he has already struck, and that God will at length vouchsafe to us a crowning victory. Meantime let us do all that we can to give assurance, that when our brave soldier boys shall return home, be it sooner or later, they shall not come reeking with the proverbial vices of camp life, but in a condition to resume their places as virtuous and valuable citizens, leading quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty, and reflecting fresh honor upon the free institutions which they have striven so nobly to defend. Heaven forbid, that through any default of ours, while they are accomplishing, as many are ready to believe, the ultimate emancipation of another race, they should become hopelessly subjected themselves to a bondage worse than that of any earthly task-master,— the bondage of bad habits, the slavery of vice and sin!

Finally, my friends,—for I must not detain you longer from the eloquent gentlemen who are to follow me,—let us not forget, that whatever may be the results of the war, our work will still remain to be prosecuted. The operations of this Society did not begin with the rebellion, and will not end with it. Let us persevere with untiring energy in the noble cause for which it was instituted by the wise and good men who have gone before us; and God grant that each following year may be crowned with larger and still larger measures of prosperity and success!

THE

OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

SPEECH MADE AT THE BANQUET IN HONOR OF ADMIRAL LESSOFFSKY AND HIS
OFFICERS, BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1864.

I THANK you, Mr. Mayor, for the privilege of being present on this occasion, and of uniting with the City Council of Boston in these marks of respect for their distinguished guests. The speech of the evening is already made; and made by him who is at once best entitled and most able to make it. But I cannot refuse to say a few words in response to your complimentary call.

As I look back on that long service in Congress to which you have alluded, I cannot forget the many kindnesses and courtesies for which I was indebted to the Russian Legation at Washington; and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity, before alluding to any other topic, to pay a passing tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Bodisco, who for nearly twenty years, I believe, represented His Majesty the Emperor of Russia at our Republican Court. True always to his own country, he was yet animated with the same spirit which dictated that noble despatch of Prince Gortschakoff, to which Mr. Everett has so eloquently referred. He seemed to have the welfare and honor of our country, as well as his own, honestly at heart: to desire earnestly the preservation of our domestic peace and of our National Union: and to watch eagerly for opportunities of reconciling any antagonisms which threatened to disturb the relations of the North and South. Enjoying the intimacy and the confidence of our most distinguished men of all parties and sections,— of Clay and Webster,

of Calhoun and Benton, and many others not unworthy to be named in the same connection,—he took peculiar pleasure in bringing them together beneath his own roof and around his own hospitable and sumptuous board, and in doing all that he could to soften the asperities and animosities which are too often engendered by the controversies of political parties and the rivalries of political leaders; and more than one personal difficulty, which might have led to most unhappy consequences, has owed its amicable adjustment to his timely and effective intervention.

I am happy to believe, Mr. Mayor, that a similar spirit has ever been evinced by the present Minister of the Russian Emperor, M. de Stoeckl, who was long associated with M. Bodisco as his principal Secretary, and upon whom his mantle has worthily fallen. Both of them, let me add, paid our country the compliment of taking to themselves American wives, and very charming wives too:—and thus they had a right to feel that their relation to the United States was something more than one of mere diplomatic form and ceremony. I am sure, however, they were not induced to select American wives from any want of attractive and accomplished women in their own land. I have seen, indeed, but few Russian ladies. The only one, I believe, whom I have ever met on American soil, is the wife of the distinguished officer at my side, who may be called, after the phrase of Shakspeare, “our gallant Admiral’s Admiral:”—whom we have all seen here with so much pleasure, and who will be accompanied by our best wishes on her embarkation in the steamer for Europe to-morrow. But I have another in my mind’s eye at this moment, whom I have been privileged to know in another land,—she is now no more, and I may not presume to pronounce her name on any public or festive occasion,—but whose varied and brilliant accomplishments, whose familiarity with almost every language spoken beneath the sun, whose graces of manner and charms of conversation and kindness of heart, and, above all, whose fortitude and heroism under the deepest personal and physical suffering, will never be effaced from my remembrance.

I do not forget, Mr. Mayor, the many estimable and excellent representatives of other lands whom I have had the good fortune to meet at the capital of our country; but Mr. Everett I am sure

will agree with me, that no Legation has been more uniformly or more highly valued and respected than the Russian Legation, personally and officially, by all who have been privileged to know those who have composed it. I regret that M. de Stoeckl could not have been with us to-day, that we might have included him in the compliments of this occasion, and that we might have united in drinking his health, with all the honors to which he is entitled, as the accredited Representative of the Emperor.

The Russian Empire, sir, has been less visited by American travellers than any other of the great countries of the Old World. It has always seemed a great deal farther off from us than other countries, and in many other respects besides physical distance. Its institutions are in the greatest possible contrast to our own. Its domestic policy in years past has often been the very reverse of that which we could all have wished. Its names are very hard to pronounce, and even harder to remember. Its language is very difficult to be learned, and is understood by so few of us, that we have been obliged to take all our accounts of the land and its inhabitants at second hand. As a matter of geography, indeed, we have not failed to observe its magnificent distances and colossal proportions on the map. As a matter of history, we have not omitted to recognize the giant strides with which it has marched on, and is still marching on, to no second place among the nations of the world. But practically, and as a matter of personal concern, it has rarely been recalled to us by any thing more substantial than the "Nesselrode Pudding" or the "Charlotte Russe" on our bills of fare: by the hemp required for the rigging of our men-of-war, or for the smaller rope which is sometimes brought into uncomfortable play in cases of treason or of crime: or — more agreeably, certainly, than either — by the glorious Hymn now known to all our orchestras, and adopted in all our churches, which is by no means inferior even to the famous anthem of Old England in the richness of its harmony, and the majestic grandeur of its cadences. But recent events have changed the whole aspect of our relations with Russia. The Emperor's late noble act of emancipation at home, and his kind and generous words, conveyed in the despatch of Prince Gortschakoff to our own Government, have struck a sympathetic

and responsive chord in every American breast, as directly and as effectively, as if those magnetic wires which Mr. Everett has just foreshadowed, and which are even now in preparation, had already been stretched across the Siberian desert, had already been strung along the banks of the Amoor, had already vibrated over Behring's Straits, and as if the living spark had leaped at a bound from the palace of the Czars to the hearts of the American people.

And now, while we are welcoming the Russian flag and the Russian fleet to our harbors, and exchanging these acts of courtesy with so many intelligent and gallant officers of the Imperial Navy, let us not forget the health of the General Admiral of that navy.

It was my good fortune, seventeen or eighteen years ago, to see this distinguished person in London. He was then a very young man, and he had come over, not in disguise, like Peter the Great, but openly and avowedly to study the military institutions and naval establishments of England. I saw him reviewing the Queen's household troops in company with the late lamented Prince Consort and the ever-honored and illustrious Duke of Wellington, and I was afterwards privileged to meet him at the British Court. We have an Aide-de-Camp of his with us on this occasion,—himself the son of the President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and whose voice has already been welcomed at the opening of our new hall of Natural History.

I propose the health of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, the General Admiral of the Russian Navy.

THE DEATH OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
JULY 14, 1864.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,— When we were last assembled here, at our stated monthly meeting, on the ninth day of June, our Society, for the first time since its institution in 1791, had on its catalogue just a hundred names of living members, resident within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. An election at the previous meeting in May had at length completed the full number allowed by our charter; and on that day our roll was full.

At the head of that roll—first in the order of seniority, and second, certainly, in nothing that could attract interest, respect, and veneration—stood the name of one who had been a member of the Society during sixty-eight out of the seventy years of our corporate existence; who had witnessed our small beginnings; who had been associated with Belknap and Sullivan and Tudor and Minot, and the rest of the little band of our immediate founders, in all but our very earliest proceedings and publications; who for seventeen years, long past, had been our Treasurer, and had repeatedly done faithful and valuable service as a member of our Executive and of our Publishing Committees; whose interest in our prosperity and welfare had known no suspension or abatement with the lapse of time: who had contributed liberally to the means by which our condition had of late been so largely improved, and our accommodations so widely extended; and who so often, during the very last years of his eventful and protracted life, had lent the highest interest to our meetings by his venerable

presence, and by his earnest and impressive participation in our discussions and doings.

You all remember, I am sure, how proudly he marshalled the way for us into this beautiful Dowse Library, when its folding-doors were first thrown open seven or eight years ago, and when it might so well have been said of him:—

“The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of eighty years, to loftier height.”

You all remember how impressively he reminded us, not long afterwards, at that memorable meeting on the death of our lamented Prescott, that he became a member of this Society the very year in which that illustrious historian was born.

You all remember how playfully he observed, a few years later, when seconding the nomination of the late Lord Lyndhurst as one of our Honorary Members, that the same nurse had served in immediate succession for the infant Copley and himself, and that she must certainly have given them both something very good to make them live so long.

You all remember how pleasantly he recalled to us that earliest reminiscence of his own infancy, when, being taken by his widowed mother out of Boston, while it was in the joint possession of the British army and of a pestilence even more formidable than any army, he was stopped at the lines to be smoked, for fear he might communicate contagion to the American troops who were besieging the town.

You have not forgotten that delightful meeting beneath his own hospitable roof, on the eighty-third anniversary of the Battle of Lexington,—the guns of which might have startled his own infant slumbers,—when he read to us so many interesting memoranda, from the manuscript diaries of his patriot father, in regard to events which led to the establishment of our National Independence.

Still less can any of you have forgotten his personal attendance here, only a few months since, when, with an evident conscious-

ness that he had come among us for the last time, he presented to us several most interesting and valuable historical documents, — at this moment passing through the press, — which he had recently observed among his private papers; which he thought might possibly have come into his possession as one of our Publishing Committee, more than half a century ago; and which, with the scrupulous exactness which characterized him through life, he desired to deliver up to us personally, before it should be too late for him to do so.

No wonder, my friends, that we always welcomed his presence here with such eager interest. No wonder that with so much pleasure we saw him seated, from time to time, in yonder Washington chair, hitherto reserved for him alone; for he alone of our number had ever personally seen and known that “foremost man of all this world.” No wonder that we cherished his name with so much pride at the head of our roll, as an historical name, linking us, by its associations with the living as well as with the dead, to the heroic period of our Revolutionary struggle; and no wonder, certainly, that we all feel deeply to-day, when we are assembled to receive the official announcement of his death, that a void has been created in our ranks and in our hearts, which can hardly be filled.

I have spoken of his name as an historical name; and I need hardly say, that it would have been so, even had it been associated with no other career than his own. His own fortunate and remarkable life, — embracing the whole period of our existence thus far as a nation, and covering more than a third of the time since the earliest colonial settlement of New England, — a life crowded with the most varied and valuable public service, and crowned at last with such a measure of honor, love, and reverence, as rarely falls to the lot of humanity, — was sufficient in itself to secure for him an historical celebrity, even while he still lived. But, indeed, his name had entered into history while he was yet an unconscious child. In a letter of the Rev. Dr. William Gordon, dated on the 26th of April, 1775, and contained in his contemporaneous “History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of America,” will be found the following passage: —

" My friend Quincy has sacrificed his life for the sake of his country. The ship in which he sailed arrived at Cape Ann within these two days ; but he lived not to get on shore, or to hear and triumph at the account of the success of the Lexington engagement. His remains will be honorably interred by his relations. Let him be numbered with the patriotic heroes who fall in the cause of Liberty, and let his memory be dear to posterity. *Let his only surviving child, a son of about three years, live to possess his noble virtues, and to transmit his name down to future generations.*"

Nor can we fail to recall, in this connection, those most remarkable words in the last will and testament of that patriot father, whose career was as brilliant as it was brief, and whose premature death was among the severest losses of our early Revolutionary period :—

" I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's Works, John Locke's Works, Lord Bacon's Works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of Liberty rest upon him!"

Such was the introduction to history of him whose life is just closed. Such were the utterances in regard to him while he was yet but of infant years. How rarely is it vouchsafed to any one to fulfil such hopes and expectations ? Yet, now that he has left us at almost a patriarch's age, these words seem to have been prophetic of the career which awaited him : and we could hardly find a juster or a more enviable inscription for his monument than to say that " he lived to possess the noble virtues of his father, and to transmit his name down to future generations," and that " the spirit of Liberty rested upon him."

It is not for me, however, gentlemen, to attempt even a sketch of the career or character of our departed associate and friend. I have indeed been permitted to know him for many years past, as intimately, perhaps, as the difference of our ages would allow. As I attended his remains a few days since as one of the pall-bearers, a distinction which was assigned me as your President, — I could not forget how often at least forty years before, when he was the next-door neighbor of my father's family, I had walked along with him, hand in hand, of a summer or a winter morning, — he on his way to the City Hall as the honored Mayor

of Boston ; and I, as a boy, to the Public Latin School just opposite. From that time to this I have enjoyed his acquaintance and his friendship, and have counted them among the cherished privileges of my life. But there are those of our number, and some of them present with us to-day, who have been associated with him, as I have never been, in more than one of his varied public employments, and who can bear personal testimony to the fidelity and ability with which he discharged them.

We may look in vain, it is true, for any of the personal associates of his early career as a statesman. He had outlived almost all the contemporaries of his long and brilliant service in our State and National Legislatures. But associates and witnesses are still left of his vigorous and most successful administration of our municipal affairs, and of his faithful and devoted labors for sixteen years as President of our beloved University. Meantime, the evidences of his literary and intellectual accomplishments are familiar to us all, in his History of the University, in his History of the Athenæum, in his Municipal History of Boston, in his Biographies of his ever-honored father and of his illustrious friend and kinsman, John Quincy Adams, and in so many speeches, addresses, and essays upon almost every variety of topic, historical, political, literary, social, and moral.

We may follow him back, indeed, to the day when he was graduated with the highest honors at the University of which he lived to be the oldest alumnus : and we shall never find him idle or unemployed, nor ever fail to trace him by some earnest word or some energetic act. Everywhere we shall see him a man of untiring industry, of spotless integrity, of practical ability and sagacity, of the boldest independence and sturdiest self-reliance ; a man of laborious investigation as well as of prompt action, with a ready pen and an eloquent tongue for defending and advocating whatever cause he espoused and whatever policy he adopted. Even those who may have differed from him—as not a few, perhaps, did—as to some of his earlier or of his later views of public affairs, could never help admiring the earnest enthusiasm of his character, and the unflinching courage with which he clung to his own deliberate convictions of duty. Nor could any one ever doubt that a sincere and ardent love of his country and of his

fellow-men, of political and of human liberty, was the ruling passion of his heart.

And seldom, certainly, has there been witnessed among us a more charming picture of a serene and honored old age than that which he has presented during the last few years. Patient under the weight of personal infirmities; hopeful in the face of public dangers and calamities; full of delightful reminiscences of the past, and taking an eager interest in whatever might promote the welfare of the present; grateful to God for a long and happy life, and ready to remain or depart as it might please Him,—he seemed, so far as human judgment might presume to pronounce, to have attained a full measure of that wisdom of which it is written, “Length of days is in her right hand: and, in her left, riches and honor.”

Not many years ago, he prepared an agricultural Essay, which is now on our table. Not many months ago, and when he was on the eve of his ninety-second birthday, I met him at the Cambridge Observatory, coming to visit the institution which had been a special object of his interest and of his bounty, and to take a last look, as he said, at the great revealer of the stars. Still later, I found him in his own library, reading Thucydides, and applying the matchless periods of Pericles to the dangers of our dear land, and to the heroic deaths of so many of our brave young men. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the picture of such an old age as was described by the great Roman orator, and exemplified by the great Roman censor. Nor would it be easy to find a better illustration than his last years afforded of those exquisite words in which the great poet of the English lakes has translated and expanded one of the most striking passages of that consummate essay of Cicero:—

“ Rightly it is said
That man descends into the vale of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age
As of a final *EMINENCE*; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top.”

THE NOMINATION OF McCLELLAN.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE GREAT RATIFICATION MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

I THANK you, fellow-citizens, for this friendly and flattering reception. I thank your honored President for the kind words in which he has presented me to you. I feel glad in being here under the lead of one who, as the gentleman who called the meeting to order well said, has added new honor to a name that was already associated with so much true and tried patriotism, with so much of spotless integrity, and with so much of financial and commercial wisdom. You know me, men of New York,—if I may presume to imagine that you know me at all,—as a member of the old Whig party of the Union, as long as that party had any organization or existence. And I cannot help recalling the fact, on this occasion, that among my earliest political efforts, nearly thirty years ago, was a speech in this city against the Democratic candidates of that day. I fear that my faculty of making a speech, or certainly an open-air speech, is somewhat impaired by the lapse of years; but such as I can make is heartily at the service of the Democratic candidates of to-day. I could not find it in my heart to refuse the request of your Committee of Arrangements, seconded as it was by an old and valued friend, whom I knew so long ago as the tried and trusted friend of Daniel Webster, that I would at least be present as a witness of this great demonstration. Nor, being here, can I refuse to respond to the call which has been made on me by your honored President, and to bear my humble testimony to the cause in which you are engaged. It was promised me that I should see the greatest meeting ever held in America; and no one can doubt, I think,

that the promise is fulfilled. It is, indeed, a glorious sight, this vast assemblage of American citizens, unseduced by patronage, unawed by power, in the great commercial metropolis of the Union,—itself one of the noblest products of that Union,—all rallying beneath a common banner, all animated by a common resolve: that banner, the Stars and Stripes, that resolve, to do all that in us lies for the rescue of our country from the dangers by which it is encompassed. You are assembled in Union Square, and I am glad to know that you all intend to stand square on the platform of the Union. You are assembled on the anniversary of the day on which the Constitution of the United States received the attesting signatures of its framers: and I rejoice to be assured that you are all resolved to uphold the authority and vindicate the supremacy of that Constitution. Yes, my friends, in yonder city of Philadelphia,—which we are glad to remember, in this connection, was also the birthplace of George B. McClellan,—on the seventeenth day of September, 1787, that sacred instrument was perfected, which has secured union and peace to our land for more than seventy years past, and which, if this day's ratification shall be successfully carried out, may still, I fondly hope and believe, secure union and peace to our land for seven times, or even for seventy times, seventy years to come. You are assembled, too, on the anniversary of the day, when the noble candidate, whose nomination you are about to ratify, completed his great work of rescuing the capital of his country from the Confederate hosts by the glorious victory of Antietam. You have not forgotten those memorable days of September, 1862, when the fate of our Republic seemed just trembling in the scales, when almost all men's hearts were failing them for fear, and when the gallant McClellan, forgetting the unmerited indignities to which he had just been subjected,—forgetting every thing but his country's dangers and his own determination to stand or fall with its flag, and responding without a murmur, or a moment's delay, to the personal appeal of the President,—gathered up the scattered fragments of his brave but broken army, re-organized their shattered battalions as by the waving of a magician's wand, drove back the invaders across the Potomac, and once more secured the safety of Washington.

and of the Government. I would not disparage the successes which have been achieved on other days and under other commanders. We all remember, with grateful admiration, the splendid victories which have been won, on the land and on the sea, by Meade and Grant and Sherman, by Porter and Kearsarge Winslow and the heroic Farragut, and by so many others of our generals and admirals. All honor to the heroes of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, of Gettysburg and Atlanta, of Mobile Bay, and of the blessed waters, whatever they are called, which at last engulfed the Alabama; and all gratitude to the soldiers and sailors, by whose brave hearts and stout arms those victories were achieved! But none of them have eclipsed, or even dimmed, the brilliant record of the Army of the Potomac and its leader during those eventful days which ended at South Mountain and Antietam. For that gallant leader it is glory enough that it may be said of him, as the result of that brief but almost miraculous campaign, that, born in the birthplace of the Constitution, he was privileged, by an auspicious and beautiful coincidence, to commemorate its seventy-fifth birthday, by saving the capital of his country. But who of us is not ready to accept the omen, that it is still reserved for him who saved the capital on that day, to save the country itself at this?

And now, fellow-citizens, you have not forgotten that this was the last military service which General McClellan was permitted to perform in the defence of the Union. You have not forgotten that only a few weeks afterward he was summarily deprived of his command and sent into that retirement from which no patriotic offers of his own, and no persistent solicitations of his friends, have prevailed on the Administration to recall him. But the day is at length at hand when the people of the United States have the constitutional opportunity and the constitutional right to revise and reverse the decrees of the Administration; and most heartily do I hope that this one of their decrees, if no other, will be revised, and will be reversed. Most heartily do I hope, that disregarding all consideration of parties and platforms, and with the single and simple view of restoring Union and Peace to our distracted land, the people of the loyal States will resolve, by their votes in November next, to take up upon their own shoul-

ders this leader whom the rulers have rejected, and to bear him triumphantly into that same White House from which the rejection has emanated. That, as I understand it, is the proposition before this meeting: and for one, certainly, I gladly avail myself of the earliest opportunity which has been presented to me to express my approval of it. Young Men of New York, and of the nation, will you not take it in special charge, and see to it that this is done? The candidate whom we support is eminently a young men's candidate,—the youngest in years, I believe, that was ever nominated for the Presidency; but who has won laurels in the field, and shown a discretion and a wisdom in civil affairs, which would have done honor to the oldest. It ought to be the pride of Young America not only to see that he has fair play and a generous support, but to secure him an opportunity of showing what young men can do, and are destined to do, in the high places of the land, as well as on the field of battle.

And yet let me not seem for a moment, fellow-citizens, to put the great issues of the approaching election on any personal grounds. The question before us is not about candidates, but about our country; not about the relative claims or merits of Abraham Lincoln and George B. McClellan, but about the nation's welfare and the nation's life. In whose hands will that precious life be safest? That is the question: and I do not forget that it is a question of opinion, on which every man has a right to form, and every man has a right to follow, his own opinion. I do not forget, either, how many honest and excellent men, in my own and in other parts of the land, with whom I have heretofore delighted to take counsel in private and in public affairs, have come to different conclusions from my own. But I have not been able to resist the conviction, my friends, that the best interests of the country, and the best hopes of restoring the Union of the country, emphatically and urgently demand a change of administration at the approaching Presidential election. I cannot resist the conviction,—or certainly the deep and earnest apprehension,—that, if the policy adopted and pursued by President Lincoln and his supporters during the last two years is to be persisted in for four years to come, we shall find ourselves plunged irretrievably into the fearful and fathomless abyss of

disunion. I can enter into no detailed discussion of that policy on this occasion, nor can it wisely be discussed on any occasion, in the hearing of our Southern enemies. I can only say, that in my humble judgment it has been a policy calculated to divide and weaken the counsels of the North, and to unite and concentrate the energies of the South; and, beyond all question, it has accomplished that result, if no other. Why, my friends, the all-important end of re-establishing the Union has been almost shut out of sight, so mixed up and complicated has it been with schemes of philanthropy on the one side, and with schemes of confiscation, subjugation, and extermination on the other. Instead of the one great constitutional idea of *restoration*, we have been treated to all manner of projects and theories of *reconstruction*. There would almost seem to have been a willingness, in some quarters, to vie with our enemies themselves in discarding and destroying the old Constitution of our fathers. At one time we have had solemn propositions for annihilating whole States, whole systems of States, and blotting out their stars from the national banner. At another we have heard open declarations from the high places of the land, that we never again were to be permitted to have "the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." Good Heavens, what else are we fighting for? What other Union are we striving to establish? What other Constitution are we struggling to vindicate? What other Constitution are our rulers and legislators solemnly sworn to support? We might expect such declarations from rebels in arms against the Government; but who can listen to them from loyal lips, without recalling the warning words of a great English statesman and orator, when he bade us "look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent to pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life"! Heaven save us from any such regeneration and renovation as that!

Fellow-citizens, we all know that it was the success of the Republican party, with its sectional organization and its alleged sectional objects, which furnished the original occasion, four

years ago, for that atrocious and ungodly assault upon our Government, which inaugurated this gigantic civil war. We all know that the secession leaders of the South, who had so long been meditating the movement in vain, exulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln at that day,—as I fully believe they will exult again, if he is re-chosen in November,—because it supplied the very fuel which was needed for kindling this awful conflagration. That assault upon the Government can never be characterized in terms of too severe condemnation: and, if railing at the rebellion or its authors would do any good this evening,—if it would be any thing better than baying at yonder moon,—I would join with you in denouncing it until the vocabulary of condemnation was exhausted. But we all know that the whole North rose nobly up, as one man, without distinction of party, to repel that assault: and that they have sustained the Government,—Democrats, Republicans, and Conservatives alike,—with all their hearts and hands, pouring out their blood and money like water, from that day to this. And the loyal States will continue to sustain the “powers that be” in all their constitutional action, until the end of their term, whatever may be the result of the pending election,—not all of them, by any means, as approving the policy of the administration, but all of them as recognizing its rightful possession of the authority of the Government. But no considerations of loyalty or of patriotism call upon them to go further. No considerations of loyalty call upon us to prolong the supremacy of a party whose art and part it has so eminently been to extinguish almost every spark of Union sentiment in the Southern breast, and to implant there, in its stead, a desperate and defiant determination never to be reconciled, never to submit or yield, never again to come under rulers, whom, reasonably, or unreasonably, they have learned so thoroughly to hate. No considerations of patriotism call upon us to renew the official term of an Administration, whose peculiar policy, by inspiring this spirit of desperation and hatred, has rendered the victories of our armies a hundred-fold harder to achieve, and has robbed them of so many of their legitimate results after they have been achieved. For never, my friends, do victories cost so much, and come to so little, as when they are

wrung from a foe who has been goaded and maddened to despair. This sort of goading and maddening process may answer well enough for increasing the sport at a bull-fight, but it has certainly involved us in at least one Bull Run. And I fear the day is still distant when it will secure us that sort of victory which we can reasonably hope to see followed by union and peace.

Nothing could be further from my purpose, in these remarks, than to cast the slightest imputation upon the patriotism of President Lincoln, or anybody else. No one can doubt that he wishes to write his name on the roll of history as the restorer of the American Union. It is a title which might satisfy the most exalted ambition. He may well be excused for his eagerness to remain in office until he has accomplished the work. He may almost be pardoned for wielding the enormous patronage and power which belongs to the Executive in a war like this, for securing his own nomination and his own election, if he really believes that he can accomplish it. And those who are of opinion that he is just about to succeed—whether within sixty days or ninety days, before Christmas or after—are right to give him their support. We would all support him if we were of their opinion, for we want the country saved, no matter who is to have the glory. But President Lincoln is evidently looking forward to another title in the history of the future. He desires to be enrolled as the great liberator of the African race,—a glorious title, also, if it could be legitimately obtained. But I greatly fear that in aiming at the second, he has lost the first. No man, I think, can help perceiving, that he is so embarrassed and entangled by his proclamations and commitments and pledges in regard to slavery, as to be almost incapacitated for bringing this terrible struggle to an early and successful termination. He has contrived to weave a Gordian knot, which he himself is unable to untie, and which the bravest and sharpest swords seem thus far powerless to cut asunder. No one can have forgotten, certainly, that recent and most extraordinary manifesto “To whom it may concern,” in which, in reply to the very first suggestions of peace, he felt obliged to insert a condition which discomfited his best friends, and rendered all such efforts hopeless.

Fellow-citizens, we need a change of counsels. We need a

change of counsellors. We need a return to the policy on which the loyal States first rallied so unanimously to the suppression of the rebellion. We must go back to the principles embodied in the resolution adopted by the Congress of the United States, not far from the fourth day of July, 1861, and worthy to have been adopted on that hallowed anniversary itself,—adopted in the Senate on the motion of Andrew Johnson, and adopted in the House of Representatives on the motion of the lamented Crittenden. That terrible repulse at Bull Run had then just taught us wisdom. Would to Heaven that we had not so soon forgotten that lesson! If we had never departed from that resolution,—if “*“easē had never recanted vows made in pain,”*”—I firmly believe that union and peace would have been our blessed portion at this moment. You all remember that resolution. It embodied the simple policy of a vigorous prosecution of the war for no purpose of subjugation or aggression, in no spirit of revenge or hatred, with no disposition to destroy or impair the constitutional rights of any State or any section, but for the sole end of vindicating the Constitution and re-establishing the Union. That was the policy which would have divided the South, and which ought to have satisfied and united the North. Let me rather say, that was and is still the policy, which steadily pursued, under the lead of men against whom the whole Southern heart, and mind, and soul have not become hopelessly imbibited and poisoned,—under the lead of men, too, who are not ashamed to avow that readiness for reconciliation which is the highest ornament of the Christian character, and without which we cannot rely on the blessing of God,—this, I say, is the policy which, thus pursued, will again, if any thing earthly ever will, unite both North and South in the bonds of constitutional fellowship, and exhibit our country and its flag once more in the face of all the world, with “*“a star for every State, and a State for every star,”*” And what a glorious day that will be, my countrymen, for us and for all mankind! If to yearn for it, and pant for it, and pray for it, be a subject for reproach, as exhibiting too great a willingness for peace, I am the guiltiest man alive. And how can we hasten that day more effectively than by supporting the candidate who is the very impersonation of the policy I have described? Our

noble candidate has enforced and illustrated it a thousand-fold better than any one else can do, in his memorable despatch from Harrison's Landing, in his brilliant oration at West Point, and still more recently in his admirable letter accepting the nomination we are assembled to ratify. These are the true platforms for the hour; and not for the hour only, but for all time. We need no other, and some of us, certainly, can recognize no other. I rejoice to see so many of their noble sentiments and golden sentences emblazoned on the countless banners and illuminations around me. Let us cherish them in all our memories and write them on all our hearts.

Yes, my friends, if anybody is disposed to cavil with you about your platform, tell him that General McClellan has made his own platform, and that it is broad enough and comprehensive enough for every patriot in the land to stand upon. Tell him that you should as soon think of holding General McClellan responsible for not taking Richmond, when he was so rashly interfered with, and so cruelly stripped of his troops on the right hand and on the left, as you should think of holding him responsible for any equivocal or any unequivocal words of Chicago Conventions, or of any other conventions, which malicious partisans may attempt to pervert to his injury. Tell him that you should as soon think of the brave Army of the Potomac having been frightened from following their gallant leader to the field by the Quaker guns on the roadside, as of his supporters for the Presidency being scared from their position by any paper pellets of the brain, wise or otherwise, which ever came from the midnight sessions of a Resolution Committee in the hurly-burly of a National Convention.

General McClellan, I repeat, has made his own platform, which ought to be satisfactory to everybody. His letter of acceptance, especially, ought to be hailed with delight and with gratitude even by those who are too far committed in other directions to give him their support. It is worth an army with banners to the cause of the Union. It has the clarion ring to rally a nation to the rescue. It speaks, too, in trumpet-tones to our deluded brethren in rebellion, warning them that there is to be no cessation of hostilities upon any other basis than that of Union, but proclaiming to them that the door of reconciliation and peace is

open on their resuming their allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States. And, certainly, my friends, that letter of acceptance has turned the flank of his revilers as handsomely as the gallant Sherman has turned the flank of Hood at Atlanta. It has taken away every pretext for those indecent and unjust insinuations against the patriotism and loyalty of all the opponents of the Administration, which have fallen from so many ruthless partisan pens, and from so many reckless partisan tongues. It has destroyed every pretence for the imputation, that there is a party at the North, ready for a precipitate and ignominious abandonment of the great struggle in which we are engaged, and willing to entertain propositions incompatible with the restoration of the Constitution and the Union. The Union—"the Union at all hazards"—is as distinctly the whole import of George B. McClellan's letter of the 8th of September, as "the Union in any event" was of that farewell address of George Washington, whose promulgation is so nearly associated with the day on which we are assembled. "The Union,—it must be preserved" is as clearly the maxim of McClellan in 1861 as it was of Andrew Jackson in 1832. A Democratic President saved the Union then, and I believe a Democratic President can save the Union now. Let us rally, then, to the support of that great principle of unconditional Unionism, which is common to Washington, Jackson, and McClellan. Let us go for the flag, the whole flag, and nothing but the flag. Let us vindicate the rights of free opinion, of free speech, of a free press, and of free and unawed elections, even in a time of civil war, and show to all the world that we are, and still mean to be, a free people. Let us bring no railing accusations against the patriotism of others, and let us treat all which are brought against our own patriotism with the contempt and scorn which they deserve. Let us furnish all the men and all the money which are required for the aid of our gallant defenders in the field, and bear the welfare of our soldiers and sailors ever uppermost in our hearts. And as we throw out our McClellan banners to the breeze, let the word still and ever be, alike to friend and foe: "The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1864.

A SPEECH MADE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, OCTOBER 18, 1864.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I am deeply sensible to the kindness and the compliment of this reception. I thank you for this inspiring welcome to your city. I have come at your request to address you on the great subjeet which is uppermost in all our minds and in all our hearts. I am here for no purpose of declamation or display. I am here to appeal to no prejudices or passions. No arts of rhetoric can meet the exigencies of this hour. If I were ever capable of them, I abandon and disceard them all to-night. I am here only from a deep sense of the duty which rests upon each one of us to contribute what we can, by word or by deed, for a suffering, bleeding country. Compelled by engagements or by my health to refuse a hundred other invitations, I could not resist the appeal which was made to me from New London. And if any word of mine may be thought worthy of being listened to or regarded, in Connecticut or elsewhere, there is no place from which it may more fitly go forth than from this old and honored home of my fathers. It is a time, I am aware, my friends, when the best and wisest and most patriotic men may differ, and do differ, widely from each other. I would cast no reproaches upon my opponents. I do not forget the reproaches which have been cast upon myself in some quarters: but I have no heart for bandying personalities at a period like this. I pass by all such matters as unworthy of a moment's consideration. Or rather, let me say, they pass by me like the idle wind. The air, indeed, is full of them. Arbitrary and arrogant assumptions of superior patriotism and loyalty; coarse and malicious misrepresentations

and imputations; opprobrious and insulting names and epithets, often applied by men who might well be conscious that nobody deserves them so much as themselves,—the air is full of them. They come swarming up from stump and rostrum and press and platform. We meet them at every turn. Let us not retort them. Let us not resent them. Let no one by any means be tempted or provoked by them into acts of vengeance or violence. Let us simply overwhelm them with contempt, and pass on, unawed and unintimidated, to the declaration of our own honest opinions, and to the assertion and exercise of our rights as free-men. Let us imitate the example of our own noble candidate, whose quiet endurance of injustice and calumny has been one of the most beautiful illustrations of his character, and has won for him a respect which will outlive the ephemeral notoriety of his revilers. Our country calls at this moment for the best thoughts, the bravest counsels, the freest utterances, the most unhesitating devotion of every one of her sons. Let us compare our opinions with each other honestly, independently, fearlessly; and let no man shrink from following his own conscientious convictions, wherever they may lead him.

It may be a misfortune, fellow-citizens, that a new election of our national rulers should have come upon us precisely at this moment. We would all gladly keep our eyes steadily fixed upon our country's flag, as it waves and wavers upon yonder battle-fields. We would willingly follow its gallant supporters, in the conflicts in which they are engaged, with undivided and uninterrupted sympathies. But it is not in our power to postpone the time appointed for our great political struggle. The Constitution of the United States has fixed that time unalterably, and nothing remains for us but to discharge our duties as intelligent and responsible citizens. A great, a tremendous responsibility, certainly, is upon us. When the votes of the people of the United States—your votes, men of New London, and mine among them—shall have once decided the question,—by what party and upon what principles and policy the National Government shall be administered for the next four years,—they will have determined, under God, the destinies of our country for unborn generations. No one in his senses can doubt that the results of the

administration of the next four years will be decisive of the fate of this republic. Within that period the Union is to be saved or lost. Within that period the Constitution is to be vindicated or overthrown. Within that period the old flag of our fathers is to be re-advanced in triumph over all the States of which it has ever been, or ever borne, the emblem; or, rent in twain and shorn of half its lustre, it is to droop over a divided land. If the stake of the impending contest, my friends, were any thing less than this, if any thing less, or any thing other, than the rescue of the Union and the salvation of the republic were to be the result of this election, we might well hesitate about entering into a political struggle and arraying ourselves against an existing administration in a time of civil war. But with such an issue of national life, or national death, before us, there ought to be, there can be, no hesitation on the part of any patriotic citizen. Every one of us, young and old, is called upon by considerations from which there can be no appeal, by obligations from which there can be no escape, to form a careful, dispassionate, conscientious opinion as to his own individual duty, and then to perform that duty without flinching or faltering. We may be pardoned for an honest mistake. We may be excused for an error of judgment. But we can never be excused, before men or before God, for standing neutral and doing nothing. There is no exemption from this warfare. Not only should it be written on every man's forehead what he thinks of the republic; but no man should give sleep to his eyes, or slumber to his eyelids, without asking himself: What can I do for my country? How can I exercise that most precious of all privileges, that greatest of all rights, the elective franchise, in a way to rescue her from the dangers by which she is encompassed?

And now, my friends, the first emotion which belongs to these occasions of assembling ourselves together, and the one to which we are all and always most eager to give expression, is that of joy and gladness and gratitude for the signal successes which have been recently vouchsafed to our arms. Most signal they certainly have been. It cannot be denied that, since the nomination of General McClellan was promulgated at Chicago, the military aspect of our affairs has been greatly improved. The

gallant Sherman at Atlanta, and the daring and dashing Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, have achieved victories of vital importance to the cause of the Union; and most heartily would we unite with our fellow-citizens of all parties in paying a well-earned tribute of respect and admiration to the commanders, and to the soldiers, who have been instrumental in accomplishing these glorious results. We are told, indeed, that all these victories are impairing the prospects of our own political success, and diminishing the chances of General McClellan's election to the Presidency. But we rejoice in them all, notwithstanding, and thank God for them with undivided hearts. The more of them the better, whatever may be their influence on the election before us. We are content to be so defeated,—if that be their legitimate, or even their illegitimate, result:—we are more than content. I venture to say, that our noble candidate would rejoice as heartily as President Lincoln himself at every success of our arms, even should the consequences be to leave him without a single electoral vote. He had rather see his country saved, and the Union restored, and the Constitution resoled, than to secure the highest honor for himself which it is in the power of man to bestow. Let us congratulate him, and let us congratulate each other,—for we have a right so to do,—that his nomination has roused the administration to new efforts. Let us rejoice that the army has been spurred on to redeem the failures of the civil policy of the administration. The supporters of General McClellan may well be satisfied—even should they accomplish nothing more—with having given an impulse to the prosecution of the war, which not only affords the best promise of military success in the future, but which has already given so glorious an earnest of the fulfilment of that promise.

But why, why, my friends, should success on the battle-field diminish the chances of General McClellan's election? What possible reason is there for such a result? Nobody imagines, I presume, that the hero of Antietam would be a less prudent or a less skilful superintendent of our military affairs than Abraham Lincoln or Secretary Stanton. Nobody dreams that he would be likely to interfere disadvantageously with the conduct of the war. The President, certainly, could not have thought so,

when he so obviously connived a few weeks ago at offering him a high command, if he would only decline to be a candidate for the Presidency. The Republican party will hardly be ready to accuse the President of being willing to buy off a dangerous competitor at the expense of putting a doubtful general into the field.

No, it is the civil policy of the Government which General McClellan is relied upon to change. It is the civil policy of the Administration which imperatively demands to be changed. We believe that this civil policy of the administration has prevented all our military successes in the past, and will, if continued, prevent all our military successes in the future, from effecting the great end for which we are contending, — the only end for which we could constitutionally take up arms. We believe that this civil policy — if any thing the administration has recently done can fairly be called civil — has been calculated to extinguish every spark of Union sentiment in the Southern States ; that it has been calculated to drive those States finally out of the Union, instead of being adapted to draw them back to their old allegiance. We believe that this civil policy has tended to breathe a spirit of defiance and desperation into the breast of every Southern man and woman and child, that it has rendered the work of our own brave soldiers a thousand-fold harder to be achieved, and has thus far given them only a barren and fruitless victory, whenever they have succeeded. Who is there wild enough to imagine that mere military triumphs can accomplish that great consummation of Union and peace, which is the devout wish and prayer of every patriotic heart ? Why, my friends, we may go on conquering and to conquer month after month, and year after year ; we may overcome armies, we may take possession of cities, we may strip and devastate whole territories and regions of country, we may make a solitude and call it peace ; but the restoration of the old Union of our fathers, with all the States in their constitutional relations to the General Government, and all the stars upon the folds of our country's flag, will require something more than any mere force of arms can effect. Nobody saw this more clearly, or admitted it more frankly, than President Lincoln himself, when he declared so emphatically in his Inaugural Address : " Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight

always ; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you." The great advantage of victories, my friends, is in opening the way for a wise, conciliatory, healing policy to come in and settle the questions at issue ; and it is thus at the very moment when those victories are achieved, that we most need men at the head of the Government who can turn the triumphs of our armies to the only account for which they are worth a straw. It is this—this application of a wise, conciliatory, healing policy—which must follow close upon the track of military triumph in order to render it fruitful.—it is this for which the present administration, as we think, is wholly incapacitated, and for which we believe a new administration is the great and paramount necessity of the hour. It is in this view that victories, instead of impairing the prospects of General McClellan's election, ought to plead trumpet-tongued in his behalf. The question prompted by every victory should be, "Where, where are the men who can turn all this conflict and carnage to account, and render a repetition of it needless ? Where are the men who can save us from the reproach of having shed all this precious blood in vain, and can originate and pursue a policy which shall make that blood effective for the healing of the nation ? Where are the men, where is the man, who can extricate his country from impending ruin, by first extricating himself from all mere sectional and partisan pledges and entanglements, and by planting himself on the simple platform of the Constitution ?" These are the questions which each succeeding victory should call upon us to put to ourselves, and these are the questions which, in my judgment, can only be satisfactorily answered by the resolution to change the Administration. If any man would vote for General McClellan in case our military successes had not occurred, a hundred-fold more should he vote for him now. Without those successes it would have mattered little who was President. We could have accomplished nothing. But with them a way is opened for a new President to restore Union and peace to our land. Shall we not have a new President to take advantage of that opening ?

But let us look at the issue before us a little more closely, and

more deliberately. You will not expect me, my friends, to go back to the origin of the great struggle in which we are involved. I can tell you nothing about the history of the past which is not abundantly familiar to you. You all know that a wanton and unjustifiable rebellion against our National Government was inaugurated in South Carolina nearly four years ago: that it soon expanded to the proportions of the most gigantic civil war the world has ever witnessed, and that it is raging madly and wildly still. You all know the story of its rise and progress. You all know how much treasure and how much blood it has already cost. And you all know what has been accomplished. You have followed our brave soldiers and sailors in all their toils and perils, in all their reverses and in all their triumphs, on the land and on the sea, from that first most impressive scene at Fort Sumter, when the stars and stripes were lifted by the gallant Anderson on the breath of solemn prayer, down to the latest achievements of Sherman and Farragut and Sheridan, at Atlanta and in Mobile Bay and in the Valley of the Shenandoah. You have watched, too, the course of our civil rulers at Washington. Their shifting and drifting policy—as it has been strangely developed in resolutions and proclamations, and manifestoes, “To whom it may concern”—is familiar to you all. You know what they have promised, and you know what they have performed in the past; and you know what they propose for the future. And now it is for you, and for each one of you, to say, whether you are satisfied to recommit the final destinies of this republic to the same hands: whether you are satisfied that the men now in power are in the way of bringing this fearful struggle to a safe and successful termination: whether, in a word, you are ready to take your share of the responsibility of continuing their domination through that presidential term, of all others, which is to decide whether there shall ever again be a President over the whole United States of America. For myself, as I have said elsewhere, I have reflected deliberately and deeply on this question, and I have in vain attempted to resist the conclusion, that the best interests of our country, and the best hopes of restoring the Union of our country, demand a change of our national rulers. I have not been able to resist the conclusion, that almost any other party

would be more able than the Republican party, and almost any other President would be more likely than Abraham Lincoln, to accomplish that great consummation which every Christian patriot ought to have, and must have, at heart,—the earliest practicable restoration of Union and peace and constitutional liberty to our afflicted land. I have not been able to resist the conviction that there would be a better chance under any other administration than the present, for speedily effecting a termination of the rebellion, upon that basis of "the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is," which is the only legitimate aim of loyal men.

And let me say, in the first place, my friends, that I should have come to this conclusion, as I think, without any regard to the peculiar policy which the Administration has adopted during the last two years. I should have come to this conclusion upon the same plain, common-sense views which President Lincoln himself seems to have expressed upon a somewhat similar state of facts. Some of you may remember, perhaps, to have seen an account of an interview which certain very earnest anti-slavery gentlemen, of Massachusetts, held with the President not a great while ago, on the subject of substituting General Fremont for my old and valued friend Edward Stanly, now of California, as the Provisional Governor of North Carolina. The account is given in a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Conway, dated London, July 20, 1864, and published in the Boston "Commonwealth." In that letter President Lincoln is represented as saying, in his most characteristic style, "Gentlemen, it is generally the case that a man who begins a work is not the best man to carry it on to a successful termination. I believe it was so," he proceeded to say, "in the case of Moses, wasn't it? He got the children of Israel out of Egypt, but the Lord selected somebody else to bring them to their journey's end. A pioneer," continued President Lincoln, "has hard work to do, and generally gets so battered and spattered that people prefer another, even though they may accept the principle." Now, the letter of Mr. Conway gives us the application of these remarks in a manner that could hardly be mended. It quietly suggests that "Mr. Lincoln is averse to seeing the application of whatever truth there is in his theory to the one to whom it particularly applies,—*himself*;" and Mr.

Conway most pertinently adds, “Under him the war was begun ; he had to deal with the disaffected ; is it not possible that he has become so *battered and spattered* as to make it well for him to give up the leadership to some Joshua ?” It would seem, my friends, that nothing was said at this interview about “the danger of swapping horses in crossing a stream.” On the contrary, the President emphatically appealed to that memorable precedent in Holy Writ when the children of Israel, being themselves about to cross a stream, were compelled to follow a new leader, in order to get safely over. “I believe it was so,” said he, “in the case of Moses, wasn’t it ?” We all know it was so. We all know that the children of Israel could never have crossed the Jordan and entered into the promised land, had they refused to accept Joshua as their leader. And some of us are not a little afraid that the same fatality which attended the ancient Moses is about to find a fresh illustration in the case of our modern Abraham !

Why, my friends, no one of us can have forgotten how much there was of mere personal prejudice and personal antipathy at the outset of that outrageous assault upon the National Government by the Southern States. No one of us can fail to remember how deeply political and party antagonism entered into the origin of this rebellion. It has been said a thousand times, and everybody admits it to be true, that the first treasonable and fatal step could never have been taken but for the election of Abraham Lincoln as president. It has been said a thousand times, and no man denies it, that the Southern secession leaders — long as they may have contemplated their conspiracy against the Union, and earnestly as they may have desired to accomplish a separation of the States — could never have mustered followers enough to embolden them to attempt it, but for the success of the Republican party. We all know that the secession leaders aided and abetted the election of President Lincoln for that very purpose. He was their favorite candidate then, as I think he is their favorite candidate now. It was the triumph of that great sectional organization — the Republican party — which was originally relied upon for firing the heart of the Southern people. We cannot forget that the war-cry of the South, at the time of their original revolt,

was not so much "We will not submit to the Constitution," "We will not abide by the Union," as "We will not have these men to rule over us," "We will not come under the dominion of the Black Republicans." Fellow-citizens, I need not say that this conduct on the part of the Southern States was utterly unwarrantable and worthy of all condemnation. The Republican party, to which I shall myself apply no opprobrious epithets, had prevailed fairly at the polls. The Southern States had enjoyed their full proportionate share in the national vote, and they were bound in honor, as well as in law, to abide by the result. Nothing but the most direct and palpable violation of their rights would have furnished any shadow of justification for the course which they pursued. Abraham Lincoln was duly elected President of the United States for four years. I rejoice that he was elected for no more than four. And though some of us at the North, as well as so many at the South, were earnestly opposed to him and to his party, and though not a few of us predicted the very results which have ensued, it was the bounden duty and sacred obligation of us all alike to acquiesce in the result, and to support him as long as he supported the Constitution. And I thank Heaven that the loyal States have supported him so unanimously. I thank Heaven that the whole people of the Northern States have sustained the Government so ardently, and fought the battles of the Union so bravely, under whatever leaders they have found in rightful authority over them. No government on earth in any age has ever been sustained with a nobler disregard of all party prejudices and all personal opinions than our own Government for the last four years. Men and money have been supplied without measure and without a murmur. Few and far between have been the voices of dissent or the notes of discord. Where men could not approve the policy of the Administration, they have generally been content to be silent, or at most to enter a passing protest in respectful terms. The exceptional cases, to which so much attention has been pointed, by the needless and unjustifiable severity with which they have been treated, have only served to illustrate more strikingly the general acquiescence of the people. And as it has been in the past, so it still is. We are all of us, I need not say, ready and eager to sustain the

Administration in carrying on the government, and vindicating its constitutional authority, to the end of their term. We are ready to raise the men, we are ready to contribute the means, for a vigorous prosecution of the war. We will help them even to another draft, if another draft be necessary. We will pay our taxes and encourage their loans. We will rejoice in all their victories by sea and by land. They are no party triumphs. They are our victories as well as theirs. Sherman has taken Atlanta, and Sheridan has almost cleared the Shenandoah. We all hope and trust and pray that Grant and Meade may soon take Richmond, and that the brave work of our soldiers and sailors may go on unimpeded till nothing remains to be effected by force of arms. They shall have the best wishes of all our hearts, and the best help of all our hands to this end. But all this, my friends, is a different part of speech from supporting the claims of the Administration to a new term of the Presidency and a new lease of the White House. And now that after four years of civil war, waged at such an expenditure of life and treasure as the history of the world never before witnessed, — now that a new election of rulers has come regularly round, is it not fit, is it not wise, is it not loyal and patriotic, for those who do not and cannot approve the policy of the Administration, and who have no faith in their capacity to accomplish the restoration of the Union, to call upon them to withdraw from the high places of the land, and to make way for men, against whom the Southern heart is not so hopelessly inflamed and embittered? Is it not the solemn duty of the people of the United States to ask themselves the question, whether, as things now stand, and in view of all the prospects before us, it is quite expedient or quite just to continue in place a President and a party, whose original election, justly or unjustly, was the immediate occasion of so deplorable a rebellion? Have not the people a right to ask — is it not their duty to ask — whether a simple change of administration might not do something, might not do much, towards removing a stumbling-block in the way of the restoration of the Union: towards destroying the unanimity and mitigating the ferocity of our Southern foes: towards conciliating the feelings of our Southern friends if there are any still left: and thus towards opening the way for an easier

progress of our arms and an earlier triumph of the great cause for which we are contending?

Fellow-citizens, I am not here to indulge in any personal imputations upon President Lincoln. Though I have never been one of his partisan supporters, I have never been one of his revilers. And let me say, in passing, that he has received harder blows from some of his own household — from Senator Wade and Representative Winter Davis and General Fremont, and from others who have been less brave and less open, but not less violent in their denunciations of him — than he has from any of his opponents. But I cannot help remarking, that, in my humble judgment, he would have adopted a course worthy of all commendation if, instead of talking about swapping horses in crossing a stream, he could have been induced to say, six months ago, to the people of the United States, something of this sort: —

“ Fellow-citizens, you elected me fairly your President, and the President of the whole Union, four years ago. I have done my best to vindicate my title to the trust you conferred upon me, and I shall continue to do so to the end of my term. You of the loyal States have nobly supported me. You have given me all the men and all the money I have asked for. You have borne and forborne with me in many changes of policy, and in all the assertions of arbitrary power to which I have thought it necessary to resort. I shall go on to the best of my ability to the end of my allotted term. But I am ready then to return to the ranks. No pride of place, no love of patronage or power, shall induce me to stand in your way for a moment in your great struggle to restore the Union of our fathers. I do not forget how much of personal prejudice and party jealousy were arrayed against me at the outset. I do not forget how deeply political and sectional antagonisms entered into the causes of this rebellion. I am not insensible that the policy which I have recently felt constrained to adopt has increased and aggravated those prejudices and those antagonisms. Select a new candidate. Choose a new President, against whom, and against whose friends, there will be less of preconceived hostility and hate; and may God give him wisdom and courage to save the country and restore the Union!” Ah, my friends, what a glorious example of patriotic self-denial and

magnanimity this would have been ! Who would not have envied President Lincoln the opportunity of exhibiting it ? I am by no means sure it would not have re-elected him President in spite of himself. But it would certainly have gone far, very far, towards securing unanimity in favor of some worthy successor ; and it was the way, and the only way, to prevent that division of the Northern sentiment which is in some quarters so earnestly deplored as unfavorable to the success of our arms.

But President Lincoln has thought fit to adopt the very reverse of this magnanimous and self-denying policy. He has quite forgotten that *one-term* principle to which he and I were committed as members of the old Whig party. We see him clinging eagerly and desperately to patronage and place. We see him demanding to be renominated, demanding to be re-elected, and claiming it almost as a test of patriotism and loyalty that we should all with one accord support him for four years more. We hear his Secretary of State comparing a vote against Abraham Lincoln to giving aid and comfort to the rebels, and even indulging in what is well called a portentous threat, that if the people shall dare to choose a new President, the Government will be abdicated, and left to fall to pieces of itself, between the election and the inauguration. An absurd assumption, that a support of the Government must necessarily involve a support of the policy of an existing administration.—this absurd and preposterous assumption, which has been put forward so arrogantly during the last year or two, is now pushed on to the monstrous length of maintaining, that patriotism demands the re-election of an existing President in time of war, even though a majority of the people may have no confidence in the capacity of the incumbent, either for conducting the war or for negotiating a peace. No changing presidents in the hour of danger or struggle is the cry. No swapping horses in crossing a stream. Every thing else may be changed or swapped. You may change commanders-in-chief in the very face of the enemy ; you may remove a gallant leader, as you did General McClellan, when he had just achieved one glorious victory, and was on his way to the almost certain achievement of another ; you may swap Secretaries of War, as you did Cameron for Stanton ; you may swap Secretaries of the Treasury, as you did Chase for

Fessenden: you may swap Postmasters-General, as you have just done Blair for Dennison: you may change your candidates for the Vice-Presidency, "handy-dandy," and leave Mr. Hannibal Hamlin to shoulder his musket in a Bangor militia company. Thus far you may go, but no further. You must not touch me. You must not change Presidents. Patriotism requires that Abraham Lincoln should be exempt from all such casualties. And so we are all to be drummed into voting for him under a threat of the pains and penalties of treason. Indeed, my friends, this extraordinary doctrine is getting to be a little contagious about these times; and from some recent manifestations in my own part of the country at least,—however it may be here or elsewhere,—I should suppose it was fast becoming a cherished dogma among office-holders of all grades, both national and State, that the only true patriotism consisted in keeping them all snugly in place, and that a failure to vote for any or all of them was little better than disloyalty to the Government! It is certainly very accommodating in our Presidents, and Governors, and Senators, and Representatives, thus to save the people the trouble of an election. If the war only lasts four years more, we shall, perhaps, be spared the trouble of elections altogether. My friends, if the people are wise, they will give some of their public servants a lesson on this subject before it is too late, and teach them that the freedom of elections is too precious a privilege to be abandoned at the dictation of those who have already enjoyed a greater length of service, as some of us think, than is altogether consistent with the public welfare and the public safety. The progress of this terrible war is leaving its mark on not a few of our most cherished privileges as freemen. An overshadowing doctrine of necessity has obliterated not a few of the old constitutional limitations and landmarks of authority. An armed prerogative has gradually lifted itself to an appalling height throughout the land. But, thank Heaven, it is still in the power of the people to assert their right to a fair and free election of their rulers. And if they shall do so successfully,—whatever may be the result,—no nobler spectacle will have been witnessed in this land since it first asserted its title to be called a land of liberty. Let it be seen that the American people can go through a Presidential

election freely and fairly, even during the raging storm of civil war, and our institutions will have had a glorious triumph, whatever party or whatever candidate may suffer a defeat. But, on the other hand, let the approaching election be overawed or overruled by force or by fraud, and our institutions will have sustained a disastrous defeat, whatever may be the result to parties or to candidates.

And here, fellow-citizens, let me say, that in this eager and desperate determination of the President and his party to prolong their official supremacy at all hazards, and even by the most unblushing exercise of all the patronage and power and influence of the Government in their own behalf, I find renewed reason for fearing that they cannot safely be trusted for an early restoration of "the Union as it was, under the Constitution as it is." No one can help seeing that it is by no means for their interest, as a party, to accomplish that result. No one can help seeing that such a restoration, under present circumstances, would give the finishing stroke to that political supremacy which they so eagerly seek to perpetuate. They themselves, certainly, are not blind nor indifferent to the fact that when the South shall return to its allegiance, their own party domination is at an end. Why, we all know how it was, even when the Republican party achieved its first and only great success by the election of President Lincoln. We all remember that even then their sceptre would have proved a powerless and barren sceptre, if there had been no secession and no rebellion. We all remember that if the Senators and Representatives of the Southern States had not withdrawn so rashly and wantonly from their seats, the Republican party would soon have been in a helpless minority in one, if not in both branches of Congress. They could not have carried a measure, they could not have confirmed a nomination, without the co-operation or consent of their opponents. And does anybody imagine that if the South were to lay down their arms to-morrow, and come back again into the old family fold, they would send any Senators or Representatives to Washington, whoever they might be, to sustain the measures or the men of the Republican party? No, my friends, that party itself sees plainly that no such thing is within the prospect of belief. That party sees that

the restoration of Union and peace under the old Constitution of our fathers is thus the end and upshot of their own dynasty. How, then, can we help fearing that they will willingly, if not systematically, postpone a result which is so sure to cut them off from any further enjoyment of power,—of that power to which they are clinging with so frenzied and frantic a grasp? The truth is, that the Republican party have so thriven and fattened on this rebellion, and it has brought them such an overflowing harvest of power, patronage, offices, contracts and spoils, and they have become so enamoured of the vast and overshadowing influence which belongs to an existing administration at such an hour, that they are in danger of forgetting that their country is bleeding and dying on their hands.

And this suggests to me, my friends, an idea to which I cannot refrain from giving a brief expression. You have not forgotten, I am sure, that most memorable period which immediately preceded the inauguration of President Lincoln, when the minds and hearts of so many good men throughout the country were earnestly intent on devising some mode of arresting and averting that terrible struggle in which we were so soon afterwards involved. You all remember that Peace Convention, as it was called, which assembled at Washington in February, 1861. You all remember the high and sanguine hopes which greeted its assembly; and you have not forgotten—no patriot can ever forget—how sadly those hopes were disappointed. For one, I have never for a moment doubted that if the incoming President and his friends in Congress had given countenance and encouragement to that Convention, and to the measures it proposed, the secession would have ended with South Carolina and the Gulf States, and we should have had Union and peace before six months had expired. The rebellion would have been nipped in the bud. It would have been crushed in the egg, and the wounds it had occasioned would have healed up, as the surgeons say, *by first intention*. I could furnish the opinions of some of the best men in our country, living and dead, to this effect. And why, why was that Convention so repelled and repudiated by the ultra wing of the Republican party? Why did they stand idly by, mocking at every effort to prevent and avert this great and terrible struggle, and rejoicing at what they called

the glorious future before them? How can any one doubt that it was because the secession of the South, and the withdrawal of the Southern representation, would secure that party predominance which was essential to the carrying-out of their cherished policy, as well as to the distribution of the spoils of victory. I was at Washington myself, during a portion of that period, in company with friends whom I esteem and honor to-day, as I esteemed and honored them then, though I find myself differing from more than one of them. We went on as the bearers of a petition of fifteen thousand citizens of Boston for the adoption of measures of conciliation and peace. It is not for me to say, even if I knew, what views were brought back by others of that little embassy: but I cannot forget the painful impression which was left upon my own mind, that there were men there, and in high places, too, who, instead of lifting a finger to arrest the dreadful catastrophe which was so obviously impending, were gloating and glorying over the departure of the successive Southern delegations, as furnishing a clearer field for the more successful prosecution of their own fanatical views, and for the more undisputed establishment of their own party supremacy. And can it be imagined that such men will be ready or willing to co-operate in bringing back the Southern States to their old allegiance to the Union? In bringing them back too, be it remembered, not merely with their old quota of representation, but with a much larger delegation in the House of Representatives than they have ever before enjoyed? For, my friends, if the President's proclamation is to have the full interpretation and sweeping efficacy which some of his friends claim for it, the representation of the Southern States—after the next apportionment, certainly—is to be not merely on the old three-fifth principle, but on the whole black race, man for man, as well as on the whole white race. It will hardly lie in the mouth of the Republican party, most assuredly, to refuse to the South a full representation on its whole black population. If the proclamation accomplished any thing, it abolished the three-fifth principle of the Constitution,—not, indeed, in the way in which John Quincy Adams once tried to abolish it many years ago, by striking out all representation of those to whom it related; but by giving a full, complete five-fifths repre-

sentation on the whole black population of the Southern States, I repeat, then, fellow-citizens, that it is too much the interest of the Republican party, as a party, to defer and postpone the return of the Southern States to the Union, for that party to be safely trusted with the work of restoration. Or, indeed, does any one imagine that those States are to be brought back without any representation? Is any one proposing to bring them back only as so many desolated and subjugated provinces, to be held for generations in a state of subjection and vassalage by enormous standing armies, and at an immeasurable cost of treasure and blood? Are we deliberately bent on having an American Hungary, or an American Poland, or an American Venice, on our continent? Do we desire to see even an American Ireland? Are all our efforts for the abolition of black slavery to end in establishing a quasi-condition of white slavery? Is that what we are fighting for, under the old Liberty Flag of our fathers? No, no, my friends, we must have the Old Constitutional Union again, if we have any thing,—with all the States, and with all the rights reserved to the States or to the people, as well as with all the powers secured to the general government. We are not fighting for a mere territorial Union. We are not fighting for a mere geographical area. We want, indeed, all the valleys, and all the mountains, and all the rivers, and all the lakes, which were ever included within the rightful limits of our once happy and prosperous land. But we want the men and women and children—white, certainly, not less than black—who have dwelt within those limits. And we want them in the old political organizations, which the Constitution has recognized, under their own State Governments, and with all the rights which belong to those governments. We want the Constitution of Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and Madison and Jay, without addition and without diminution. We want the glorious Union which that Constitution has secured to us in the past, and which, by the blessing of God overruling the madness of men, we trust, it is still destined to secure to us for the future. And Heaven forbid, that the temporary interests of any party should be suffered to interfere with the earliest practicable accomplishment of this great restoration! Heaven forbid, that this fratricidal war should

be prolonged for a day, or an hour, or an instant, in order to perpetuate or continue any mere party ascendancy! Heaven forbid, that so horrible a struggle should be suffered to degenerate into a great game of *Rouge et Noir*,—blood and negroes,—with nothing better than the spoils of office for its stake! It is sometimes suggested, my friends, that the Democratic party have been too good friends with the South to be trusted in arranging this difficulty. Why, that is the very reason why they should be trusted. I have often had reason to find fault with the Southern proclivities of some of the Northern Democrats: but if those proclivities can now be turned to the account of saving the Union, they may well be forgiven for more than all the mischief they have ever done in the past.

And now, bear with me once more, fellow-citizens, while I urge upon you, finally, that the principles or the policy of the Republican party, as well as their interest as a party, seem to me utterly incompatible with any early restoration of Union and peace. I refer, I need hardly say, to their policy or principles in regard to domestic slavery, as developed in the speeches of some of their leading members, and in the acts and express declarations of the President himself. We all know that the Administration have solemnly adopted the policy of complete emancipation as a necessary result of the rebellion and the war. We all know that after having rallied the country for two years on the plain, direct, constitutional issue of enforcing the laws and restoring the Union, the President suddenly changed his hand, and, in the teeth of all his own declarations and arguments, put forth a solemn proclamation of universal emancipation. We all know that, at this moment, no man in the rebel States is allowed to return to his allegiance and resume his place as a loyal citizen, without swearing to support this proclamation, as well as to support the Constitution of the United States. And we all remember that recently, on the first authentic or unauthentic overtures of peace and submission, the President issued a formal manifesto,—“To whom it may concern,”—making an abandonment of slavery a condition precedent for even the reception of any such proposals. Meantime Mr. Secretary Seward, for whom I have nothing but the kindest feelings, and who I honestly believe regrets such

extravagances as much as any of us, has expressly admitted in his recent and most extraordinary speech at Auburn, in New York, that there are those of the Republican party " who want guarantees for swift, and universal, and complete emancipation, or they do not want the nation saved." Ah, my friends, is there not too much reason for apprehending that this class of men is more numerous than even Mr. Seward imagines, and that in the next four years they will have acquired—even if they have not already acquired—a prevailing and paramount influence over the Administration? Mark the words: " Men who want guarantees for swift, and universal, and complete emancipation, or they do not want the nation saved." And this, I suppose, is what these men would call unconditional Unionism! But it is what you and I, fellow-citizens, should call conditional disunionism, and it can hardly fail to be so stigmatized wherever it is openly encountered. Why, what have we heard of late from gentlemen holding the highest official positions under the Republican regime in my own Commonwealth of Massachusetts? What have been the most recent utterances of the most distinguished Republicans in Faneuil Hall? I will not name names, for I have no taste for personality, but I will give the precise language. From one we have the declaration that " the appeal from sire to son should go on for ever and for ever until the last acre of Southern land, baptized by Massachusetts blood, should be rescued from the infidels to liberty." This, certainly, would seem very like preaching an eternal crusade against Southern slavery, without regard either to Union, peace, or the Constitution. From another equally distinguished Republican, we have the even more distinct declaration, that " the Baltimore Convention and Abraham Lincoln *ask something more than the Union* as the condition of peace;" and that " he has announced in his letter 'to all whom it may concern,' that all terms of peace must begin with the abandonment of slavery." While from the same eminent source we are assured, that a vote for Abraham Lincoln is to usher in the glorious day, when the eloquence of Wendell Phillips may be enjoyed at Richmond and Charleston, as it is now enjoyed at New York and Boston. I may be told, indeed, that all this is only the rant and rhapsody of fanatical rhetoricians; but I cannot so regard it. What said the

resolutions adopted at this same meeting? One of them concluded by the unequivocal announcement, that "the war must go on until the pride of the (Southern) leaders is humbled, their power broken, and the civil and social structure of the South re-organized on the basis of free labor, free speech, and equal rights for all before the law."

Well, now, my friends, there can be no misunderstanding the import of this language. It is clear, explicit, unequivocal. It does not pretend that the war is to be prosecuted for the restoration of the Union, but for something more than the restoration of the Union; and it expressly defines that something more to be "the total abandonment of slavery," and "re-organization of the social structure of the South on the basis of free labor, free speech, and equal rights for all before the law." These are the ends for which the war is to be prosecuted; and it is not to be permitted to cease until these ends are accomplished. From these declarations we may form, I think, a pretty distinct idea of the prospect before us if the Republican party remains in power, and make some approximate estimate of the chances of an early peace. Why, in what millennial period are all these results to be accomplished? By what process are they to be brought about? How is this total abandonment of slavery to be enforced? Are we to wait till each individual master has filed his separate bill of release? Are we to go on fighting till each individual State has adopted amendments to those constitutions which now prohibit any such proceeding? Or shall we recognize the power of the confederate government, and wait for that to initiate and enforce this re-organization of the social structure of the South? Within what period, I say, this side of the Greek kalends, can all this be accomplished? Fellow-citizens, there is not a man in the loyal States who would not rejoice with all his heart and soul, if African slavery could be safely and legitimately brought to an end on this whole continent. The Republican party have no monopoly of the philanthropy or of the patriotism of the land, though some of them would seem to claim it. But, for one, I have never had a particle of faith that a sudden, sweeping, forcible emancipation could result in any thing but mischief and misery for the black race, as well as the white. The proclamation, however, has

been issued long ago, and its efficacy and its authority are to be the subjects of future experience and future adjudication. To those I willingly leave it. It was undoubtedly one of the greatest stretches of the doctrine of necessity—it was unquestionably one of the most startling exercises of the one-man power—which the history of human government, free or despotic, ever witnessed. I have no disposition to question its wisdom or its authority, as a measure adopted for securing greater success to our arms, and an earlier termination of the war,—though I cannot help entertaining grave doubts on both points. But the idea that it is now to be made the pretext for prolonging that war, after the original and only legitimate end for which it was undertaken shall have been accomplished; the idea that we are to go on fighting and fighting for “something more” than the Union; the idea that the war is not to be permitted to cease until the whole social structure of the South has been re-organized, is one abhorrent to every instinct of my soul, to every dictate of my judgment, to every principle which I cherish as a statesman or as a Christian. It is a policy, too, in my opinion, utterly unconstitutional; and as much in the spirit of rebellion as almost any thing which has been attempted by the Southern States.

Why, does any one doubt for an instant, that if the Southern States were to lay down their arms to-morrow, and throw themselves unreservedly on their rights under the Constitution, that it would be the bounden duty of the government to receive their submission, and recognize their rights, subject only to such pains and penalties as might be legally enforced upon individuals duly convicted of treason? I have often hoped that this question might be brought to a practical test. I have often hoped, and still hope, that some one State, like the old State of North Carolina, or the great State of Georgia, might be induced to try the experiment of simply coming back under the old flag, without asking any questions, or seeking to exact in advance any conditions whatever. What President, what administration, what party, shall dare to stand in the way, and tell either of those States that we have ceased to fight for the Union, that we are fighting for *something more* than the Union, and that she must stay out until she has re-organized her whole social structure? What President, what ad-

ministration, what party, shall dare to repel and repulse such a returning sister, and tell her that she cannot be re-admitted to the old family household until she has prepared herself for relishing the eloquence of Wendell Phillips, justly celebrated as that eloquence may be? Why, my friends, the proclamation of the President, as an instrument for achieving success and securing submission, is one thing; but a demand for the total abandonment of slavery, and the re-organization of the whole social structure of the South, as conditions precedent for receiving and accepting submission whenever it shall be tendered, and after it has been secured, is a wholly different thing. The one may, perhaps, be justified on a constructive plea of necessity. But there can be no plea of necessity after the submission is accomplished. If the States in rebellion, one or all, were simply to lay down their arms to-morrow, and throw themselves unconditionally on the old Constitution, and range themselves once more under the old flag, what else could we do, what else should we do, but receive them with open arms to the old Union of our fathers? Pains and penalties might be enforced on individual offenders. The law and the officers of the law would have all that matter to look after. But pains and penalties would soon be almost forgotten in the joy which would pervade the country. The return of the prodigal son would be nothing to it. We should get a nearer and clearer impression than almost ever before of that exquisite idea of the good Book,—that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Whatever the administration or the President might say, the great majority of the people of the United States, as I believe, would adopt the tone of that noble letter of the hero of Atlanta, when he said to the mayor of that captured city: "We don't want your negroes, or your horses, or your houses, or your land, or any thing you have; but we do want, and will have, a just obedience to the laws of the United States." "I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to early and perfect success. But, my dear sir, when that peace does come, you may call on me for any thing. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families

against danger from every quarter." Yes, not only would the gallant Sherman "watch with them to shield their homes and families against danger from every quarter," but that whole noble army, which has done such glorious service in the West, would watch with him, and we should witness such a fraternization, and such a jubilee, as would send a thrill of joy to the heart of every real friend of Union and peace and constitutional liberty in our land. We should not stop to ask whether we had obtained any thing more than Union and peace. We should leave the judicial tribunals to ascertain that. We should remit that question to the constables and the court-houses. We should feel that in vindicating the authority of the Constitution and laws, and in restoring the Union of our fathers, we had prepared the way for a glorious future for our country, and had accomplished the great end for which so many noble young men had shed their blood and laid down their lives. And so we should all thank God and be joyful. Undoubtedly, my friends, it is the hope of us all, that, in some way or other, sooner or later, out of this abhorrent rebellion will have come the ultimate extinction of domestic slavery. Many of us believe that if the war were to cease to-morrow, and the Southern States were to come back without any condition or terms whatever, slavery would be found to have received a wound from which it could never recover. Mr. Seward himself, in that same extraordinary speech from which I have already quoted, has expressly told us that, practically, slavery is no longer in question. "I told you here (he says), a year ago, that, practically, slavery was no longer in question,—that it was perishing under the operation of the war." "That assertion," he adds, "has been confirmed. Jefferson Davis tells you in effect the same thing." And Jefferson Davis does indeed tell us very much the same thing, if the report is to be credited of his conversation with certain quasi-peace commissioners who went to Richmond under a pass furnished by General Grant at the request of President Lincoln. Jefferson Davis is stated in that report to have admitted that two millions of slaves—one-half of the whole number in the Southern States—had been practically freed already.

But whatever may be our opinions on this point, it will be enough for us all,—enough, certainly, for General McClellan and

his supporters,—if we shall have succeeded in restoring the Union; and I believe the people of the loyal States will agree with him and agree with us, that the war ought not to be prosecuted another day, another hour, another instant, for any purpose under the sun, except the simple restoration of the Union. “The Union,—the Union,—the one condition of peace. We ask no more.” That is the platform of our candidate, and that is our platform. We are not for propagating philanthropy at the point of the bayonet. We are not for wading through seas of blood in order to re-organize the whole social structure of the South. Christianity forbids us; for it tells us not to do evil even that good may come. The Constitution forbids us; for the moment the rebellion is suppressed, the war becomes unconstitutional, whatever may be its pretext. The condition of our country, which has already sent forth more than two millions of soldiers into the field, and which is already groaning beneath a debt of three or four thousand millions of dollars,—the condition of our beloved country forbids us from sending another soldier, or spending another dollar, after the Union is saved. Fellow-citizens, a solemn oath to support “the Constitution of the United States as it is,” is still upon all our rulers, and a solemn obligation to do so still rests upon the whole people. No rebellion elsewhere can justify rebellion on our part. We must pursue constitutional ends, and we must pursue them by constitutional means. Then we shall succeed, and then our success will be substantial and permanent. Oh, what a triumph it would be if the Constitution of our fathers should come out, after all, unscathed from this fiery trial; if it should be seen to have prevailed, by its own innate original force and vigor, over all the machinations and assaults of its enemies! How proudly, then, might we hold it up before all mankind, in all time to come, as we have in all time past, as indeed the masterpiece of political and civil wisdom! How confidently could we then challenge all the world to show us a system of government of equal stability and endurance! It has already stood the strain of prosperity and of adversity. Foreign wars and domestic dissensions have hitherto assailed it in vain. The rains have descended, and the winds have blown, and the floods have come and beaten upon it,

but it has not been shaken. The great final test is now upon it; rebellion, revolution, civil war, in their most formidable and appalling shape. Oh, if we can but carry it through this last trial unharmed, we never again need fear for its security. Let us then hold it up—the Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution—as at once the end and the instrument of all our efforts. Let us demand a faithful adherence to all its forms and to all its principles. Let us watch jealously for the observance and fulfilment of all its provisions. And let us resolve that if it does fail and fall at last, it shall be by the madness of its enemies, and not by the supineness or willing surrender of its friends.

Fellow-citizens, with such issues before us, I need say little about candidates. You know already, I am sure, all that you care to know about President Lincoln. Yet, perhaps, I can recall a little passage in his public life which may at least amuse you. His only term of Congressional service was during the period when I had the honor to preside over the House of which he was a member. He helped me to the Speaker's chair by his own vote, and I really wish I could find it in my conscience to return the compliment at this moment. But I cannot forget a certain speech which he made in the month of July, 1848, in reference to the nomination for the Presidency of a distinguished Democrat who still lives (I rejoice to remember), to enjoy the esteem and respect of all who know him.

“By the way, Mr. Speaker (said he), did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir (continued he), in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place soon afterward. It is quite certain that I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody

struggles with the mosquitoes ; and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and therenpon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presideney, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Ah, my friends, what a blessed thing for the country it would have been if President Lincoln had only "recked his own rede ;" if, after he became President, he had not made fun of himself by attempting to play the part of a military hero ! Why, it is hardly too much to say that if he had never undertaken to direct and control the course of our armies, if he had not so rashly interfered with the movements of at least one of our generals, Richmond might have been taken, and the war triumphantly terminated, long before this time. You all know the General to whom I refer, and the circumstances of that interference.

Indeed, the whole career of our noble candidate is fresh in the minds and hearts of the whole American people. You have followed the story, I doubt not, as admirably narrated by my accomplished and excellent friend, Mr. Hillard. You have traced him through that memorable campaign in Mexico, and have not forgotten his gallantry at Contreras, where, like Washington at Braddock's defeat, he had two horses shot under him, but came off substantially unharmed. You have accompanied him on his visit to the scene of the Crimean war, and have not forgotten his masterly report on the armies of Europe. You have followed him in that glorious little pioneer campaign in Western Virginia, at the outbreak of the rebellion, and have not forgotten the brilliant victories by which that campaign was crowned. You have seen him assume the command of the whole forces of the Union, and have not forgotten with what devotion, and with what consummate skill, he organized the grand Army of the Potomac. You have followed him through that terrible Peninsular campaign. You have accompanied him through those fearful seven days of agony and glory. You have seen how cruelly he was thwarted and stripped of his troops on the

right hand and on the left, and you have not forgotten how bravely he bore up under all the grievous disappointments to which he was subjected. You have seen him assuming command again at the solicitation of the President, at an hour of the greatest peril to our capital and our country,—re-organizing as by magic the brave but broken battalions of the Army of the Potomac, and achieving the glorious victory of Antietam on the very birthday of the Constitution. And you have not failed to read his admirable despatch from Harrison's Landing, his brilliant oration at West Point, and his noble letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency. No words of mine, no words of anybody, could add any thing to such a record. No words of his enemies can take away one jot or one tittle from that record. I have no disposition to exaggerate his services or his merits, much less to disparage those of others. We all know that other commanders have done nobly, and have achieved victories which have entitled them to the honor and gratitude of the whole country. It has been their fortune, however, to be let alone. Many of them, too, are still in the field, privileged still to lead the armies and fight the battles of their country, instead of being unjustly deprived of their command and inexorably doomed to inaction. There will be an opportunity for doing full justice to their deserts hereafter. But what can be more fit, than for the people of the United States now to take up this young and gallant leader whom the rulers have so wantonly rejected, and to place him where his experience and abilities may be turned to account for the rescue of his country? In the full vigor of manhood, without a stain or a shade upon his character, a man of virtuous life and Christian principle, brave, prudent, patriotic, a stranger to all mere party polities, a perfect stranger to any thing like political management or political intrigue, one who has known how to command a great army and has never forgotten how to command himself, with no pledges on his lips or in his heart, except to the enforcement of the laws, the vindication of the Constitution, and the restoration of the Union;—what is there wanting in him to attract the confidence and support of all loyal men, and to secure the respect and admiration even of his enemies? Let me not forget, however, to remind you, my

friends, that he has in his veins, in common with so many of you, and in common, as I am glad to remember, with myself, too, a little good old Connecticut blood, coming down from an ancestor who settled here a century ago. I am sure you will not think any the worse of him for that.

I fear, my friends, that I have already detained you too long. My own strength, certainly, will hardly hold out longer, even if your indulgence and your patience be not already exhausted. But I must not take my leave of you without giving you a little piece of testimony of the highest interest and importance. Among the refugees from Atlanta, immediately after its capture, there came within our lines, not many days ago, a person of the most estimable and excellent character, who had enjoyed the best opportunities of understanding the Southern heart. And what said he, do you think, on being interrogated as to the prospects of the future? I can give you his remarks from the most authentic source. They were communicated to me by a good friend of the Union in one of the border States. "If Mr. Lincoln is re-elected," said he, "the people of the South will fight for thirty years, for they feel that they can do nothing better, but if McClellan is elected, such an overwhelming Union party will be formed in the South, that peace will be the almost immediate result." "I speak," said he, "the sentiments of the people, not the officials. The leaders of the rebellion are anxious for the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, as giving most hope of the ultimate success of the rebel cause. But the people," he added, "respect McClellan, and believe in his honesty, capacity, and patriotism; and, being heartily tired of the war, they will be willing to trust him." Such is the latest and most authentic testimony from the very heart of the Southern Confederacy. It was communicated to me from a source entitled to the highest confidence, and it concurs, I need hardly say, with every opinion which I have been able to form for myself. I do firmly and honestly believe that, if by the aid of this good old State of Connecticut, George Brinton McClellan shall be proclaimed President of the United States of America on the fourth day of March next, as I hope and trust he may be, another year will not have expired without witnessing the final termination of the

rebellion; and that the succeeding fourth of July will find us celebrating such a jubilee as has not been seen since that day was first hailed as the birthday of American independence. I do not forget the danger of indulging in these ninety-days, or even twelve-month, prophecies. I do not forget how many memorable warnings we have had of their fallacy. I can only say, that in that hope, in that trust, in that firm and unswerving confidence, I shall give my vote to the candidate of the Democratic party; and whether that vote shall prove to have been cast with the many or with the few, with majorities or with minorities, I shall feel that I have followed the dictates of my own best judgment, of my own conscientious convictions of duty, and of my own unalterable attachment and devotion to the Constitution and the Union of my country.

I will not undertake to calculate the chances of success. The results of the late elections seem to decide nothing, except that the great battle is still to be fought, and that a victory is still within our reach. But whatever may be the results of the election, let us resolve never to despair of the republic. We are on the eve of one of the most memorable anniversaries in our history as a nation. Eighty-three years ago to-morrow, on the 19th of October, 1781, the soil of Virginia was the scene of a far different spectacle from that which it unhappily witnesses at this hour. The soldiers of the North and of the South, instead of confronting each other in deadly strife, were then standing triumphantly side by side, under the glorious lead of Washington, to receive the final surrender of the forces which had been so long arrayed against our national independence. Would to Heaven that the precious memories of that event might be once more revived in every American heart! Would to Heaven that even now the associations of that day might overpower and disarm the unnatural hostility of our adversaries, and that the soldiers of the North and South might be seen, like the soldiers in the old Roman story, rushing into each other's embrace under the old flag of our fathers! But even if such a result is to be longer, and still longer, and still longer postponed, let us never despair that such a day of final surrender will come; a day when rebellion will be everywhere suppressed and extin-

guished ; a day when a policy of Christian statesmanship, breathing something better than threatenings and slaughter, and based upon a juster idea than that the whole Southern people are barbarians and outlaws, shall accomplish its legitimate work of restoring Union and peace to our afflicted land ; a day when, by the blessing of God, that glorious vision of Daniel Webster may again be verified for us and for our children, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and from ocean to ocean : "One country, one Constitution, one destiny." And when that day shall come, I can desire for myself no other distinction than to be thought not unworthy of some humble share in that inscription which was engraved on the old tomb of my ancestors two centuries and a half ago,—before New London, before even Boston, had a name or a local habitation on the American continent,—"*Beati Sunt Pacifici*,"—Blessed are the Peacemakers. I can desire for myself no other distinction than to be remembered among those who, in the words of our noble candidate, "would hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of Peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood."

THE POLICY OF THE OPPOSITION.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE MUSIC HALL IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 2, 1851.

I CANNOT but regard it as a special compliment, fellow-citizens, to have been called on to preside over this meeting, and I desire to return my most grateful acknowledgments to all to whom I am indebted for so agreeable a distinction. The worthy President of the Association, under whose auspices the meeting has been convened, might well have occupied the chair himself on this occasion. He has chosen, however, the humbler position of a seat at my side; and I need not assure you how glad I am to be supported by one whose courage and whose patriotism have been tested on so many hard-fought fields. This is not the first time, as we all know, that he has occupied a lower place than he deserved. Most heartily do I wish that he had always owed his failure to obtain his deserts, as he certainly does to-night, to his own modesty, and not to the persevering neglect and injustice of others. He may well be content, however, with the consciousness of having done his duty; with the abundant testimonials of those who were eye-witnesses of his career; and with the assurance that he enjoys the respect and regard of so many of his fellow-citizens without distinction of party at home.

And now, my friends, you will not expect from me, on taking the chair to-night, any very extended or elaborate address. I am here only to introduce others,—only as a medium for drawing out manifestations from some of the brilliant spirits around me. A few opening remarks are all that I have promised, and all that will be in my power. Indeed, I have hitherto resolutely declined attending any meetings in my own city or Commonwealth during

the present campaign,—believing that whatever efforts it might be in my power to make, could be turned to better account in other directions. Two considerations, however, have induced me to deviate from this decision this evening: and both of them have been drawn from what I have found on the printed programme which was sent to me a few days since, and which I hold in my hand at this moment. It seems from this paper, that the National McClellan Legion, of which the Massachusetts Divisions are here assembled, have adopted for their motto a passage from the farewell remarks addressed to the Army of the Potomac by the gallant leader whose promotion to the Presidency they have so deeply at heart. Of that motto the most striking and significant phrase is the one in which our noble candidate declares to the fellow-officers and fellow-soldiers from whom he was so suddenly and so rashly compelled to part,—“We shall be comrades still, in supporting the Constitution of our country.” Comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country! What prouder or more glorious companionship could any one desire than that? Some of our opponents seem to imagine that they can frighten us from our position, by modestly assuming that they have all the virtues, and all the talents, and all the accomplishments, and all the patriotism, and all the piety, on their side, and by holding up in derision the names of men on our side who, justly or unjustly, have been rendered obnoxious or odious, here or elsewhere. It would be easy to suggest to them, that they could find men equally obnoxious and equally odious in their own ranks, if they would only take the trouble to look for them. And they need not search for them with a candle or a microscope either. But it is enough for ourselves at this hour, that we are comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country. That is a fellowship which we prize above all others: and no consideration of who may be with us, or who may be against us, can induce us to renounce it. This is the one great idea, not of this McClellan Legion only, but of the whole McClellan party throughout the land. This is the one all-important and only important principle on which we are all arrayed against the existing Administration. No true friend of the old Constitution of our Fathers—no one who loves and reverences that sacred instrument which was signed by

Washington, which was expounded and advocated by Hamilton and Madison and Jay, and which was so grandly defended by Webster—can fail to have marked with the deepest concern and apprehension, how it has been treated by “the Powers that be,” and how it is habitually spoken of by not a few of the leading supporters of the existing Administration. Who has forgotten the bold and unrebuted declaration of the official leader of the Republican party, on the floor of Congress, that “the Union never shall, with his consent, be restored under the Constitution as it is”? Who has forgotten the hardly less bold assertion at Faneuil Hall only a few days ago, that “the necessities of internal war have thrown the nation back upon the first law of nature, and that the present situation is one for which written constitutions make no provision”? Where, where, my friends, are such doctrines as these about to lead us? Where have they led us already? Who does not perceive that when the President and his party renounce the Constitution, they renounce the only authority upon which we have any government at all,—the only authority on which they themselves have any more claim to rule this nation than you or I have?

I do not forget that exceptional cases will occur in times of great political convulsion which demand exceptional treatment; and I have been disposed, and am still disposed, to make every reasonable allowance for the Administration on this score. Martial law, we all admit, must sometimes be declared, and must sometimes be rigidly executed. But when martial law is deliberately and permanently substituted for almost every other kind of law; when it is promulgated and enforced in places and under circumstances where it has no relation whatever to military affairs; when this extreme medicine of government is adopted and administered as its daily bread; when we see persons arrested and imprisoned, and even sent out of the country without examination or trial at the demand of foreign Powers; when we see newspapers silenced and suppressed at the tinkling of an Executive bell, a thousand miles away from the scene of hostilities; when we find test oaths prescribed by military authorities, like those in Tennessee, striking at the very root of all freedom of elections, and virtually forbidding any votes except for the very party which prescribes

the test : when we hear those who have solemnly sworn to support the Constitution proclaiming a prospective and permanent policy in utter disregard and defiance of that great charter of free government, and deriding and denouncing all who are for holding fast to it as it is,— who can help being alarmed for the future ? Who can help feeling that it is time for us to rally to the rescue of our rights, and to become comrades in earnest in supporting the Constitution of our country ? Why, listen again, my friends, to that same recognized Republican leader on the floor of Congress. Hear him telling the people of Philadelphia, a few evenings since, that, “ by the well-known law of nations, war abrogates all compacts,— that such compacts are never to be revived as they were, and that we are now governed by the laws of war and the laws of nations alone.” What a doctrine is this ! The Constitution a mere compact ! A compact, too, which has been already abrogated by war ! A compact, still again, which is never to be revived as it was ! A compact which has been completely superseded by the laws of war and the laws of nations, by which alone we are now governed ! Or take the same general idea as it was enunciated still more recently, and still nearer home, by an ex-Governor of Massachusetts, when, instead of recognizing the old division of powers under the Constitution,— judicial, legislative, and executive,— he declared the three kinds of power to be “ judicial, democratic, and despotic,” and more than intimated that the only kind of power which could be effectively exercised in these times was the despotic ! Where again, I ask, are doctrines like these about to land us ? Is it not time for the friends of law and order, for the lovers of constitutional liberty and republican government, to make a stand—a firm and decided stand — against the utter subversion of all those principles and all those institutions which have hitherto made us a free people ? Truly, if such doctrines are to prevail, it is something more than a joke to suggest, that when our fathers established a General Government, they only intended the government of a General. No one, I think, fellow-citizens, can fail to perceive that there are among us, and around us, men who are so eager, so impatient, so frantic, for the entire abolition of domestic slavery in the Southern States, that they are ready to trample under foot every thing of human, or, I had almost said, of Divine .

law, which seems to stand in their way. A real or imaginary philanthropy is with them, certainly, an all-sufficient excuse for disregarding both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of our country,—of that very Constitution which not a few of them are solemnly sworn to support. How well might they borrow a lesson of caution from that world-renowned dramatist, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birthday has recently been commemorated in both hemispheres. There are few things more impressive or more beautiful in all the productions of that mighty master, than the language and the thoughts which he has put into the mouth of the accomplished and admirable Portia. You all remember,—none of her own sex certainly can have forgotten,—that after she had pleaded the cause of mercy in the most impassioned and exquisite strains which ever fell from mortal lips, and when her whole soul seemed absorbed with the one idea of accomplishing a signal act of humanity,—it was suddenly suggested to her that the law might for once be wrested from its true intent and rightful interpretation, and she was implored to sanction a little wrong in order to effect a great right. “To do a great right, do a little wrong,” this was the language addressed to her. But her immediate and noble reply was,—“It must not be,—’twill be recorded for a precedent. And many an error, by the same example, will rush into the State.”

I have no claim to be listened to by the leaders of the Republican party, or I would implore them not to forget such words of caution and of wisdom. I would implore them, in pressing their schemes of real or imaginary philanthropy, still to remember the sanctity of the Constitution; still to remember the oath which they have taken to support, preserve, protect, and defend it. I would implore them to beware what examples they set, what precedents they establish, for those who may succeed them in power. I would implore them not to adopt the abhorrent maxim that the end justifies the means,—not to do a little wrong even in order to accomplish what they may consider as a great right. But let me not for a moment be thought to imply that abrogating or violating the Constitution of our country would be only a little wrong. No greater or more irreparable wrong could be perpetrated by man than to set at nought that Constitution which is

the only bond of our Union, the only bulwark of our liberty. Abandon that Constitution, or accept the doctrine that it has been abrogated by war, and we are without all government and all law as a nation; we are in a state of national anarchy and chaos. The election of rulers and representatives becomes an empty form, and the inauguration of a President a mere farce and mockery. Abandon the Constitution, and the Ship of State is left tossing upon a shoreless sea, without rudder or compass, liable at any moment to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. And, though I have no heart for pleasantry on such a topic, let me add that if in such a case the good old ship shall escape such a catastrophe, and be rescued from final wreck, it will be only because she will have been treated in advance to a thorough sheathing of *copper* from stem to stern.

My friends, there is, in my judgment, no hope of rescuing or re-establishing the Union of our country except by adhering resolutely and rigidly to the Constitution of our Fathers, and by seeking exclusively constitutional ends by constitutional means. The Constitution gives ample power to the President and Congress to enforce the laws and to suppress insurrection and rebellion; but it nowhere authorizes them to go about suppressing and abolishing whatsoever they may please to regard as the cause or causes of the rebellion, and to postpone a restoration of Union and Peace until we have re-organized the whole social structure of the Southern States. Nor does it anywhere contemplate such ideas as subjugation, extermination, or the annihilation of States. President Lincoln himself had the right idea in his head when he resisted the pressure of the Chicago clergymen, and refused for a time to issue a certain memorable proclamation. "We have already," said he, "an important principle to rally and unite the people, in the fact that Constitutional Government is at stake. That is a fundamental idea, going down about as deep as any thing." Deeper, deeper than any thing, he might well have said. Constitutional Government is the very foundation of all the liberty we enjoy for ourselves, and of all the liberty that we can hope for our children. Other foundation can no man lay than that which has been laid,—Constitutional Government as the basis of all political and civil freedom. Most

sincerely, then, do I rejoice that the parting pledge of General McClellan to his gallant army, and the rallying word of so many of that army in his support for the Presidency, is,—“We shall be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our Country.” We can have no nobler motto. Under that let us contend. Under that, with God’s blessing, let us conquer. And then our victory will be one to secure Peace, Union, and Liberty to our whole land, and one which will restore us to an independent and commanding position among the nations of the earth. It is sometimes suggested that we shall have achieved no real success unless we come out of this rebellion under the same President against whose authority it was originally commenced. This is staking our success on a mere question of persons. Our true triumph will be to come out of the rebellion under the same Constitution under which it was commenced, and to exhibit that great charter of Republican government as victorious over all its foes.

But there is another principle on this printed programme of the McClellan Legion to which I must briefly allude before making way for the formal speakers of the evening. It is embraced in the request distinctly set forth among the objects of the Association, that “all speeches, orations, and conversations of the members, as such, shall be free from local party rancor, and shall be high-toned and gentlemanly in their bearing.” It is refreshing, fellow-citizens, to find men associating themselves together at this hour in such a spirit as these words imply, and thus resolving to do what they can to mitigate the ferocity of party strife and personal denunciation, and to discountenance those asperities and violences of debate which so often endanger the public peace. It is truly refreshing to find men at such a moment as the present, recalling that noble injunction of a great English orator and statesman, that “we should so be patriots as not to forget that we are gentlemen.” He might well have added that we should so be patriots as not to forget that we are Christians. Oh, my friends, if this abstinence from party rancor and personal vituperation, if this adherence to a high-toned and gentlemanly bearing in debate, could have been observed and enforced a dozen years ago, in our public assemblies and in our

the only bond of our Union, the only bulwark of our liberty. Abandon that Constitution, or accept the doctrine that it has been abrogated by war, and we are without all government and all law as a nation; we are in a state of national anarchy and chaos. The election of rulers and representatives becomes an empty form, and the inauguration of a President a mere farce and mockery. Abandon the Constitution, and the Ship of State is left tossing upon a shoreless sea, without rudder or compass, liable at any moment to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. And, though I have no heart for pleasantry on such a topic, let me add that if in such a case the good old ship shall escape such a catastrophe, and be resued from final wreck, it will be only because she will have been treated in advance to a thorough sheathing of copper from stem to stern.

My friends, there is, in my judgment, no hope of resening or re-establishing the Union of our country except by adhering resolutely and rigidly to the Constitution of our Fathers, and by seeking exclusively constitutional ends by constitutional means. The Constitution gives ample power to the President and Congress to enforce the laws and to suppress insurrection and rebellion; but it nowhere authorizes them to go about suppressing and abolishing whatsoever they may please to regard as the cause or causes of the rebellion, and to postpone a restoration of Union and Peace until we have re-organized the whole social structure of the Southern States. Nor does it anywhere contemplate such ideas as subjugation, extermination, or the annihilation of States. President Lincoln himself had the right idea in his head when he resisted the pressure of the Chicago clergymen, and refused for a time to issue a certain memorable proclamation. "We have already," said he, "an important principle to rally and unite the people, in the fact that Constitutional Government is at stake. That is a fundamental idea, going down about as deep as any thing." Deeper, deeper than any thing, he might well have said. Constitutional Government is the very foundation of all the liberty we enjoy for ourselves, and of all the liberty that we can hope for our children. Other foundation can no man lay than that which has been laid,—Constitutional Government as the basis of all political and civil freedom. Most

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halls of legislation, we should never have had this terrible civil war. It can hardly be denied that the tongue, that unruly member, that world of iniquity, as it is called in Holy Writ, "which setteth on fire the course of nature and is set on fire"—we all remember how—was one of the prime movers of all the mischief that has befallen our country. Criminations and recriminations, mutual accusations and insults, reciprocal vituperations and denunciations, exciting bad blood, fomenting sanguinary animosities, and imbibing all the streams and currents of social affection and social intercourse,—these were among the immediate incitements to that original and atrocious revolt which has been followed by so deadly a struggle. Let us beware of dealing in such intemperance of dispute among ourselves. Let us recognize frankly the differences which naturally spring up in a great crisis like the present. Let us impute bad motives to no one. Let us not return railing for railing. Let us concede to others the same honesty of purpose and earnestness of patriotism which we claim for ourselves; and let us do all that we can to prepare the way for a peaceful and patriotic submission on all sides to whatever may be the result of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The country will need the united services, the cordial co-operation, of all its sons, whoever may be President. Too much, too much of the old magnetic sympathy which once bound together the people of the land has already been destroyed by the storm of civil war. The electric chord has been snapped and shattered on all sides, and its supporters prostrated in the dust. Let us strive to restore a better understanding even among those who differ so widely from each other. Let us lift up again those prostrate supports, and do all in our power to repair those shattered chords. And let us hope that the day is not far distant, when, by the blessing of God, something of the old spirit of conciliation and kindness may be revived throughout our whole country; when we may have, in the high places of the Nation, conductors, instead of non-conductors as now, for the glorious electric spark of Union and Nationality; and when a policy shall be adopted and pursued which shall attract, instead of repelling, even our deluded brethren of the Southern States. This, my friends, is the policy which our noble candidate, General McClel-

lan, has uniformly inculcated by precept and by example. This is the spirit in which so many of the officers and soldiers who have served under him as a General, have associated and organized themselves for his support as President. And this is the spirit in which they have assembled here this evening, and we with them, to encourage and animate each other in the cause in which they are engaged, and to listen to the story of his career from the eloquent lips of one whose pen has already furnished its most faithful and brilliant illustration. Knowing well, as we all do, that this is no mere question about candidates or men,—that principles are at stake far above all consideration of parties or of persons, and which touch the very life of the nation,—you do not yet forget how much even the best and noblest principles may be indebted, for their successful vindication, to the purity of life, the dignity of character, the careful training and varied experience, the magnanimity and self-reliance, the high-toned and chivalrous bearing, of the men who may be selected to defend them. We all know how much the personal character and qualities of George Washington did for the first establishment of our Constitution and our Union. We compare no one with him, living or dead. But it may be that the virtues and valor, the prudence and patriotism, of another George, who has already identified himself with the rescue of the Capital by achieving the victory of Antietam on the very birthday of the Constitution, may supply the one thing needful for that glorious restoration of Union and Peace, which is the first, best wish of every patriot heart. God grant that it may be so! Meantime, my friends, let us listen without further delay to the story of his career from one who has studied it so faithfully, and whom I am happy in being able to present to you not only as the associate of my earlier years,—my classmate at school and college,—but as an esteemed and valued friend from that day to this. I present to you the Hon. George S. Hillard.

A HOME FOR THE SAILORS.

A SPEECH MADE ON THE OPENING OF THE SAILORS' FAIR, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE,
NOVEMBER 9, 1864.

IT happens, ladies and gentlemen, that in the distribution of parts for carrying out the great enterprise in behalf of which we are assembled, a place was assigned me, by the managers, on the committee for the picture gallery: and whatever humble aid my worthy colleagues on that committee have allowed me to render, has been rendered in that connection. I hope, therefore, that I may be pardoned for saying, at the outset of the very few remarks which I propose to make this evening, and in justice to my associates who have taken the laboring oar in the work, that a really beautiful collection of paintings has been arranged at the Atheneum, and that we trust that no one who takes an interest in the object of this occasion will forget to pay a visit to the gallery before the Fair is closed.

But what gallery of pictures can be compared with the living, breathing panorama before us? What Interiors or Bazaars by old masters or by new,—what portraits by Copley, or Stuart, or Allston,—what fancy heads or fairy groups by any artist who could be named among the living or among the dead,—can equal or approach the heads, the groups, the gorgeous Interior, the more than Oriental Bazaar, which our eyes are permitted to gaze at and feast upon at this moment?

This is indeed, my friends, a glorious show, and one which, as I need hardly say, derives peculiar brilliancy and beauty from the circumstances under which it is witnessed. It would be difficult, I think, not merely within the compass of real life, but even in the whole wide range of that dramatic art to which this edifice

is specially dedicated, to find a more striking or a more welcome contrast, than that between the scenes which have been presented in our own city, and in so many other cities and towns throughout our land, night after night for many weeks past, and the scene which is exhibited here before us and around us at this moment.

Every voice of contention hushed. Every note of discord silenced. A not unnatural exultation beaming from a thousand faces around me; a spirit of cheerful acquiescence in the will of the people, not less manifest, I trust, upon the countenances of all the others; nothing anywhere but the best wishes for our beloved country, and for those who have been called to rule over it. Meantime, all hearts animated by a common purpose; all thoughts intent on a common design; music, eloquence, patriotism, heroism, beauty, all gathered and grouped beneath a common canopy and in a common cause, and that the cause of as noble a charity as man or woman has ever advocated or conceived. Well may we recall those words of rapture which have so often been hailed from the lips of some favorite actor on this board:—

"If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!"

For myself, certainly, I cannot but feel that a most grateful acknowledgment is due from us all to those who have arranged this refreshing and exquisite afterpiece to the exciting and exhausting Drama through which we have just passed; and who have thus afforded us an opportunity of showing, that in the cause of humanity,—in the cause of justice, let me rather say, to the gallant Tars who have upheld the flag of our Country so nobly on the seas,—there are no dissensions, no divisions, no differences,—nothing but sympathy, concurrence, co-operation, earnest, cordial, unanimous.

A Home for the Sailors and Marines disabled in the naval service of our country! A Home for poor Jack, that he, too, may at last have a place to lay his head, where he may enjoy the reminiscences of the past and prepare for the responsibilities of the future, where he may spin his long yarns to his heart's content, and learn something of the meaning as well as of the melody of "Home,—Sweet Home." Why, it might almost be called a

she soon may! without a star missing from our flag or a tribe missing from our American Israel, the noble Institution, in whose behalf we are assembled, may be found established and organized, — a memorial at once of the patriotism and persevering efforts of our own American women, and a lasting monument of the gratitude of the whole country to our heroic and iron-hearted sailors!

THE DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

A SPEECH MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1865.

I HARDLY know, fellow-citizens and friends, I hardly know either how to speak or how to be silent here to-day. I dare not trust myself to any off-hand, impulsive utterance on such a theme. And yet I cannot but feel how poor and how inadequate to the occasion is the best preparation which I am capable of making. I am sincerely and deeply sensible how unfitted I am, by emotions which I should in vain attempt to restrain, for meeting the expectations and the demands of such an hour, or for doing justice to an event which has hardly left a heart unmoved, or an eye unmoistened, in our whole community. Most gladly would I still be permitted to remain a listener only, and to indulge a silent but heartfelt sorrow for the loss of so illustrious a fellow-citizen and so dear a friend.

I have so often been privileged to follow him on these public occasions of every sort, that I feel almost at a loss how to proceed without the encouragement of his friendly countenance and the inspiration of his matchless tones. I seem to myself to be still waiting for his ever-welcome, ever-brilliant lead. I find it all but impossible to realize the fact, that we are assembled here in Faneuil Hall, at a meeting at which whatever is most eloquent, whatever is most impressive, whatever is most felicitous and most finished, ought justly to be heard, and that Edward Everett is not here with us to say the first, the best, the all-sufficient word. I feel myself impelled to exclaim,—and you will all unite with me in the exclamation,—

“Oh for the sound of a voice that is still’d,
And the touch of a vanished hand!”

Certainly, my friends, I can find no other words to begin with, than those which he himself employed, when rising to speak in this hall on the death of that great statesman, whose birthday, by a strange but touching coincidence, we are so sadly commemorating by this public tribute to his life-long friend and chosen biographer. "There is but one voice," said Mr. Everett of Daniel Webster, and certainly I may repeat it of himself to-day, "There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas, we shall hear no more for ever."

Yes, fellow-citizens, as a celebrated Roman historian said of the consummate orator of his own land and age, that to praise him worthily required the eloquence of Cicero himself, so we cannot fail to feel that full justice to the career and character of our American Cicero could only be rendered by the best effort of his own unequalled powers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say of him, that he has left behind him no one sufficient to pronounce his eulogy as it should be pronounced; no one, certainly, who can do for him all that he has done for so many others who have gone before him.

But, indeed, my friends, the event which has called us together has occurred too suddenly, too unexpectedly, for any of us to be quite prepared either for attempting or for hearing any formal account of our departed friend's career, or any cold analysis of his public or private character. There must be time for us to recover from the first shock of so overwhelming a loss before his eulogy can be fitly undertaken or calmly listened to. His honored remains are still awaiting those funeral rites in which our whole community will so eagerly and so feelingly unite to-morrow. The very air we are breathing at this moment is still vocal and vibrating with his last public appeal. It seems but an instant since he was with us on this platform, pleading the cause of humanity and Christian benevolence in as noble strains as ever fell from human lips. And no one, I think, who had the privilege of hearing that appeal, can fail to remember a passage, which did not find its way into any of the printed reports, but which made a deep impression on my own heart, as I stood on yonder floor a delighted listener to one whom I could never hear too often. It was the passage in

which, in terms quite unusual for him, and which seemed as if the shadow of coming events were passing over his mind, he spoke of himself as "an old man who had nothing but his lips left for contributing to the public good." Nothing but his lips left! Ah, my friends, what lips those were! If ever since the days of the infant Plato, of whom the story is told, if ever since that age of cunning fable and of deep philosophy with which he was so familiar, the Attic bees have lighted upon any human lips, and left their persuasive honey there without a particle of their sting, it must have been on those of our lamented friend. What lips they were! And what have they not accomplished since they were first opened in mature, articulate speech! What worthy topic have they not illustrated! What good and noble cause have they not advocated and adorned! On what occasion of honor to the living or to the dead,—at what commemoration of the glorious past,—in what exigency of the momentous present,—have those lips ever been mute? From what call of duty or of friendship, of charity or of patriotism, have they ever been withheld?

Turn to those three noble volumes of his works, and follow him in that splendid series of Orations which they contain,—from the earliest at Cambridge, in which he pronounced that thrilling welcome to Lafayette a little more than forty years ago, down to that on the 4th of July, 1858, which he concluded by saying, that in the course of nature he should go to his grave before long, and he wished no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report he loved his whole country;" — Follow him, I say, in his whole career as unfolded in those noble volumes,—the best manual of American Eloquence,—and then take up the record of those other Orations and Addresses which are still to be included in his collected works, the record of the last few years, as it is impressed upon the minds and hearts of every patriot in our land,—with all its grand appeals for Mount Vernon and the memory of Washington, for the sufferers of East Tennessee, for the preservation of the Union, for the defence of the country against rebellion and treason, for the support of the National Administration agreeably to his own honest convictions of duty: Follow him, I say

again, along the radiant pathway of that whole career, illuminated as it is from his earliest manhood to the last week of his life by the sparkling productions of his own genius, and then tell me, you who can, what cause of education or literature, what cause of art or industry, what cause of science or history, what cause of religion or charity, what cause of philanthropy or patriotism, has not been a debtor—a debtor beyond the power of payment, and now, alas! beyond the power of acknowledgement—to his voice or to his pen! Who has ever more fairly won the title of “the golden-mouthed,” since the sainted Chrysostom of old, than he who, by the music of his voice and the magic of his tongue, has so often coined his thoughts into eagles and turned his words into ingots, at one moment for the redemption of the consecrated home and grave of the Father of his Country, and at another for the relief of an oppressed and suffering people!

And who, my friends, as he reviews this marvellous career, can fail to remember how singularly applicable to him, in view of his earliest as well as of his later callings, are those words in which the immortal dramatist has described the curious felicity and facility of speech, and the extraordinary versatility of powers, of one of the great princes and sovereigns of England:—

“Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You’d say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men’s ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.”

It is hardly too much to say of him that he established a new standard of American eloquence, that he was the founder of a new school of occasional oratory, of which he was at once the acknowledged master and the best pupil, and in which we were all proud to sit at his feet as disciples. Would that we had been

better scholars! Would that, now that he has been snatched so suddenly from our sight, and as we follow him to the skies with our parting acclamations of admiration and affection, we could feel that there were some shoulders not wholly unworthy to wear, not altogether incapable of sustaining, his falling mantle!

I need not dwell for a moment, my friends, upon the details of his official life. We all remember his earlier and his later relations to the University to which he was so ardently attached, and which has ever counted him among its proudest ornaments. We all remember how long and how faithfully he served the State and the Nation in their highest departments at home and abroad. But public office was not necessary to his fame, and he never held his title to consideration at the precarious tenure of public favor or popular suffrage. Office gave no distinction to the man; but the man gave a new distinction and a new dignity to every office which he held. Everywhere he was the consummate scholar, the brilliant orator, the Christian gentleman,—greater, even, as a private citizen than in the highest station to which he ever was or ever could have been called.

I need not dwell for a moment, either, my friends, upon the purity and beauty of his daily life, upon his devotion to his family, his fidelity to his friends, his integrity as a man, his untiring willingness and eagerness to do kind and obliging things for all who, reasonably or unreasonably, asked them at his hands, at any cost of time or trouble to himself. I can never fail, certainly, to remember his countless acts of kindness to myself during a friendship of thirty years. I do not forget that at least once in my life I have differed from him on important questions, and that recently; but I can honestly say that there was no living man from whom I differed with a deeper regret, or with a greater distrust of my own judgment. Nor can I fail to remember with inexpressible joy at this hour, that within a week, I had almost said within a day, after that difference was avowed and acted upon, he reciprocated most kindly and most cordially an assurance, that our old relations of friendship and affection should suffer no estrangement or interruption, and that we would never distrust each other's sincerity or each other's mutual regard. "I am not afraid," he wrote me, "that we shall give

each other cause of offence; and we will not let others put us at variance."

Fellow-citizens: I knew not how to commence these imperfect and desultory remarks, and I know not how to close them. There is, I am sensible, much to console us in our bereavement, severe and sudden as it is. We may well rejoice and be grateful to God, that our illustrious and beloved friend was the subject of no lingering illness or infirmity, that he was permitted to die while in the full possession of his powers, while at the very zenith of his fame, and while he had a hold on the hearts of his countrymen such as even he had never before enjoyed. We may well rejoice, too, that his voice was last heard in advocating a measure of signal humanity which appealed to every heart throughout the land, and that he lived to see of the fruit of his lips and to be satisfied. I hold in my hand one of his last notes, — written on Thursday evening to our munificent and excellent fellow-citizen, Mr. William Gray, and which, in his own necessary and regretted absence, he has kindly permitted me to read: —

"SUMMER STREET, 12 Jan. 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. GRAY: — I am greatly obliged to you for sending me word of the success of the Savannah subscription. What a large-hearted, open-handed place we live in! It is on these occasions that I break the tenth commandment, and covet the wealth of you millionnaires. I have been in bed almost ever since Monday, having narrowly escaped an attack of pneumonia. I had been in the court-house all the morning, and had to return to it for three hours in the afternoon to attend to a harassing arbitration case, and left Faneuil Hall with my extremities ice, and my lungs on fire. But in such a cause one is willing to suffer.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT."

This little note, my friends, in his own unmistakable and inimitable hand, written within two days of his death, shows clearly what thoughts were uppermost in that noble heart, before it so suddenly ceased to beat. In such a cause he was willing to suffer. In such a cause he was not unwilling to die.

But whatever consolation may be found in the circumstances of his death, or in the occupation of his last years, or months, or days, we still cannot but feel that no heavier public calamity could at this moment, if at any moment, have befallen our community. We cannot but feel that not Boston only, not Massachusetts only,

not New England only, but our whole country, is called to deplore the loss of its most accomplished scholar, its most brilliant orator, its most valuable citizen. More and more, as the days and the years roll on, will that loss be perceived and felt by all who have known, admired, and loved him. The public proceedings of this day, the sad ceremonials of to-morrow, will find their place on the page of history. All the customary tributes of respect and gratitude to our lamented friend will at no distant day be completed. We shall hang his portrait on these hallowed walls in fit companionship with the patriot forms which already adorn them. We shall place a statue of him, in due time, I trust, on yonder terrace, not far from that of his illustrious and ever-honored friend. But neither portrait nor statue, nor funeral pomp, nor public eulogy, will have done for his memory, what he has done for it himself. The name and the fame of Edward Everett will in no way more surely be perpetuated than by the want which will be experienced, by the aching void which will be felt, on all our occasions of commemoration, on all our days of jubilee, on every literary anniversary, at every festive board, in every appeal for education, for charity, for country, in every hour of peril, in every hour of triumph, from the loss of that ever-ready, ever-welcome voice, which has so long been accustomed to say the best, the most appropriate, the most effective word, in the best, the most appropriate, the most effective manner. For nearly half a century no public occasion has ever seemed complete without his presence. By a thousand conspicuous acts of public service, by a thousand nameless labors of love, for young and old, for rich and poor, for friends and for strangers, he has rendered himself necessary—so far as any one human being ever can be necessary—to the welfare and the honor of the community in which he lived. I can find no words for the oppression I feel, in common, I am sure, with all who hear me, at the idea that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more. As I looked on his lifeless form a few hours only after his spirit had returned to God who gave it,—as I saw those lips which we had so often hung upon with rapture, motionless and sealed in death,—and as I reflected that all those marvellous acquisitions and gifts, that matchless memory, that exquisite diction, that

exhaustless illustration, that infinite variety, which no age could wither and no custom stale,—that all, all were henceforth lost to us for ever, I could only recall the touching lines which I remembered to have seen applied to the sudden death, not many years ago, of a kindred spirit, of old England,—one of her greatest statesmen, one of his most valued friends:—

“ Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
Those who weep not for Kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom’s heart grow heavy at thy loss!”

TRIBUTE TO EDWARD EVERETT.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
JANUARY 30, 1865.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The occasion of this meeting is but too well known to you all. None of us were strangers to the grief which pervaded this community on the recent announcement of the death of Edward Everett. Not a few of us have had the privilege of uniting with the public authorities, who hastened to assume the whole charge of his funeral, in paying the last tribute to his honored remains. And more than one of us have already had an opportunity of giving some feeble expression to our sense of the loss which has been sustained by our city, our Commonwealth, and our whole country.

But we are here this evening to take up the theme again somewhat more deliberately, as a Society of which he was so long one of the most valuable, as well as one of the most distinguished members. We are here not merely to unite in lamenting the close of a career which has been crowded with so many good words and good works for the community and the country at large, but to give utterance to our own particular sorrow for the breach which has been made in our own cherished circle.

Mr. Everett was elected a member of this Society on the 27th of April, 1820, when he was but twenty-six years of age; and, at the time of his death, his name stood second in order of seniority on the roll of our resident members. I need not attempt to say to you how much we have prized his companionship, how often we have profited of his counsels, or how deeply we have been indebted to him for substantial services which no one else could have rendered so well.

His earliest considerable effort in our behalf was a lecture delivered before us on the 31st of October, 1833. It was entitled "Anecdotes of Early Local History," and will be found in the second volume of his collected works,— now lying upon our table,— with an extended note or appendix containing many interesting details concerning the Society, its objects and its members. But it is only within the last nine or ten years, and since his public life—so far as office is necessary to constitute public life—was brought to a close, that he has been in the way of taking an active part in our proceedings. No one can enter the room in which we are gathered without remembering how frequently, during that period, his voice has been heard among us in rendering such honors to others, as now, alas! we are so unexpectedly called to pay to himself. No one can forget his admirable tributes to the beloved Prescott, to the excellent Nathan Hale, to the venerated Quincy, among our immediate associates: to Daniel D. Barnard of Albany and Henry D. Gilpin of Philadelphia, to Washington Irving, to Hallam, to Humboldt, to Macaulay, among our domestic and foreign honorary members.

Still less will any one be likely to forget the noble eulogy which he pronounced, at our request, on the 9th of December, 1858, upon that remarkable self-made man whom we have ever delighted to honor as our largest benefactor, and in whose pictured presence we are at this moment assembled. Often as I have listened to our lamented friend, since the year 1824,— when I followed him with at least one other whom I see before me to Plymouth Rock, and heard his splendid discourse on the Pilgrim Fathers,— I can hardly recall any thing of his, more striking of its kind, or more characteristic of its author, than that elaborate delineation of the life of Thomas Dowse. No one, certainly, who was present on the occasion, can fail to recall the exhibition which he gave us, in its delivery, of the grasp and precision of his wonderful memory,— when in describing the collection of water colors, now in the Athenaeum gallery, which was the earliest of Mr. Dowse's possessions, he repeated, without faltering, the unfamiliar names of more than thirty of the old masters from whose works they were copied, and then turning at once to the

description of the library itself, as we see it now around us, proceeded to recite the names of fifty-three of the ancient authors of Greek and Roman literature, of nineteen of the modern German, of fourteen of the Italian, of forty-seven of the French, of sixteen or seventeen of the Portugese and Spanish, making up in all an aggregate of more than one hundred and eighty names of artists and authors, many of them as hard to pronounce as they were difficult to be remembered, but which he rehearsed, without the aid of a note and without the hesitation of an instant, with as much ease and fluency as he doubtless had rolled off the famous catalogue of the ships, in the second book of Homer's *Iliad*, with the text-book in his hand, as a college student or as Greek professor, half a century before!

I need hardly add that with this library, now our most valued treasure, the name of Mr. Everett will henceforth be hardly less identified than that of Mr. Dowse himself. Indeed, he had been associated with it long before it was so munificently transferred to us. By placing yonder portrait of him, taken in his earliest manhood, upon the walls of the humble apartment in which the books were originally collected,—the only portrait ever admitted to their companionship,—our worthy benefactor seems himself to have designated Edward Everett as the presiding genius or patron saint of this library: and as such he will be enshrined by us, and by all who shall succeed us, as long as the precious books and the not less precious canvas shall escape the ravages of time.

I may not omit to remind you that our lamented friend—who was rarely without some labor of love for others in prospect—had at least two matters in hand for us at the time of his death, which he was hoping, and which we all were hoping, that he would soon be able to complete. One of them was a memoir of that noble patriot of South Carolina, James Louis Petigru, whose life-long devotion to the cause of the American Union, alike in the days of nullification and of secession, will secure him the grateful remembrance of all to whom that Union is dear. The other was a volume of Washington's private letters, which he was preparing to publish in our current series of *Historical Collections*. It is hardly a month since he told me that the letters

were all copied, and that he was sorry to be obliged to postpone the printing of them a little longer, in order to find time for the annotations with which he desired to accompany them.

But you do not require to be told, gentlemen, that what Mr. Everett has done, or has proposed to do, specifically for our own Society, would constitute a very small part of all that he has accomplished in that cause of American history in which we are associated. It is true that he has composed no independent historical work, nor ever published any volume of biography more considerable than the excellent memoir of Washington, which he prepared, at the suggestion of his friend Lord Macaulay, for the new edition of the “*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.” But there is no great epoch — there is hardly a single great event — of our national or of our colonial history, which he has not carefully depicted and brilliantly illustrated in his occasional discourses. I have sometimes thought that no more attractive or more instructive history of our country could be presented to the youth of our land, than is found in the series of anniversary orations which he has delivered during the last forty years. Collect those orations into a volume by themselves; arrange them in their historical order: “The First Settlement of New England,” “The Settlement of Massachusetts,” “The Battle of Bloody Brook in King Philip’s War,” “The Seven Years’ War, the School of the Revolution,” “The First Battles of the Revolutionary War,” “The Battle of Lexington,” “The Battle of Bunker Hill,” “Dorchester in 1630, 1776, and 1855;” combine with them those “Anecdotes of Early Local History,” which he prepared for our own Society; and add to them his charming discourses on “The Youth of Washington” and “The Character of Washington,” on “The Boyhood and the Early Days of Franklin,” and his memorable eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, on Lafayette, on John Quincy Adams and on Daniel Webster, and I know not in what other volume the young men, or even the old men, of our land could find the history of the glorious past more accurately or more admirably portrayed. I know not where they could find the toils and trials and struggles of our Colonial or Revolutionary fathers set forth with greater fulness of detail or greater felicity of illustration. As one reads those orations and discourses at

this moment, they might almost be regarded as successive chapters of a continuous and comprehensive work which had been composed and recited on our great national anniversaries, just as the chapters of Herodotus are said to have been recited at the Olympic festivals of ancient Greece.

Undoubtedly, however, it is rather as an actor and an orator in some of the later scenes of our country's history, than as an author, that Mr. Everett will be longest remembered. Indeed, since he first entered on the stage of mature life, there has hardly been a scene of any sort in that great historic drama, which of late, alas! has assumed the most terrible form of tragedy, in which he has not been called to play a more or less conspicuous part: and we all know how perfectly every part which has been assigned him has been performed. If we follow him from the hour when he left the University of Cambridge, with the highest academic honors, at an age when so many others are hardly prepared to enter there, down to the fatal day when he uttered those last impressive words at Faneuil Hall, we shall find him everywhere occupied with the highest duties, and everywhere discharging those duties with consummate ability and unwearied devotion. Varied and brilliant accomplishments, laborious research, copious diction, marvellous memory, magnificent rhetoric, a gracious presence, a glorious voice, an ardent patriotism controlling his public career, an unsullied purity crowning his private life,—what element was there wanting in him for the complete embodiment of the classic orator, as Cato and Quintilian so tersely and yet so comprehensively defined him eighteen hundred years ago,—“*Vir bonus, dicendi peritus!*”

But I may not occupy more of your time in these introductory remarks, intended only to exhibit our departed friend in his relations to our own Society, and to open the way for those who are prepared to do better justice to his general career and character. Let me only add that our Standing Committee have requested our associates, Mr. Hillard and Dr. Lothrop, to prepare some appropriate resolutions for the occasion, and that the Society is now ready to receive them.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

A SPEECH MADE AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1865.

I WAS greatly honored and obliged, Mr. Mayor, by the invitation I received last evening, from the City Council, to be present here this afternoon and participate in the proceedings of this meeting. Invited or uninvited, however, I could not have found it in my heart to be absent from Faneuil Hall at such a moment. But I felt when the committee called upon me, as I feel now, that I have no articulate speech adequate to such an occasion. Others around me may find it easy to give expression to the emotions which belong to the hour, and I can listen to them with admiration and with envy. But for myself, all the words I can command seem poor and powerless in presence of the great fact which has at length been announced to us by the electric wires. No single voice can do justice to that announcement. It is a moment for the combined voices, for the united cheers and huzzas of a whole people. It is a moment for grasping each other's hands with a fresh feeling of brotherhood and nationality. It is a moment for waving the old Union Flag with a renewed assurance that, by the blessing of God, it is to be the flag of the sons as it has been the flag of their Fathers. It is a moment for illuminations and fireworks, for drums and trumpets and salvos of artillery. It is a moment when one might almost be pardoned for adopting the somewhat inflated style of a certain King of Denmark in that great tragedy which has been recently rendered familiar to many of you, I doubt not, by the striking performance of a most accomplished American actor: —

“ Let the kettle to the trumpet speak, the trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth.”

Faneuil Hall rejoices this day over the rescue of that Union and Liberty of which it was the cradle. It is a moment for music, for singing "Hail, Columbia!" and the "Star-spangled Banner,"—yes, and "Old Hundred," too. For, oh, my friends, let us not forget that it is a moment, above all other moments, for deep, devout, reverent thanksgivings to God, who hath at last given us this crowning victory. And I could almost have wished that instead of Old Faneuil Hall (glad as we always are to meet beneath its roof), it had been the Old South,—represented here to-day by one of its pastors,—with all its mingled associations of piety and patriotism, which had been thrown open to us this afternoon, and that we had all gone there, not to listen to such rhetorical commonplaces as I am uttering, but to unite in solemn *Te Deums* and *Jubilates*, and to offer up on bended knees the homage of grateful hearts to the high and mighty Ruler of the universe. To Him, this day, our first, best thanks are due. To Him be all the glory! We may not, we cannot, indeed, forget, at such an hour, the human instruments of the great triumph which has been achieved. We cannot withhold our acknowledgments from the indomitable Grant, the modest but sturdy Meade, the dashing, heroic Sheridan, the incomparable and glorious Sherman, marching from point to point with a stride like that of destiny itself. We cannot forget the chivalrous Farragut and his noble compeers, Porter and Rodgers, and others whose names are emblazoned on these walls.

Nor would we omit any just tribute to President Lincoln and his Cabinet, to Seward, or Stanton, or Welles. Still less would we withhold our heartfelt recognition of the toils and trials of the common soldiers, who have poured out their blood and perilled their lives in this terrible struggle. My friend in the corner cries, "Three cheers for the common soldiers!" With all my heart: and for the sailors, too. But no one can look back on the past four years, and remember how often the battle has wavered and fluctuated, and how long it has hung in suspense, without feeling that a higher than human Power has overruled all events, and has at length, in the fulness of time, vouchsafed to us this final success. I say final, my friends, for I can no longer doubt that the end of this great tragedy, the very last scene of the last

act, is close at hand. I have no fear—have any of you, my friends?—that there are to be any more “Richmonds in the field” in our day and generation.

I cannot doubt that union and peace, and freedom, too, are at length certain to be secured. But I cannot attempt, my friends, either to review the past, or to speculate on the future. Let me only express the hope, in conclusion, that in all our rejoicings, now and hereafter, we shall exhibit a spirit worthy of those who recognize a Divine Hand in what has occurred. Let no boastful exultations mingle with our joy; no brutal vindictiveness tarnish our triumph. Let us indulge no spirit of vengeance or of extermination toward the conquered, nor breathe out threatenings and slaughter against foreign nations. The great work of war accomplished, the even greater work of peace will remain to be undertaken; and it will demand all our energies and all our endurance. Let us show our gratitude to God by doing all that we can to mitigate the sorrows and sufferings of those upon whom the calamities of war have fallen. Let us exert ourselves with fresh zeal in ministering to the sick and wounded, in binding up the broken hearts, in providing for widows and orphans, for refugees and freedmen, in re-uniting, as far and as fast as we can, the chords of friendship and good-will wherever they have been shattered or swept away, and thus exhibit our land in that noblest of all attitudes,—the only attitude worthy of a Christian nation,—that of seeking to restore and to maintain peace and brotherhood at home and abroad. Thus only can our triumph be worthily celebrated.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

REMARKS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL 20, 1865.

THE annual meeting of our Society, as some of you doubtless may have remembered, should have taken place in regular course on Thursday last,—that having been the second Thursday in the month. But, as that day had been designated by His Excellency the Governor as a day of fasting and prayer, the Standing Committee, under the authority conferred upon them in our By-laws, postponed our meeting until to-day. Had we met a week ago, gentlemen, we should have come here with feelings of unmixed joy and exultation at the recent and glorious successes of the Union armies, and should have exchanged heartfelt congratulations on the cheering prospect of an early restoration of Union and Peace to our beloved country. Nor can we fail to remember most gratefully to-day, even amid all the clouds and darkness which surround us, that such successes have been achieved, and that such prospects have indeed opened upon us. But an event has since occurred which has turned all our joy into mourning, and we meet under circumstances which almost unfit us for the ordinary routine of business. The awful crime which was perpetrated at Washington on Friday last would have filled all our hearts with horror, even had it only involved the life of any of the humblest of our fellow-citizens. But it has taken from us the chosen Chief Magistrate of the nation,—the man who, of all other men, could least be spared to the administration of our Government,—the man who was most trusted, most relied on, most beloved by the loyal people of the Union. Beyond all doubt, the life of President Lincoln was a thousand-fold the most precious life in our

whole land ; and there are few of us, I think, who would not willingly have resented it at the risk, or even at the sacrifice, of our own. The cheerful courage, the shrewd sagacity, the earnest zeal, the imperturbable good-nature, the untiring fidelity to duty, the ardent devotion to the Union, the firm reliance upon God, which he has displayed during his whole administration ; and the eminent moderation and magnanimity, both towards political opponents and public enemies, which he has manifested since his recent and triumphant re-election, have won for him a measure of regard, of respect, and of affection, such as no other man of our age has ever enjoyed. The appalling and atrocious crime, of which he has been the victim, will only deepen the impression of his virtues and his excellencies, and he will go down to history with the double crown of the foremost Patriot and the foremost Martyr of this great struggle against treason and rebellion.

With the concurrence of the Standing Committee, I submit for your adoption the following resolutions : —

Resolved. By the Massachusetts Historical Society, that we are unwilling to enter upon the business of our annual meeting this day without having placed upon record some formal expression of the profound emotions which have been excited in all our minds and in all our hearts, by the tidings which have reached us during the last few weeks, and more particularly during the last few days ; tidings which at one moment have thrilled us with delight by the glorious assurance that an unnatural and abhorrent rebellion was on the point of being triumphantly suppressed, and which at the next moment have overwhelmed us with grief for the loss of the most valued and most important life in our whole land by a foul and wicked assassination.

Resolved. That the fall of the rebel capital, which had so long defied the strenuous assaults of the Union army, followed as it has been by successive surrenders of the rebel forces, calls for the most grateful acknowledgments of every American patriot : first, to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, who in his good time has vouchsafed us these decisive successes ; and, next, to Lieutenant-General Grant and the officers and soldiers under his command for their persevering and heroic conduct and courage ; but that we cannot forget how much we are indebted also for these glorious results to President Lincoln and his Cabinet, who have superintended the military as well as the civil policy of the Government during our great struggle for maintaining the American Union.

Resolved. That in the assassination of President Lincoln we recognize as atrocious and dreadful a crime as ever stained the annals of any age or any land; that his loss to our country is the heaviest which could have befallen it; that his integrity, fidelity, and patriotism, his moderation and magnanimity, and his untiring and successful devotion to the cause of Union and Liberty, followed as they have been by a murder so cruel and so wicked, have secured for him a place in American history, and a place in every loyal heart throughout the land, such as has hitherto been held only by the Father of his Country.

Resolved. That our cordial sympathies are hereby tendered to the Hon. William H. Seward in his sufferings from the inhuman and fiendish assault which has been made upon him and his family; that we pray God that he may live to witness the final re-establishment of the Union for which he has labored so ably and so devotedly; and that, as a humble tribute of our regard and respect, we unanimously enroll him among the honorary members of our Society.

Resolved. That we recognize the duty and the privilege of all good citizens to uphold the constituted authorities of the land in an hour like this; and that we hereby offer to President Andrew Johnson, who has succeeded to the Chief Magistracy under circumstances so impressive and so trying, the most respectful assurance of our sympathy and confidence, with our best wishes for his personal welfare and for the success of his administration.

SIX HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF DANTE.

REMARKS AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
MAY 11, 1865.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, gentlemen, we thought it not unfit to recognize the commemoration, in Old England, of the three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Shakspeare, and to enter upon our records a passing expression of our sympathy with all who were engaged in paying homage to the memory of that marvellous man. No other birthday of a kindred character, I am aware, can have equal claims upon our notice with that birthday. The language of Shakspeare is our own language, and his native land is the native land of our fathers. But we may not wholly forget, that, in another and still more distant clime, there is in progress at this very hour a commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the birthday of a great poet, who, though far less familiar to most of us than Shakspeare, cannot fail to be regarded by us all with the warmest admiration; a poet, who—though banished from his own city for the part he had taken in its unhappy civil wars, and though forbidden to return within the boundaries of the republic under penalty of being burnt alive—was yet no sooner in his grave, than all Italy felt that she had lost her foremost man; a great Christian poet, who was not merely the father of modern Italian poetry, but to whom the poets of all countries for so many centuries have been accustomed to turn with an almost filial reverence, and who has been happily and justly styled the morning star of modern literature. Nor can we forget that from his native land came forth the discoverers of our own, and that his language was substantially that of Columbus and

Vespueius. Italy has many titles to the regard and sympathy of lovers of literature and lovers of liberty throughout the world. But Americans may well feel a special interest in all that concerns her welfare and her honor, and particularly at a moment when she is just entering on a new career as a united nation, with the birthplace of Dante as its capital. And no American, I am sure, can have observed without emotion, in the very latest accounts from Europe, that the Chamber of the Italian Deputies was instantly draped in mourning on the announcement of the deplorable event which has deprived our country of an honored and beloved chief magistrate. I will not detain you by any further remarks of my own on this subject, as there are those of our number whose particular province and privilege it is to deal with Dante and his "Divine Comedy," if any thing is to be said about them here on this occasion. It is enough for me to open the way for them by submitting the following resolution, under the authority of our Standing Committee: —

Resolved, By the Massachusetts Historical Society, that we cannot fail to bear in mind with deep interest that a great historical and literary festival is this day in progress in the beautiful city of Florence, commemorative of the six hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Dante; that we heartily sympathize with all who are uniting to pay homage to the memory and the genius of that illustrious Christian poet; and that we rejoice that the occurrence of so memorable a jubilee finds Italy in the enjoyment of a national union, for which so many of her noblest sons have long and ardently labored, and from which she confidently anticipates a revival of her literary and historic renown.

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE LIVERMORE.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1865.

I NEED not say to you, Gentlemen, that our Society has sustained a severe loss since our last monthly meeting. Other names have disappeared of late, in but too rapid succession, from our rolls, which have enjoyed a wider celebrity from their association with exalted public service, or with eminent literary or professional success. But we have been called to part with no name which has been more immediately and peculiarly identified with the prosperity and progress of our own Society, during the golden period of its last ten years, than that of GEORGE LIVERMORE; and we owe to his memory the largest measure of respect and gratitude.

We need not look beyond the room in which we are assembled, to find evidence of the leading part which he took in what may almost be called the reconstruction of our Society. No one will have forgotten, that from his hand, on the 9th of April, 1857, we received the key that unlocked to us this beautiful library, and that first admitted us to the enjoyment of privileges which each succeeding year has taught us to value more and more highly. To him, beyond all doubt, as the tried and trusted friend of our munificent benefactor, and as one of his chosen executors,—to him more than to any or all other men except Mr. Dowse himself, are we indebted at once for the original possession of these cherished treasures, and for the rich appointments and liberal endowments by which they were accompanied and followed.

I was myself officially in the way of witnessing his earnest interest and efficient intervention, from the first confidential intimation of Mr. Dowse's views, until the final consummation of the noble gift. And, though his modesty at that day shrunk from any formal recognition of his own relation to the transaction, I should be wanting in fidelity to its history, were I to omit to bear testimony to the controlling influence which he seemed to exercise in our behalf. Our lamented friend was accustomed always to speak of this apartment, in which he justly took so much pride, as finished and completely furnished; nothing to be taken away, and nothing to be added. And so, indeed, we have all regarded it as long as he lived. But now that he is gone, and his familiar and welcome presence may no longer be looked for among us, we cannot but feel that there is something wanting to these walls; that there is a void to be supplied, so far as it is in the power of poor, perishable canvas to supply it; and I trust that at no distant day a suitable portrait may find its place here, which may perpetuate the remembrance of that effective intervention, and that thoughtful and constant care, which have entitled the name of George Livermore to be associated with that of his venerated friend, Thomas Dowse, in connection with this richest of all our possessions.

Our obligations to Mr. Livermore, however, have by no means been confined to those resulting from his relations to our enjoyment of the Dowse Library. From his first admission on the 22d of November, 1849, he has been among our most active and useful associates. As a member of our Standing Committee for many years, and its Chairman for more than one, and as a member of the Publishing Committee of our beautiful volumes of Proceedings, he has rendered us most valuable services. Nor has he been wanting in important contributions to our collections in the cause of history. The "Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers," which he read at the August monthly meeting in 1862, and which he afterwards printed in so many attractive forms, and distributed widely at his own cost, would alone have been enough to secure for him a reputation which any of us might envy.

Our Society, however, I am aware, can claim no monopoly in the sorrow which Mr. Livermore's death has occasioned. Boston has lost in him an upright and intelligent merchant. Cambridge has lost in him a useful and respected citizen. The American Antiquarian Society has lost in him an active associate and trusted counsellor. The Boston Athenaeum and the Massachusetts State Library have lost in him a faithful and assiduous trustee. The Sunday school of his own parish have lost in him a devoted instructor and superintendent. Indeed, it would be difficult to name the public institution in this neighborhood, which has not been directly or indirectly indebted to him for personal services or valuable contributions. Ardent, intelligent, laborious, liberal, philanthropic, he was untiring in his exertions in every field of usefulness which was opened to him. You all know the zeal he displayed in the cause of the Union during the last four years; and how he labored, in season and out of season, at the risk and even at the positive sacrifice of his own health, to promote the raising of troops, to stimulate patriotic action, and to uphold the flag of his country.

Yet, while he was thus willing to spend and to be spent in the service of others, Mr. Livermore had special pursuits and tastes of his own, quite apart from his mercantile connections, to which he devoted his hours of leisure through a long course of years, and which were enough of themselves to secure for him an enviable distinction and a cherished remembrance. His beautiful library — with its remarkable collection of rare editions of the Sacred Scriptures, including not a few Bibles which had the special charm of having belonged to illustrious persons of other ages and other lands, and, foremost among them all, the Bible of that loved and loving disciple and friend of Luther, Philip Melanthon — was the chief source of his own pleasure, as it was an object of the deepest interest to all who visited him. Nor can any one forget that exquisite bibliographical taste of his, which had been kindled by a personal acquaintance with Dibdin himself; which had been nurtured and stimulated by familiar association with the beautiful books in his own library, or in the libraries of kindred spirits in this or in other States; and which he so often indulged by preparing a private edition of some

tract of his own, or of some reprint of a rare old book or pamphlet, in a style which will always render it a gem in the collections of the many friends whom he delighted to gratify with a presentation copy.

I will attempt no analysis of Mr. Livermore's personal character and qualities, in the presence of so many who have known him longer and better than myself. Admirable tributes have already been paid him, and others are ready to be paid here and elsewhere. We had all hoped that many more years of usefulness were still in store for him; but we may apply to him the exquisite words of Jeremy Taylor: "It must needs be, that such a man must die when he ought to die; and be like ripe and pleasant fruit falling from a fair tree, and gathered into baskets for the planter's use." I may be permitted to express my regret, that unavoidable absence from the State prevented me from uniting in the last honors to his remains. But not a few of our officers and members were present on the occasion; and you will all concur, I am sure, in the adoption of the resolutions which the Standing Committee have instructed me to submit, before proceeding to other business this morning:—

Resolved, That it is with deep sorrow we make record of the death of our esteemed associate, George Livermore, Esq., whose services to our Society in many ways, and more especially in connection with our possession and enjoyment of the Dowse Library, have entitled him to our most respectful and grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the President be requested to appoint one of our number to prepare a memoir of Mr. Livermore, for the next, or an early, volume of our Proceedings.

TRIBUTE TO JARED SPARKS.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL 3, 1866.

I CANNOT but remember to-night, gentlemen, that as I was leaving this room a few moments before the adjournment of our last monthly meeting, on the 8th of March, in order to accompany a part of my family on a journey from which I came home but a day or two since, I turned back to the accustomed seat of our eminent and excellent first Vice-President to ask him once more to take the chair which he had so often and so worthily occupied before. He had always been so punctual in his attendance here, that I took it for granted, without inquiry, that he would be forthcoming at my call. It proved that he was not present on that occasion. But little did any of us dream then, that the place which had known him so long was to know him no more for ever, and that we were so soon to lose from our cherished companionship, here and elsewhere, one to whose life and labors we were so deeply indebted, and in whose well-earned renown we all felt so much interest and so much pride. Hardly a week, however, had elapsed from that day, before a telegraphic announcement reached me in a distant part of the country, that our accomplished and distinguished friend had passed away, and that before I could be here to unite with you in paying the last tribute to his remains, they would have been consigned to the grave. I need not assure you how proudly I should have availed myself of the privilege of bearing a portion of his pall, as the representative of this Society, had that honorable assignment found me at home, or how glad I am now to have returned in season to take part with you in these ceremonies of commemoration.

Let me not call them ceremonies,—for there will be nothing ceremonious, nothing merely formal, I am sure, in what may be said or done here this evening in memory of our lamented associate. He was the last man to desire ceremonies in his own honor, or to inspire others with a disposition to deal coldly and formally with his name and fame. Indeed, there were few things, as you all know, more characteristic of JARED SPARKS than the manner in which he uniformly shrunk from any assertion or any recognition of his own unquestioned title to celebrity. He was never tired of recognizing the claims of others to distinction, or of paying tribute to whomsoever tribute was due, whether among the dead or among the living. His whole life—I had almost said—was spent in doing honor to others. But for himself he seemed content with the quiet consciousness of having labored diligently, faithfully, devotedly, successfully, through a career of varied fortunes and many early discouragements, in the cause of education and letters, and of having contributed what he could to the illustration of the great names and great deeds of his country's history.

And who, we may well ask to-night,—who has contributed more than he—who has contributed so much as he—to that illustration? Not a few of his contemporaries in the field of American authorship have prosecuted their historical researches, and found the heroes of their story, in distant realms and in a remote past. But it has been one of the peculiarities of his career, that it has been occupied exclusively with topics connected with his native land. In the crowded gallery of portraits which have owed their execution, directly or indirectly, to the untiring industry of Dr. Sparks, and which include so great a variety of character and so wide a range of service, there is not one, I believe, which is not associated, prominently if not exclusively, with the colonial or the national history of our own country. Nor can any one write that history, now or hereafter, without acknowledging a deep indebtedness at every step to his unwearied researches. Abandoning, as he did, only within a few years past, as the infirmities of age began to steal upon him, his long cherished purpose of preparing a formal narrative of our great Revolutionary period, he might yet well have congratulated himself,

if his modesty had suffered him to do so, that he had quarried the materials with which others are building, and with which others must always continue to build. Certainly, no more thorough or more valuable investigation of all that pertains to that transcendent period of American history has ever been made, or is likely to be made, than that of which the abounding fruits were given to the world in his *Life and Writings of Washington*, in his *Life and Writings of Franklin*, and in the numerous lesser biographies with which he has enriched our historic literature. Bringing to whatever he undertook a sturdy strength of mind and body, a full measure of practical common sense, faculties of perception and comprehension which more than made up in precision and grasp for any thing which may have been wanting in quickness or keenness, a marvellous love of work, a patience and perseverance of research which nothing could fatigue or elude, he pursued his inquiries with all the zeal of an advocate, but weighed the results and pronounced the decision with the calm discrimination of a judge. The simplicity of his style was a faithful index of the simplicity of his whole character. There was nothing in his nature which tempted him to seek brilliancy at the expense of truth. He had as little capacity as taste for indulging in rhetorical exaggerations or embellishments. No man was ever freer from unjust prejudices or unjust partialities. No man ever sought more earnestly to do justice to his subject without displaying himself or espousing a side. And thus his historical writings will be respected and consulted in all time to come as the highest and best authority in regard to the men, the facts, and the events to which they relate.

Let me recall, in this connection, the language of Washington Irving in a letter to myself, written while he was still engaged in composing that brilliant biography of the Father of his Country, which was the crowning glory of his own literary life: "I doubt," said he, "whether the world will ever get a more full and correct idea of Washington than is furnished by Sparks's collection of his letters, with the accompanying notes and illustrations, and the preliminary biography." "From the examination I have given to the correspondence of Washington," he continued, "in the archives of the State Department, it appears to me that Sparks

has executed his task of selection, arrangement, and copious illustration, with great judgment and discrimination, and with consummate fidelity to the essential purposes of history. His intelligent and indefatigable labors in this and other fields of American history are of national and incalculable importance. Posterity will do justice to them and him."

But Mr. Irving did not confine his testimony in regard to the labors and achievements of our lamented associate to private correspondence. He concludes the preface to his own admirable work with the following noble acknowledgment: "I have also made frequent use of 'Washington's Writings,' as published by Mr. Sparks; a careful collation of many of them, with the originals, having convinced me of the general correctness of the collection and of the safety with which it may be relied upon for historical purposes; and I am happy to bear this testimony to the essential accuracy of one whom I consider among the greatest benefactors to our national literature; and to whose writings and researches I acknowledge myself largely indebted throughout my work."

Nor can I forget how emphatically this testimony was echoed by our illustrious associate, Edward Everett, whose eloquent voice we have not yet learned to do without on such an occasion as this. In acknowledging an especial obligation to Mr. Sparks, in the introduction of the *Memoir of Washington* which, at the request of Lord Macaulay, he contributed to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," he says as follows: "No one can have occasion to write or speak on the life of Washington, however compendiously, without finding constant occasion to repeat the acknowledgment of Mr. Irving, who justly places him 'among the greatest benefactors of our national literature.'"

But I need not have appealed to the testimony of the dead. There are those among the living whom I see around me at this moment who can do ample justice to our departed friend in all the various stages of his long and valuable life,—who can bear witness to the courage and constancy with which he encountered and overcame the disadvantages of his early years; to his diligence and fidelity as a student, to his ability and devotion as a Professor, and as President, of the University which he loved so

well; to his generous readiness to assist others who were engaged in historical pursuits, and to his gratitude to all who assisted him; to his moral and religious character, and to those sterling qualities of head and heart which so endeared him to his associates and friends.

And here before me, too, are witnesses more impressive and emphatic than any voices either of the dead or of the living. This multitudinous accumulation of volumes on our table, hardly less than a hundred in number,—nearly all of them his own gift to our library, all of them his own gift to American literature,—what a life of labor do they not bespeak! To what rich resources and earnest researches, to what varied accomplishments and noble achievements, do they not bear testimony! Of what an enviable and enduring association of his own name with the names of the heroes of our history, and more especially with that pre-eminent and peerless name which is to live longest in the memory of mankind, are they not at once the ample price and the assured pledge!

Without another word, gentlemen, I submit to your consideration, by authority of the Standing Committee, the following resolutions:—

Resolved. That in the death of Jared Sparks this Society has lost one of its most valued and distinguished members, whose private virtues and whose literary achievements have alike entitled him to our respect and admiration.

Resolved. That the contributions of our lamented associate to the history of our country have been exceeded in amount and value by those of no other man among the living or the dead, and that we cannot doubt that posterity will confirm the judgment of Irving and Everett in pronouncing him “one of the greatest benefactors to American Literature.”

THE JUBILEE OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

A SPEECH MADE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1866.

I KNOW too well, Mr. President, the value of time on such an occasion as this to allow myself to trespass long on your indulgence this morning. I could not find it in my conscience, however, to decline altogether the repeated requests of your Executive Committee that I would take some part in these Anniversary exercises. Indeed, I should have felt myself quite unworthy of being numbered among the Vice-Presidents of this noblest of all Societies, had I willingly absented myself from your Jubilee to-day. Why, what a Jubilee it is, my friends, and how eminently worthy of observance by all who take an interest in the welfare of mankind! What other Jubilee,—moral, social, literary, political, national,—what other Jubilee is there to be compared with it, in view of the enduring influence and far-reaching extent of the work which it commemorates? What other association of men has a right to indulge in the same measure of joy and exultation which belongs to those, who can look back on fifty years of faithful and successful labor in publishing and circulating the Word of God?

I have often before, Mr. President, been deeply impressed with the doings of this Society even in a single year, as I have found them described in some one of its Annual Reports, and as I have reflected on the influence which must have been produced by the thousands and tens of thousands of Bibles which have been distributed through its agency during a single revolution of the seasons. But as I contemplate to-day the aggregate results of the full half-century which has elapsed since its original institu-

tion; as I look at the statements which have been made up for us by your faithful Secretaries, and mark the grand sum total of the facts and figures; as I think of more than twenty-one millions of volumes, containing a part or the whole of the Holy Scriptures, scattered broadcast over the world, wherever there was an eye to read them, a hand to receive them, or a heart to understand them,—I confess I can conceive of nothing in the whole range of human effort or human accomplishment more worthy of being the subject of grateful acknowledgment to God, and of triumphant celebration among men. Oh, my friends! if we could ascertain at this moment something of the secret history of those twenty-one millions of volumes; if we could trace them back to the hands into which they first fell, and follow them down through all their successive uses and ownerships: if we could track them wherever they have gone, over sea and over land, many of them into the abodes of want and wretchedness, many of them into remote and barbarous lands, not a few of them into scenes of peril on the stormy deep, many of them into scenes of conflict and carnage on the battle-fields of our own land, in that great struggle which, we thank God, has resulted in the rescue of our Union; if we could bring all these volumes within a single view, and perceive at a glance how many hearts they have gladdened and elevated, how many homes they have cheered and blessed, how many souls they have lighted and lifted on their way to the skies, how many noble lives they have inspired and animated, how many heroic deaths they have consoled and comforted,—what a sublime record would be presented to us! What is there in all the regions of romance, or in the whole compass of the drama, that would equal it in interest? What is there in all the boasted achievements of real life that would approach it in importance?

Beyond all doubt, my friends, we are dealing here to-day with the great enginery of the world's progress, with the greatest of all instrumentalities for social advancement as well as for individual salvation. Personally or politically, whether as States and nations or as individual men and women, we can do without any thing, and without every thing, better than without the Bible. We could spare Homer from ancient literature; we could spare Shakspeare, and Milton, too, from modern literature;

and there would still be something, there would still be much, left. But what an eclipse would be experienced, what an aching void would be felt, were there no Sermon on the Mount, no Gospel of St. John, no Psalms of David, no Prophecy of Isaiah, no Epistle to the Corinthians! Where would this world of ours have found itself by this time, had those Divine and matchless voices never been vouchsafed to us? Into what lower deeps, beyond the lowest depths which have ever yet been imagined, of superstition and sensuality, of vice and villainy and barbarism, would it not have been plunged! How should we have realized in such a case the full import of that agony which one of the old prophets intended to portray in those memorable words: "Behold, the days come that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, not a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it!" God in his mercy spare our own land from such a famine as that! Better were it for us to endure war, or pestilence, or any other variety of famine, than a famine of the Word of the Lord.

Why, there are single books of the Bible — there are single chapters of the Bible — nay, there are single verses of the Bible, which are worth all that was ever written or uttered, before or since, by human pens or human lips. How well did the poet Cowper say, in one of his charming familiar letters, — it was to Lady Hesketh, I believe, — "He that believeth on me is passed from death unto life," though it be as plain a sentence as words can form, has more beauties in it than all the labors antiquity can boast of!" "Read me, read me," said Oliver Cromwell, on his death-bed, "those verses from the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, in which the apostle speaks of having learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content, for he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him. That Scripture," said the dying hero, "did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." And each one of you, my friends, I doubt not, will readily recall other texts with which there are similar associations. Indeed, there is hardly any one to whom the Bible is at all familiar

or at all precious, who has not some favorite chapter or verse which is the very life and joy of his soul.

But I may not detain you a moment longer with these general remarks. Let me only express the hope, that in some degree commensurate with the value we place on our own Bibles, will be our willingness to contribute toward sending the Bible to others. I rejoice, Mr. President, that your Jubilee is not to pass off in mere empty words of congratulation and compliment, but that you have resolved to signalize it by at least two works of the highest interest and importance,—one of them, the sending of the Bible to the freedmen of our own land and the replenishing the supply of Bibles throughout the whole desolated and famishing South; the other, the publication, by a process than which there is nothing in the Arabian Nights more marvellous or more magical, of that Arabic version of the sacred Volume, by which it is to be brought home to one hundred and twenty millions of people, in those very regions of the earth in which its great scenes were originally transacted. And now, if there are men, or women, or children, within reach of my voice, who have not already contributed something—it may be of their abundance, or it may be of their penury, their two mites, if nothing more—towards these noble ends, I trust that this occasion will be the means of calling their attention to what ought to be regarded as alike the privilege and the duty of us all.

Let me hope, too, that when another Jubilee anniversary shall be celebrated, long after most of us shall have gone to our account, it may prove that the next half-century will have been even more abundant in labors in this great cause than that which has now closed, and that the whole Christian people of our land will see to it that those labors are not restrained or restricted by any deficiency of means in your treasury. I would not under-estimate the importance of other societies,—the Tract Societies, and Sunday-school Unions, and Domestic and Foreign Missionary Boards, which are engaged in kindred efforts to hasten the coming of the glorious day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas. God bless and prosper them all! But even as the Bible stands alone, in measureless superiority, in peerless pre-eminence, above all other books, so have

the societies which are devoted to its publication and distribution, pure and simple, without note or comment, a paramount claim upon the support, the sympathy, the cordial co-operation, of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

It only remains for me to say, my friends, in fulfilment of the agreeable duty which has been assigned to me on this occasion, that we do not forget to-day, that during the whole existence of this Society, it has enjoyed the constant and friendly co-operation of that great British and Foreign Bible Society which was the immediate forerunner and exemplar of our own, and whose labors and accomplishments have been far greater than those we are assembled to commemorate. Whatever other bonds of sympathy between us and our old mother country may have been weakened or sundered,—and we trust they will all be restored in their full strength at no distant day,—let us rejoice that we still read and circulate the same Bible, in the same noble tongue, in the same majestic version. And most gladly do we hail the presence on this occasion of the delegates from that mother land and that mother society. There are delegates here, too, from the neighboring British colonies. And I am glad to know that there is at least one delegate, also, from that sunny land from which came the precious Huguenot blood, which so many of us are proud to feel mingling at this moment with other currents in our own veins, and which quickened the pulses of the first two illustrious Presidents of this Society, Elias Boudinot and John Jay. I am sure you are all eager to manifest your gratification at the presence of these honored and welcome guests, and that you will adopt by acclamation the resolution which it is now, in conclusion, my privilege to offer:—

Resolved. That we welcome to our Jubilee, with warm hearts and with cordial greetings, the representatives of sister institutions from England, France, Cauada, and elsewhere; and that they be requested to communicate to their respective societies this assurance of our Christian fellowship and international efforts to send abroad the Bible “for the healing of the nations.”

THE DEATH OF GENERAL SCOTT.

REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
JUNE 14, 1866.

You can hardly have forgotten, gentlemen, that a few years since the name of Winfield Scott was placed by acclamation on our Honorary Roll. It was the first time, I believe, that this Society had ever dispensed with the formalities of a ballot and the delay of a previous nomination. The veteran soldier had just then voluntarily withdrawn from the active duties of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States; and a career of public service, which for more than half a century had been crowded with conspicuous acts of courage and patriotism, was at length brought to a close. That career is familiar to us all. Its brilliant opening scenes at Queenstown, at Fort George, at Chippewa, and at Lundy's Lane,—though but few are now left to recall the impression they produced upon the living heart,—can never be contemplated on the page of history without a fresh thrill of admiration. Nor can any one withhold at least an equal tribute of admiration from those crowning exploits of his matured military life, which resulted in the occupation of Mexico.

Yet, signal as the services of General Scott have been as a soldier, his civil services and civil triumphs have been no less signal. Again and again he has been intrusted with diplomatic functions of the most important and delicate character; and he has uniformly discharged them in a manner to command the approbation of the Government and the applause of the whole people. Twice, at least,—once on the North-eastern boundary in 1839, and once on the North-west in 1859,—he has saved the peace of the country, when it was in the most imminent peril.

Nor is it foreign war only which has been averted by his wise and efficient intervention. To him, certainly, as much as to any other one man, it was owing, that the nullification plot of 1832 was prevented from ripening into outright rebellion, and that the great battle of the Union was postponed to a later generation. Meantime his prudence and his humanity had found still another field for their display in the memorable removal of the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi.

No more eloquent or more enviable tribute has ever been won by a military chief, than that which was paid to General Scott, in this connection, by the late William Ellery Channing: "To this distinguished man" (said he, in a lecture on war, in 1839) "belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacifier, and a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half-civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation. In his recent mission to the disturbed borders of our country, he has succeeded, not so much by policy, as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influences, by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced, on all with whom he has had to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity, and religion. It would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame; and I am happy to offer this tribute, because I would do something, no matter how little, to hasten the time when the spirit of Christian humanity shall be accounted an essential attribute and the brightest ornament of a public man."

"He returns to Washington," continued Dr. Channing, "and is immediately ordered to the Cherokee nation, to take charge of the very difficult and hazardous task to his own fame, of removing those savages from their native land. Some of his best friends regretted most sincerely that he had been ordered on this service; and, knowing the disposition of the world to cajol and

complain without cause, had great apprehensions that he would lose a portion of the popularity he had acquired by his distinguished success on the Canadian frontier. But behold the manner in which this last work has been performed! There is so much of noble generosity of character about Scott, independent of his skill and bravery as a soldier, that his life has really been one of romantic beauty and interest."

One can hardly read this exquisite eulogy,—coming, as it does, from the lips of one who would be everywhere accepted as an umpire without appeal upon any question of humanity or philanthropy,—without recalling the lines which Addison, a century and a half before, had composed, in honor of the great Duke of Marlborough, and which we all could wish had been as well deserved by him as by our own departed hero:—

“Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor’s mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.”

The opening of the great Civil War through which we have just passed, found General Scott broken in health and strength, and weighed down by the infirmities of age. He was still, however, at the head of the American Army, and, though a Virginian by birth, and warmly attached to his Southern relatives and friends, he never faltered for an instant in his devoted loyalty to the Union. Nor can it ever be doubted or forgotten that through his prudence and patriotism, and his untiring vigilance and energy, the safety of the Capital was assured, and the inauguration of President Lincoln secured from interruption.

Retiring from the active duties of Commander-in-chief in October, 1861, General Scott has been by no means idle during the four years and a half which have since elapsed. Two volumes of Autobiography which,—though they exhibit not a few of the least attractive elements of his character, and could hardly be cited to prove that, as Dryden says of another in his “*Annus Mirabilis*,” he was “born, Caesar-like, to write and act great deeds”—are yet replete with interesting and instructive passages of national and of personal history, have been composed and pub-

lished by him during this period;—while his counsel and experience have been constantly at the service of the Government, and have more than once been called for under most impressive circumstances. The personal visit of President Lincoln to West Point, to consult the retired Commander-in-chief, at the most critical moment of the war, is still fresh in all our memories, and no higher testimony could have been given of the exalted estimation in which he was held by those who were officially responsible for the preservation of the Union.

General Scott was by no means free from the foibles which proverbially belong to the heroic temperament. His words were not always as wise and well considered as his acts, nor his reasons as sound and sagacious as his conclusions. But in a long life of varied and uninterrupted service, he never failed to do the right thing at the right time, and to do it with a will and to a purpose. His noble form and commanding presence will be remembered by all who have ever seen him, and I cannot doubt that the verdict of posterity will confirm the judgment of the present hour, that, morally as well as physically, few grander figures have adorned the history of our country. Had he lived until yesterday, he would have completed his eightieth year, having been born near Petersburgh, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. It was my good fortune to see him and converse with him at New York as lately as the 9th of May,—the day before he embarked for West Point to die amid the scenes which had been most dear to him in life, and which he most desired should be the last on which his eyes should look. And though the infirmities of age had bowed and bent that lion-like frame, and quenched something of the fire of that eagle eye, his heart was still full of patriotic wishes for his beloved country, and his only impatience seemed to be that he could render her no further service. I cannot forget, in this presence, the kind and eager inquiries he made then, and on many previous occasions, for the health of an esteemed fellow-soldier of his youth, whom we are proud to recognize as the first Vice-President of our own Society. Nor can I conclude this imperfect tribute to his memory without reading, as I am sure you will all pardon me for doing, the letter in which, some years previously, he had acknowledged the receipt

of the volume of our Proceedings, which I had sent him, containing an account of his election as one of our Honorary members on the 14th of November, 1861.

ELIZABETH, N.J., April 22, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—But that I hold a pen with difficulty (from a hurt in the right hand), I should have made a formal acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon me by the Historical Society of Massachusetts,—a compliment the more pleasing, having been moved by one dear friend (R. C. W.), the President; seconded by another, my excellent brother-soldier (Colonel A.), and unanimously adopted (though out of order) by the meeting. The record of the flattering transaction found in the recent volume of the Society—"Proceedings from 1860-1862,"—which you have just kindly sent to me, gives to the book a priceless value in the estimation of myself and children.

Joining in all your patriotic wishes and prayers, I remain ever

Truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. R. C. WINTHROP.

GEORGE PEABODY.

REMARKS MADE AT THE BANQUET GIVEN TO GENERAL GRANT AND THE TRUSTEES
OF THE PEABODY EDUCATION FUND, NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1867.

MR. PEABODY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I trust I shall be pardoned for claiming your attention for a single moment. The hour is at hand when this distinguished company is to separate, and when the brilliant occasion which we have so much enjoyed will exist only in those grateful remembrances of the past which can never be effaced from our hearts. It is, I am aware, and was intended to be, a purely social occasion, where any thing of formal speech-making would be quite out of place. But as the chairman of the Board of Trustees, to whom, in company with our illustrious associate General Grant, this banquet has been given, a duty has been imposed on me which I must not omit to discharge.

I hold in my hand a brief series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the trustees of the Peabody Education Fund at the close of their proceedings a few hours ago. They were moved by the Hon. William Aiken, of South Carolina, seconded by the Hon. William A. Graham, of North Carolina, and, after eloquent and impressive remarks by Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and by the Hon. William C. Rives, of Virginia, every member of the Board rose in his place in attestation of their adoption.

And let me say in passing, that it is not among the least welcome circumstances of this occasion that our noble host, by the magic of his munificence,—more powerful than that of any Midas of old,—has brought together, around a common board, Virginia and New York, North Carolina and Ohio, South Caro-

Iowa and Massachusetts, Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the persons of so many of their distinguished sons, once more to consult together on subjects relating to the highest interests of the whole American people; and once more to interchange those assurances of mutual regard and respect which are the best and only pledges of permanent and perpetual Union.

If Mr. Peabody had accomplished no other object but this, he would have entitled himself to the heartfelt homage of every lover of his country.

These resolutions I have been instructed to communicate to you, sir, at the close of the banquet this evening. And what opportunity could present itself so fit for the communication of such resolutions, adopted by such a board under such circumstances, as that which I find here and now, in presence of these troops of friends whom you have gathered around you? I am sure I shall have the concurrence and the sympathy of every one who hears me, both in the resolutions themselves and in the few words with which I shall venture to accompany them. But let me hasten to read them as they came from the hand, and I may say from the heart, of my valued friend Governor Aiken:—

Resolved, That we tender to our distinguished and noble friend, Mr. Peabody, our thanks for his munificent hospitality to us, during our sittings, while organizing our Board, both in Washington and New York.

Resolved, That we consider our appointments as Trustees of this grand charity as a very high honor, and one which we acknowledge most cordially.

Resolved, That our friend being about to leave his native land for England, we hope that a kind Providence will take him under his guidance and protection, and return him once more to us. We trust he will then be able to see the fruits of the work of his great charity and remarkable wisdom.

Resolved, That the Chairman communicate the foregoing resolutions to Mr. Peabody after the banquet of this evening.

And now, my friends, I will attempt no panegyric upon Mr. Peabody. Distant, far distant, be the day when his eulogy may be appropriately pronounced! I feel, too, that his deeds of munifi-

cence are far above the reach of any praises which it is in my power to utter. Landing, as he did, here at New York after a long absence in England, where he had already performed acts of charity without a precedent in the annals of the world, and which gave a new lustre to the American name wherever that name is known; landing here, I say, on the first day of May last, his visit to his native country has been one continued May-day of benevolence and beneficence. There has been no winter in his bounty. The storms and snows of New England, which have raged around him with more than their wonted severity, have not been able to repress or chill—have stimulated, rather—the genial currents of his soul. His pathway through our land, as he has gone along scattering the seeds of light and love, of knowledge and science, on his right hand and on his left, with such marvellous exuberance and such wise discrimination,—his pathway, I repeat, has been a perfect Milky Way, leaving a radiance on the historic page as enduring as that of the stars above us. And this last, best, largest, noblest, crowning gift, for aiding the work of education in the desolated South, has, above all others, touched and thrilled every heart in the land: and there is, at least, one of his trustees—I think I can speak for them all—who regards his association with that gift the highest honor of his life.

It was once said on some occasion, by my illustrious friend, the late Daniel Webster, in that terse and impressive language in which he excelled almost all other men,—that if an inquiry were made as to what America had ever contributed to the world, it was enough to say that she had contributed the character of George Washington. And we, of this day and generation, may now answer to that inquiry, that she has not only contributed the character of George Washington, but also the example of George Peabody. And, let me add, that if some American Thackeray should hereafter spring up, to compose a series of lectures or of essays on our American Georges, he will be able to trace in them elements of true nobility, of real royalty, such as have rarely adorned the lives of those who have wielded the sceptre of earthly sovereignty in any land or age.

But I beg pardon of Mr. Peabody for such personalities. I

must say no more ; I could not have said less. Let me only assure him, in conclusion, that every thing has gone on most happily and most harmoniously in the proceedings of our Board, and that measures have been adopted which will soon be communicated to the public, and which, as we all believe, will secure the entire success of his noble design. Nor is the day distant, we trust, when hundreds and thousands of young children, of every class of the population in the Southern and South-western States, will have substantial cause to bless his name as their greatest benefactor. God grant that he may live long to witness the fruits of his beneficence ; to visit the States which his bounty will have helped to restore, we hope, to more than their former prosperity and happiness ; and to be hailed by them, as he is by us here to-night, as the great Philanthropist of his age !

Ladies and gentlemen,—I ask you to unite with the Trustees in drinking the health of our loved and honored friend, Mr. Peabody.

A P P E N D I X.



A P P E N D I X.

I.

THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

A LETTER TO HON. W. C. RIVES.

BOSTON, June 24, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have received and read with deep interest the letter of June 10, which you have done me the honor to address me in the columns of the "National Intelligencer," together with the extracts of Mr. Madison's letter to Mr. Walsh on the constitutional questions involved in the Missouri Compromise. I thank you for the whole tone and spirit of your communication, and for the welcome response which it contains to the hope which I had ventured to express, both publicly and privately, that in the further progress of the painful controversies which now agitate the country, there may be exhibited more of that spirit of moderation and forbearance which can alone lead to a happy solution, or, indeed, to any solution, of questions so full of difficulty and of danger.

You do me no more than justice in the suggestion, that the deliberate judgment of Mr. Madison would always receive from me the most deferential attention and respect. It was my good fortune to pass a day or two with that eminent man, under his own roof at Montpelier, in the year 1832,—when the regard which I had previously been taught to cherish for his calm, consummate prudence and patriotism, was warmed and ripened into something of affectionate personal veneration. Feeble as he then was from age and illness, he was yet full of the kindest and most cordial hospitality, and his conversation was a continued flow of entertainment and instruction.

I shall not soon forget one remark of his, of which I made a memorandum at the time:—"The recent revolution of opinion in Virginia on the subject of slavery (said he) is the most important that has taken place

since the revolution of '76," adding that then, almost for the first time, he had begun to conceive a confident hope that slavery was not to be a perpetual institution, and that he thought there would be no difficulty in a system of gradual emancipation. In this connection he alluded particularly, and with strong approbation, to a speech which had recently been delivered (in the legislature of Virginia, I believe), by the late Governor McDowell.

I had the pleasure of meeting Governor McDowell many years afterwards as a member of Congress, and of forming a friendship with him, of which I shall always cherish the most agreeable remembrance, and which was terminated only by his lamented death. On relating to him this remark of Mr. Madison, and complimenting him on that speech (which I had not failed to read), he replied to me instantly, in language of which more than the substance is fresh in my recollection,—"Oh, Mr. Winthrop, do not mention the subject. I should not dare to make such a speech again. It would be burned by the common hangman at the corners of the streets, if this one has not been so already. I have not changed an opinion expressed in it; but your Northern abolitionists have now made it a forbidden topic with us. We cannot speak of it as we might have been glad to do among ourselves, while so much of hostile and dangerous agitation is going on in the free States."

I need hardly assure you, my dear sir, that such remarks from such sources have left a deep impression on my mind, and have concurred with other considerations in leading me to deplore the irritating and violent reproaches and censurations in which Northern men have too frequently indulged on a subject of so much perplexity and peril. If, indeed, it be in any degree true that our agitations have deterred the statesmen of the South from considering and discussing among themselves the subject of domestic slavery, and have even compelled them to desist from plans for ameliorating the condition of the colored race which were already projected, we have a heavy load of responsibility upon our shoulders, and one which I trust will not be augmented by any thing in our future course.

The letter to Mr. Walsh, from which the extracts are taken which accompany your favor, is entirely new to me, and it certainly contains views which are entitled to great weight. Yet it cannot be forgotten that Mr. Monroe, who could hardly fail to have had the advantage of Mr. Madison's best advice at the time, and who made a solemn appeal on the subject to a Cabinet embracing Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Crawford, as well as Mr. Wirt, gave his official sanction and signature to the Missouri Compromise Act.

Nor have I been able to get over the force of a still earlier authority upon the same subject, for which Mr. Madison himself would seem to be in some measure responsible. I refer to the adoption and endorsement of the North-western Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery in the territories, by the first Congress, under the existing Constitution of the United States. Mr. Madison had alluded in the "Federalist," as he has done in this letter to Mr. Walsh, to the fact that this ordinance had been passed by the old Congress of Confederation without authority; and the allusion has always seemed to me as having been introduced with a view of enforcing upon the people the importance of adopting a system of government, under which such cases might be rightfully provided for thereafter. But whether this be or be not a fair construction of the remark in the "Federalist," it is an historical fact, with which you are doubtless familiar, that no sooner was the present Constitution adopted than this same ordinance of 1787, containing the stringent anti-slavery clause, received a formal ratification by Congress.

I had occasion to bring this fact freshly to attention as long ago as the winter of 1847, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, and to remark that Mr. Madison himself, who had questioned the authority of the Congress of the Confederation to pass the anti-slavery ordinance originally, appeared to have made no objection to it in the Congress of the Constitution. He was, as you know, a member of that Congress, and the bill to which I refer — *the eighth Act of the first session of the first Congress* — passed both Houses without a division, except upon some immaterial amendments, and received the signature of President Washington.

It is, however, altogether too late in the day for us to hope that questions of so exciting a character, and which have become so deplorably complicated with sectional disputes, can be settled by an appeal to authorities and precedents. Nor will I venture to deny that I have often heard the other side of this particular question placed upon grounds which I found it difficult to gainsay. But you will agree with me, I am sure, that in the very existence of such conflicting opinions and authorities, we ought all to find an ample reason for entertaining something more of mutual toleration for the honest differences of the present hour, than has recently been manifested at either end of the Union.

At the same time, my dear sir, I cannot too deeply lament that any fresh occasion for the revival of such differences should have been created by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. That Compromise, I need not say, was no favorite of New England, and met with a most strenuous opposition from her representatives in Congress at the time of its pas-

sage. Nor has there been, it is true, any disposition or willingness on her part, at a later day, to extend its stipulations over territory not embraced nor contemplated in the original terms of the arrangement. But she had long been accustomed to regard that arrangement as an unalterable compact, of which the Northern States were now privileged to enjoy their share of the advantages, undisturbed. All that portion of the original territory which had been set aside for the peculiar labor of the Southern States having been occupied and organized, it was felt that the free labor of the North was fairly entitled to the enjoyment of what remained. I owe it to frankness to say that I have uniformly concurred in this view, and that I have never been able to admit the wisdom or justice of the recent repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

There is no denying altogether, however, the force of your intimation, that it was a measure brought forward and largely sustained from the North, and I can only regret that more of our Southern friends, who, I am assured, would never have originated the measure themselves, could not have been induced to make a seasonable and effective stand against its passage. It is hardly too much to say, that a defeat of the Kansas-Nebraska bill by Southern votes, after it had once been introduced and agitated, would have rendered the now crumbling cement of our Union once more and for ever proof against all the waves and storms of sectional fanaticism. It would have disarmed the whole phalanx of agitators of the weapons which they are now wielding with so much mischievous energy, and would have secured to us all a welcome and permanent repose from the strifes and controversies which have so long and so sadly embittered us.

I agree with you entirely that the condition of Kansas, under present circumstances, is not to be decided by rifles, muskets, or bowie-knives. The peace and security of the actual settlers ought to be provided for without delay by the national government, and I am glad to see an intimation that, if our friend Mr. Crittenden's proposal to send out the veteran and gallant Scott for that purpose is not to be adopted, a similar duty is to be committed to General Persifer Smith, in whose discretion, impartiality and energy, I have the highest confidence. The arbitrary and abhorrent laws of the territorial legislature, to which Mr. Clayton has freshly called the attention of the Senate, ought certainly to be abrogated at the earliest day, and some mode adopted for giving the people of Kansas an opportunity of declaring, if they have not sufficiently done so, their own deliberate will as to the future condition and character of their infant Commonwealth. And if the South, while refusing to yield (as you say she will) to any renewed application of the territorial restriction

contained in the Missouri Compromise, could yet be induced to acquiesce without a struggle in the operation of those physical and moral causes which seem so likely to make Kansas a State for free labor only,—the day would not be far distant when we might look for a complete restoration of kindness and concord throughout the Union. By such a course, the South would have abandoned no principle,—nor, in my judgment, would she have sacrificed any substantial interest;—while all color would have been removed for the idea, that a compromise of more than thirty years' standing had been swept out of existence by a strong hand, in order to subserve a purpose of sectional preponderance or political supremacy.

At all events, I heartily hope and pray that Kansas may soon cease to be the scene of "fraternal bloodshed," and that violent men of all parties and sections may be disappointed and defeated in their designs to involve our beloved country in the blaze of civil war. To this end, I am persuaded, that few things will conduce more than such calm, conciliatory, and patriotic appeals as those which your letter contains. I thank you once more for giving expression to them, and for connecting my name with your own in such an effort to revive a "spirit of peace, of ancient brotherhood, and of hereditary deference and conciliation, derived from the example and conduct of our fathers."

Retired, like yourself, though after a much briefer and humbler career of service, from all public employment, and without a wish to return to it,—having neither personal ambition nor private ends of any sort to gratify,—I cannot yet be indifferent to the perilous issues of the present moment, and no regard to a mere temporary popularity will prevent me from uniting with you in a common condemnation of every form of violence by which our Union and our domestic peace are endangered,—whether of the rifle or the revolver, the bowie-knife or the bludgeon, or of that "little member," which the Apostle tells us sometimes "setteth on fire the course of nature."

Believe me, dear sir, with great respect and regard, most truly and faithfully, yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

The Hon. WILLIAM C. RIVES, Castle Hill, Virginia.

II.

THE POLICY OF THE OLD LINE WHIGS.

A LETTER TO HON. HIRAM KETCHUM.

BOSTON, May 20, 1859.

HON. HIRAM KETCHUM, *Chairman, &c., &c.*

MY DEAR SIR.—Your communication of the 23d ult., reached Boston just as I was leaving home on a journey from which I have but recently returned. As I am now making preparations for a still longer absence from home and country at an early day, I am constrained to reply to your inquiries less formally and less fully than I might otherwise have been disposed to do.

Indeed, I would willingly have excused myself from answering them at all, if my silence were not liable to be misconstrued, either into a want of respect for the Committee of which you are the organ, or into a want of sympathy with their general views. Retired, as I have been for some years past, from all political connection, and without an aspiration for any thing which party can bestow, I am sensible how little importance can be attached to what I may say or leave unsaid. And though I have no cause for concealing any views which I entertain, I shall not be sorry if this communication should remain among the unpublished correspondence of your Committee.

You submit to my consideration a resolution in the following words:—

Resolved, That, in the judgment of this Committee, it is not expedient at this time further to discuss or agitate the question of slavery of the African race in this country. That it be respectfully recommended to every citizen to vote and act according to his convictions of right and duty; but those who, with us, believe that sufficient has been said and written for the purpose of explanation and elucidation, will forbear further discussion of the subject of slavery, and turn their attention to other topics of general importance; such as our foreign relations, including the question of the extension of territory, the building of railroads for national purposes, the improvement of our harbors, and the navigation of our rivers, to facilitate internal commerce; the subjects of currency, and a tariff of duties and other means for developing our own internal resources and home wealth, and binding together by the ties of interest and fraternal feeling the various parts and sections of our widely extended Republic.

The sum and substance of this Resolution, as I understand it, is the expression of an earnest opinion, that local and sectional questions should no longer be suffered to absorb the whole time and thought of our representatives and rulers, but that the attention of Congress and of the Executive of the country should once more be seriously turned to those great national interests, which the Constitution of the United States was established to promote.

To such a Resolution I give my cordial assent and approbation. I believe it to be one which ought to command, and will command, the concurrence of all true patriots. There may be room, indeed, for differences of opinion, in different parts of the country, as to the precise extent to which this or that policy of national improvement, suggested in the resolution, should be carried. At a moment when there is so much well-grounded apprehension that the old purity of administration and legislation, which characterized the earlier periods of our Republic, is becoming obsolete, there may well be some caution in instituting a general system of internal improvements which could open still wider opportunities for corruption. But with this obvious qualification, I cannot doubt that a vast majority of the people of the Union—could they be free to express their opinions uninfluenced by party and unawed by patronage and power—would give their hearty support to the views which this resolution embodies.

We have a goodly heritage to manage for ourselves and to transmit to our children. Greatly as any of us may regret that it did not come down to us from our fathers without incumbrances or drawbacks of any sort,—we have yet enough to be thankful for, enough to be proud of, enough to occupy our most diligent and devoted attention, without “begging trouble” from subjects over which we have no control as a nation.

Nobody pretends that there is any Constitutional power in the General Government over the institution of African slavery as it exists in the Southern States, and nobody would know what to do with such a power to-morrow, were it bestowed upon the nation. The States in which that institution exists have a sufficient weight of responsibility in regard to it, without being vexed and goaded by foreign intervention; and the intervention of the free States on this subject is foreign intervention, as much as if it were that of Great Britain or France.

Incidental issues must indeed occasionally arise, as they have arisen, which bring the whole subject into discussion, and upon which the councils of the nation may be compelled to act. But I can see nothing at this moment which calls for any such action or discussion; nor any thing, certainly, which involves any inevitable or irrepressible conflict between the Northern and the Southern States.

I believe, on the contrary, that the best interests of the Union, and of all, without exception, who dwell within its limits, call for a cessation of sectional strife, "*Interest Reipublicæ, ut finis sit litium.*"

The more I have looked over the field of past or present political controversy, the more I have been convinced that nothing but evil has thus far resulted from sectional agitations of the slavery question, and that they have retarded, instead of advancing, the progress of any just opinions on the subject, both at the North and at the South. Not a few of the most deplorable struggles which have been witnessed in relation to the new territories, have been inflamed and infuriated by the criminations and recririminations which have characterized these sectional controversies. Northern men and Southern men have taken up extreme and untenable doctrines in the mere heat of opposition and in order to spite each other. Principles and measures have been proposed and pressed in a spirit of retaliation, from which a sober second thought would have revolted, and would now revolt.

If I have any serious fear at this instant, that the revival of the Foreign Slave-trade will find any considerable number of advocates at the South, it arises from the apprehension that the question will be seized upon for party purposes at the North, and made the subject of angry, reproachful, indiscriminate denunciation.

Undoubtedly, issues may be raised hereafter, as they have been heretofore, which must be met. But if I could hope that my voice would be heard or heeded anywhere, I would deprecate the disposition to anticipate such issues, or to act upon any predictions of their inevitable necessity. Let the Southern mind and the Northern mind have time to recover from the fever and frenzy of recent struggles; let them be turned once more, and turned together, to the consideration of common interests and common dangers; let them unite in devising means for maintaining an honorable and inviolable neutrality in the wars which are now convulsing the Old World; and let it be the generous rivalry of us all, which part of the country shall do most to promote the prosperity and welfare of the whole, which shall exhibit the best fruits of our Republican system, and which shall most worthily illustrate the history of those free institutions which were founded by a common and glorious ancestry.

These are the views, hastily and imperfectly expressed, which lead me to give my cordial assent to the resolution of your Committee. Like yourself and the gentlemen associated with you, I have formed no new political connection since the Old Whig Party ceased to have a national organization. I have waited patiently in the hope that the condition of that party was only a case of suspended animation; and recent indica-

tions confirm me in the belief that, even if the good old name of *Whig* shall never again be revived as the proud designation of a dominant national party, our country will once more, at no very distant day, be found rejoicing in an Administration conducted on the same substantial principles, which were so long and so nobly advocated by Clay and Webster,— which brought Harrison and Taylor and Fillmore, and which ought to have brought Scott, into the Presidential Chair,— and which are still associated with such living names as those of a Crittenden and an Everett, a Bell and a Bates, a Rives and a Kennedy, a Hamilton Fish and a Washington Hunt.

Believe me, dear sir, with great regard, very faithfully yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

III.

CONCILIATION AND FORBEARANCE TO AVERT A CONFLICT.

A LETTER TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION COMMITTEE OF TROY, N.Y.

BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1861.

GENTLEMEN.—Your obliging favor of the 13th inst., inviting me to the Festival of the Constitutional Union Party of Troy, in commemoration of the Birthday of Washington, is gratefully acknowledged. It is out of my power to be with you on the occasion, but I cannot refuse your request for something more than a mere formal apology.

I have no disposition to recall the vote which I gave at the late election for the Constitutional Union candidates, even were it in my power to do so. But parties and platforms have lost their significance, in presence of the appalling dangers by which our country is now surrounded. And I am sure that I only anticipate the spirit of your celebration, when I say that no sentiment less broad or comprehensive than our whole country can find a fit place in any American heart at the present hour.

The newly elected President of the United States is passing through your city while I write, on his way to the National Capital. He must be more or less than man, if he does not feel deeply the weight of responsibility which rests upon him. Let him not fail to be assured, that from us who have voted against him, as from those who have voted for him, he may confidently rely on a generous sympathy and support in every just and reasonable measure which he may adopt, to maintain the Constitution of the country. If we can do little to strengthen the arm of authority at an hour like this, let us be careful to do nothing to weaken it by any poor partizan opposition. Let us hope that he may adopt a policy which will enable us to rally around him without reserve, in upholding the Government over which he has been called to preside. Let us hope that he will take counsel of moderate and forbearing men,—of men of more than one idea,—of men who will prefer a united country to a united party,—of men who had rather be found inconsistent with themselves than inconsistent with the safety of the Republic.

I have rejoiced, as you of New York must certainly have done, in the spirit of conciliation which has repeatedly been manifested, during the present session of Congress, by your distinguished Senator, Governor Seward. I listened with no less gratification, while recently at Washington, on an errand of peace, to the admirable speech of our Massachusetts Representative, Mr. Adams. I might have been glad if both of them could have gone still further in the path of concession. There is nothing to be feared, for any Northern interest or any Northern principle, from any disposition which can be made of the Territorial question, as it now stands. But we need not despair of the Republic, if men like those whom I have named, shall prevail in the counsels of the new President, and if rash and wrangling ultraists shall fail of an opportunity to bend the Administration to their own mischievous ends.

It is eminently a moment for conciliation and forbearance on all sides. Parties and sections alike must be willing to concede something for the general safety. The gallant Major Anderson has done good service to his country, in more than one way. He has saved Fort Sumter, thus far, without bloodshed. He has at least postponed the danger of collision. He has struck a chord of patriotism, too, which has thrilled and vibrated through the whole National heart. But he has done something more and better than all this. He has furnished us all with an example. There is a moral to his military movement. And in vain shall we fire salutes in his honor, and send him messages of sympathy and swords of compliment, and drink to his health, as you will, at the great Birthday festival, if we refuse to recognize that moral, and imitate that example.

What has he done, thus to rivet the regard and affection of the whole American people? He has nobly abandoned all untenable and doubtful grounds, and planted himself on an impregnable fortress! There he is able to uphold and defend the flag of his country. And there he calls upon the North and upon the South,—if they would save their institutions from overthrow,—if they would avert the horrors of civil war,—if they would be in a position to shield themselves from the reproaches and execrations of the civilized world, for consenting to the destruction of this great model Republic;—there he calls upon us all, by an example more forcible than words, to abandon all untenable and doubtful grounds, and to plant ourselves on the unquestionable and impregnable rock of the Constitution.

Let us hope that here at the North, at least, such a call will not be longer unheeded, and that all precarious outposts like party platforms, and all untenable ground like “Personal Liberty Bills,” may soon be

treated as Major Anderson treated Fort Moultrie, when he saw that nothing but a change of position would enable him to plant the Star-spangled Banner where, by the blessing of Heaven, it could float in safety.

We owe it to ourselves, and to those who shall come after us, to make all reasonable concessions for the rescue of the Union. We owe it to those gallant Border States, which have appealed to us in no tones of menace, but in the language of love and patriotism. We owe it to the memory of the great Father of his Country, whose birthday you commemorate, and of whose life and services the American Union is the sacred and the only adequate monument.

Washington has had few more brilliant eulogists than the illustrious orator and statesman of Great Britain, Lord Brougham. On two several occasions he has declared, in words intentionally repeated, and which could not have been changed for the better, that "until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

But now, at this moment, there comes over the ocean from the same distinguished statesman and orator (no friend to African Slavery, as we all know) an expression of the deepest alarm at the risk of Disunion in America, and the utterance of an emphatic wish.—"that the contending parties in both Italy and America, would take a leaf out of our books, and learn the wisdom as well as virtue of *Compromise* and mutual concessions!"

He sees, as we all must see, that the Union (the best hope of freedom, the only monument worthy of Washington) cannot be maintained by force; that there is no cementing element in fraternal blood; and that the permanence of our American Constitution, as he has said of the English Constitution, must be "the result of the wise and virtuous determination of all powers, classes, and parties, that *mutual opposition shall end in mutual concession to avert the risk of destruction.*"

Let us trust, gentlemen, that such words from such an authority, providentially borne to us on the wings of the wind in this hour of perplexity and peril, will not be lost on those who are about to assume the helm of Government, and that the next birthday of Washington may find us all once more in the tranquil enjoyment of Peace, Liberty, and Union. I am, with great respect, very faithfully,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

JONAS C. HEARTT, GEORGE B. WARREN, HARVEY SMITH, Esqrs., Committee, &c.

IV.

THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

A LETTER TO COLONEL LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

BROOKLINE, Aug. 9, 1866.

Hon. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely sensible to the honor conferred upon me, yesterday, by the meeting at Fenwick Hall over which you presided, in placing my name at the head of the Delegates at Large to the National Union Convention. But, as I had previously intimated to more than one of our friends, it will not be in my power to go to Philadelphia next week.

I am quite unwilling, however, to decline the appointment without a distinct expression of my hearty concurrence in the general views of those by whom that Convention has been called, and of my earnest hope that its deliberations may conduce to the earliest practicable restoration of all the States of the Union to the exercise of their Constitutional powers, and to the enjoyment of their Constitutional privileges, in the National Government.

I can add nothing, I am aware, to the arguments which others have already presented on this subject, and I gladly avail myself of the language of Judge Curtis in his late admirable letter: "To suppose that the Government of the United States can, in a state of peace, rightfully hold and exercise absolute and unlimited power over a part of its territory and people just so long as it may choose to do so, appears to me unwarranted by any rules of public law, abhorrent to right reason, and inconsistent with the nature of our Government." With Judge Curtis, too, I hold to the opinion "that the Southern States are now as rightfully, and should be as effectually, in the Union, as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out."

Most happily, Congress did not adjourn without admitting to their seats the Senators and Representatives of Tennessee; but that very act

has rendered it all the more difficult to discover any thing of Constitutional principle, or any thing of true national policy, in its persistent denial of all representation to the other Southern States. Congress has ample means of protecting itself, and of protecting the country, from the presence of disloyal men in the halls of legislation, by the simple exercise of the power, which each branch possesses, of deciding without appeal on the qualifications of its own members. Had the case of each individual Senator or Representative elected from the States lately in rebellion been taken up by itself, and fairly considered on its own merits, agreeably to the wise suggestions of President Johnson, no one could have complained, whatever might have been the result. But I know not how either branch could have consented, as it has done, to compromise its constitutional independence, by submitting any question as to its members either to legislative or executive discretion.

This great question of representation is not a question which concerns only the Southern States, who, I know, are regarded by not a few unrelenting men as having forfeited all rights which the Northern States are bound to respect. It is a question which concerns the Constitution and the whole country. The people of the whole Union have a right to demand of their public servants an exact and faithful observance of the Constitution and of all its provisions. It was to enforce and vindicate that Constitution that their blood and treasure have been poured out so lavishly during the late four years of civil war. Who could have believed, in advance, that a year and a half after that war had ended, and after the Union had been rescued and restored so far as our gallant armies and navies could accomplish it, nearly one-third of the States should still be seen knocking in vain at the doors of the Capitol, and should be denied even a hearing in the councils of the country? Such a course may, indeed, be calculated to prolong the predominance of a party, but it seems to me utterly inconsistent with the supremacy of the Constitution.

I have no disposition, however, to indulge in any imputations either upon parties or upon individuals. I hope that a spirit of forbearance and moderation will prevail at Philadelphia, notwithstanding the insulting and proscriptive tone in which the Convention has been assailed by so many of the opponents of the President of the United States. But I shall be greatly disappointed, I confess, if through the influence of that Convention, or through some other influence, the people of the whole country are not soon aroused to the danger of allowing the Constitution of the United States to be longer the subject of partial and discretionary observance, on the part of those who are sworn to support it. It is vain to offer test oaths to others, if we fail to fulfil our own oaths. The necessi-

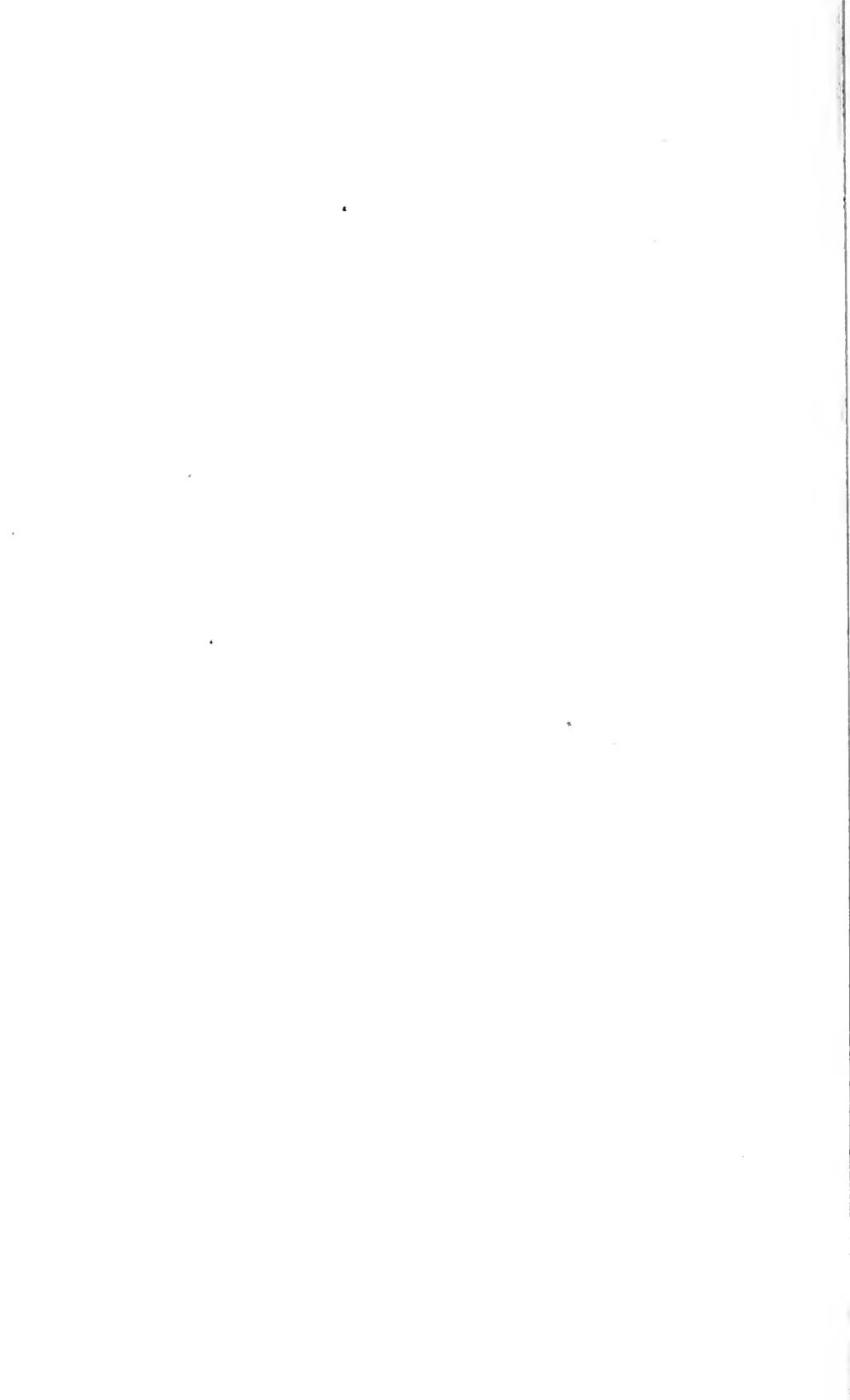
ties of a state of war may be an excuse for many irregularities, both legislative and executive. But, now that, by the blessing of God, a state of peace has been restored to us, we are entitled to the Constitution and the Union in all their legitimate authority and extent. Nothing less than the whole Constitution and the whole Union ought to satisfy us. For one, I should despair of the restoration of law and order in the Southern States, and even of the maintenance of our own national credit, if there should fail to be exhibited at Washington something of that scrupulous adherence to the Constitution and the Laws which characterized the earlier days of the Republic. Nor could any thing, in my judgment, be of worse influence upon the future career of our country than that Congress should even seem to be holding in abeyance any provisions of the Constitution, until they shall have been changed, under duress, in order to suit the opinions, or secure the interests of a predominant party. Against such a course of proceeding, I trust the Convention at Philadelphia will put forth a seasonable and effective protest.

Once more regretting my inability to be present at that Convention, and thanking all to whom I am indebted for the honor of being named as a delegate,

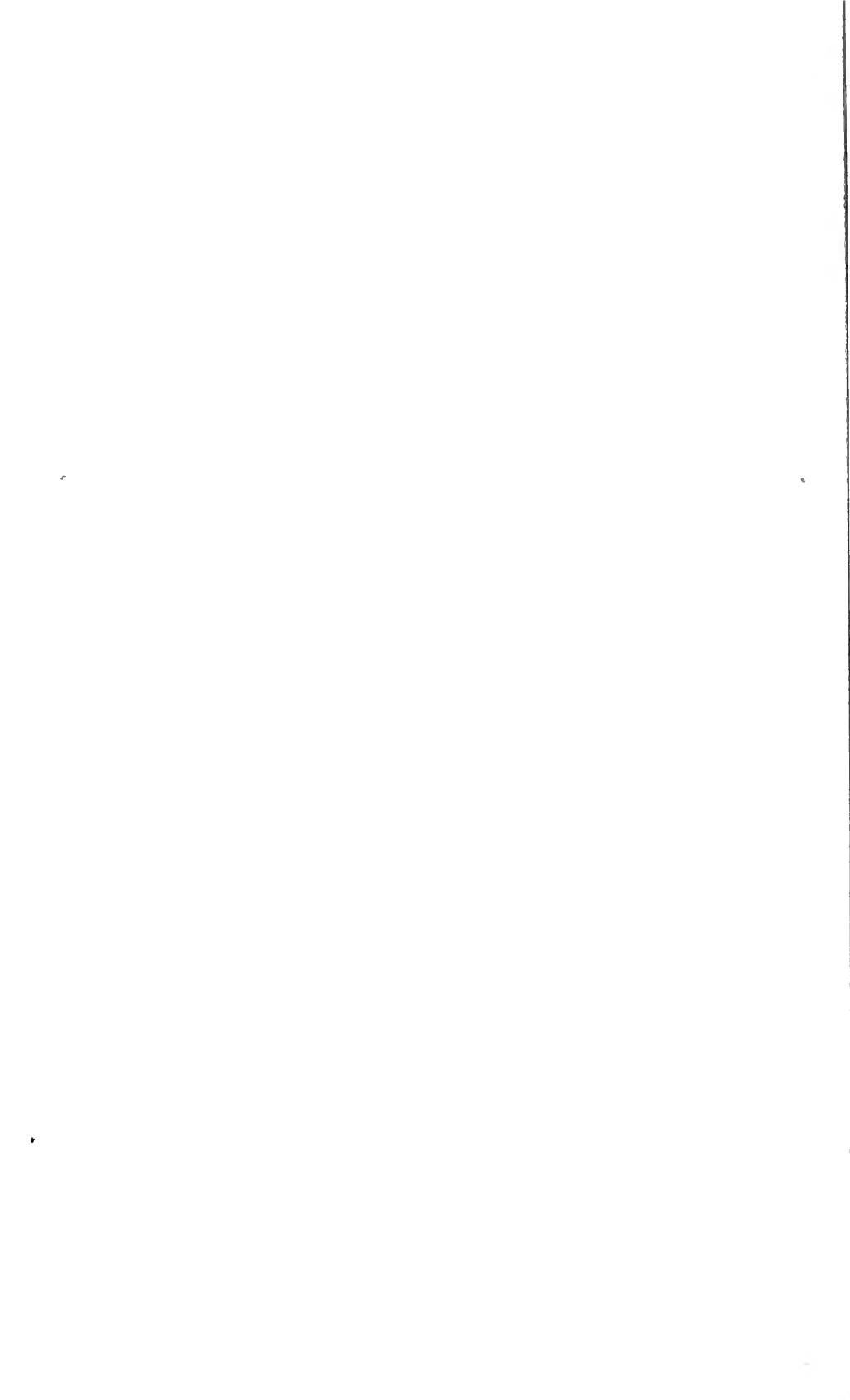
I remain, dear sir, with great regard,

Very faithfully, yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



I N D E X.



I N D E X.

A.

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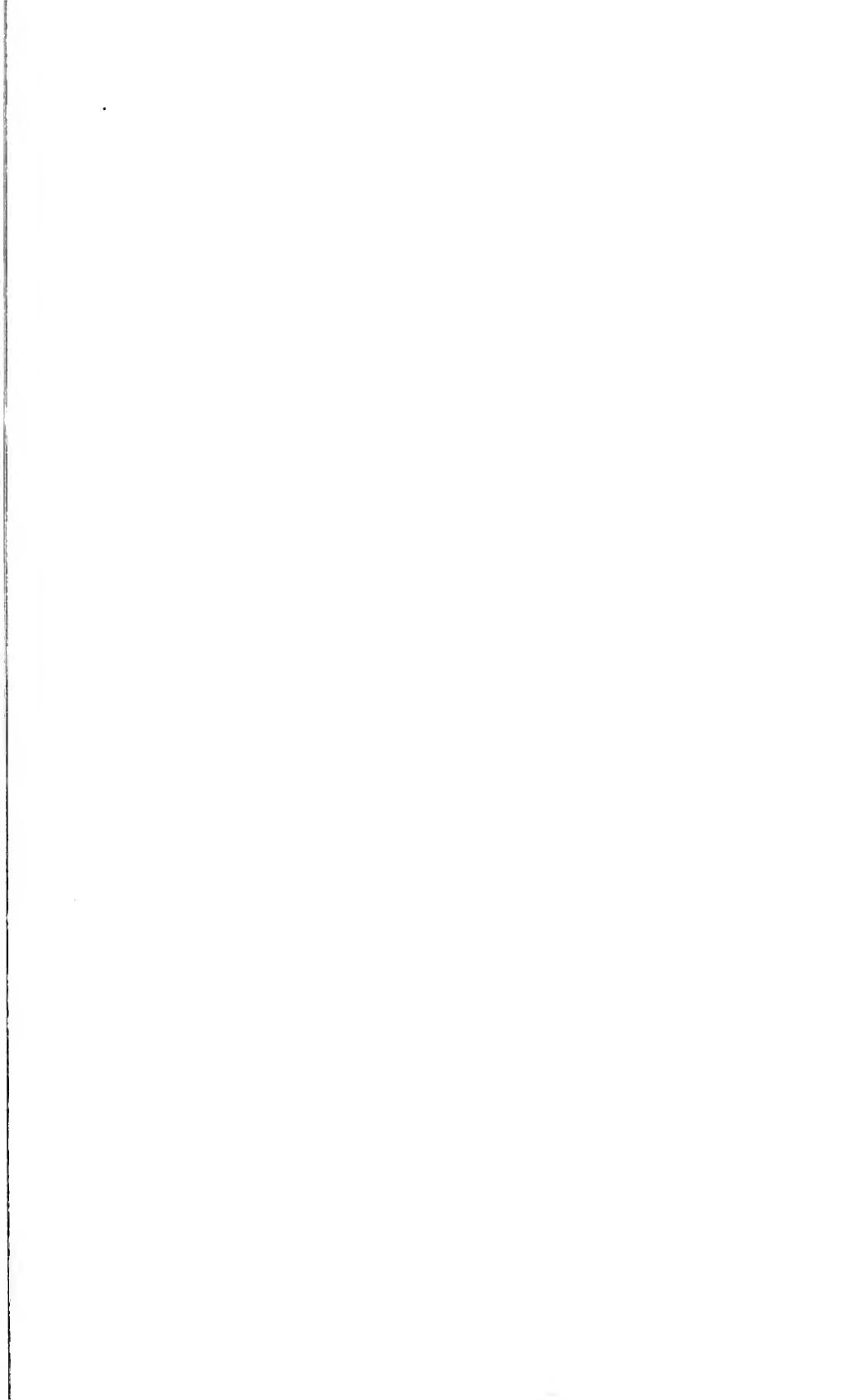
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